Conspiracy a new novel by **Arthur Somers Roche**

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September 23, 1933

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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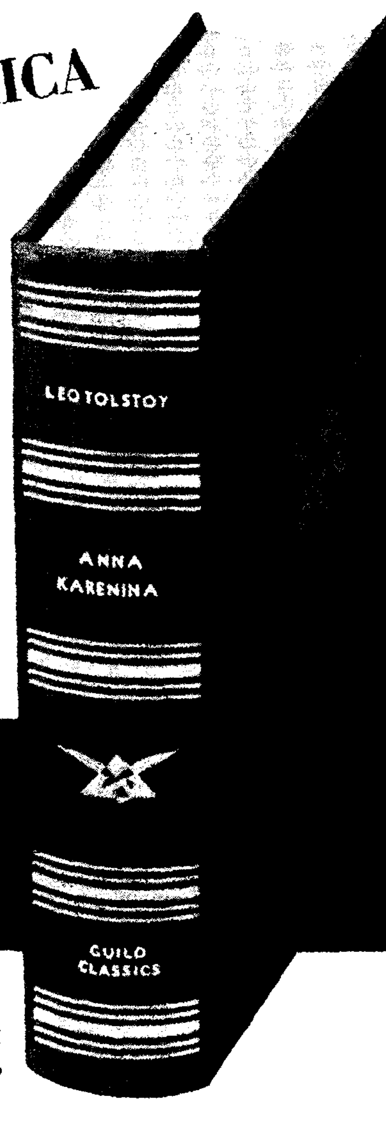

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

"WOMEN," Sally Waters' grandmother used to say, "are hell."

Sally, now, was upset when Paul Randon came back from the Orient. Not that she was in love with him, of course. She was going to marry another man. But, watching Randon, she saw pictures in his silence: Chinese junks plying yellow waters, elephants hauling teak, a myriad of queerly marked bales in the shadow of a temple. Things like that. It made her uneasy.

Then Randon sailed.

Once Sally's grandmother had ridden two days to catch up with a wagon train. And the stock hadn't deteriorated. Alan LeMay proves it in "A Passage to Rangoon."

"YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS," said the exasperated peer, "you are growing every day commoner and commoner." He was expressing the alarmed protest of Britain's conservative nobility at the behavior of the Prince of Wales. From an amiable and innocuous playboy the prince has become a forthright and bitter champion of the downtrodden, with—of all things—a socialistic bias. His speeches have ceased to be the smooth and lofty-minded platitudes expected of a scion of England's royal house and have become blazing indictments of social injustice. In fact "The Prince of Wales Sees Red." T. R. Ybarra shows him to you at the height of his royal rage.

IN THE offices of Bass and Company, Advertising Agents, there was a red-headed young woman named Trina. Whenever a client proved obstinate, Trina was called in. She was the office siren. Obstacles melted before her—or at least collapsed. In a gay and amusing love story Frank Leon Smith exhibits "Our Miss Siren" at work.

WHEN the stock market foundered in 1929 it was loudly and explicitly said in the press, the pulpit and the market place that the American public had learned its lesson. Never again would speculation turn this country into a gambling joint. Now the boys and girls are back in Wall Street; and the odds are still against them. The small speculator is playing with loaded dice—dice carefully prepared by the big operators with a view to cleaning him out. John T. Flynn shows you how it's done by the men who use "Other People's Money." Time it was stopped, too.

DETECTIVE O'MALLEY, under the able direction of William MacHarg, scores again. Octavus Roy Cohen, Ray Tucker, W. A. S. Douglas, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Arthur Somers Roche and Freling Foster strew riches with a prodigal hand.

Pick 'em up.

This Week

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September 23, 1933

Cover by D. B. Holcomb

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Conspiracy, Part I. The new serial—the story of a brilliant impersonation. Page 7

FREDERICK NEBEL
Dance No More. Two hearts in waltz time. Page 10

WALTER DAVENPORT
The Battle of the Heroes. Factional strife in the American Legion—to the bewilderment of the American veteran. Page 12

STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY
Havana Honeymoon. The love story of a young man who couldn't remember what had happened in Havana. Page 14

RAY TUCKER
Guardian at the Cupboard. James Aloysius Farley, happy stakeholder in the New Deal. Page 16

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Bullet, by Mary C. McCall, Jr. Page 17

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
The Man without Nerves, Part III. Negotiations that bode no good. Page 18

RUTH CHANDLER MOORE and JANET LANE
Stroke Your Broom. Form for your form's sake. Page 19

ROARK BRADFORD
Three for a Nickel. Bermuda onions are out of place on the Father of Waters. Page 20

HOWARD S. REED and W. B. COURTNEY
Grizzly Comedians. Bear stories—in the rough. Page 22

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Facts at your finger tips. Page 49

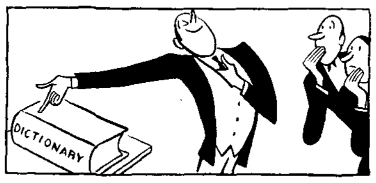
EDITORIAL
Roosevelt's Revolution. Page 58

●

Any Week

JUST a minute while we speak firmly to two gentlemen who attack our vocabulary. First, Mr. Clayton R. Sutton of Jackson, Michigan. Mr. Sutton just a little bitterly wants to know what justification we have for permitting the word dove ("she dove into the water") to appear in these pages. Says he, "there is no such verb in the English language." Now if Mr. Sutton will consult the New Century Dictionary, Webster's International Unabridged and the Oxford Dictionary we shall be very glad to say nothing more about it.

And as for Mr. E. S. Ramsay of Los Angeles, California, who asks, "Tell me, please, where you found the word podiatrist," we have more mercy. We had a bit of trouble ourselves but may now triumphantly refer him to Page cv of Webster's International Unabridged, the New Words section.



NOW that we feel better, we proceed with a stout defense of the heroic Paul Bunyan by Mr. Clay Hadley of Hood River, Oregon. Mr. Hadley denies with all the vigor of the great outdoors that Paul ever "told the loggers that beer was a wife-beater's beverage. Paul said," continues the indignant Mr. Hadley, "that those soft and harmless drinks of prohibition like white mule, liquid dynamite and blind staggers accelerator would eventually produce a soft and harmless people."

MRS. FLORENCE H. KANOLLY of Atlanta, Georgia, is of the opinion that "the announcement by the cotton industry that it will employ no more child labor will be received with applause by everybody—except the parents of the children."

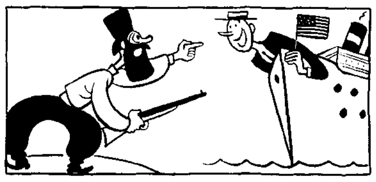
THERE are several things about life that cause Miss Xenia Marble of Boston, Massachusetts, to laugh, but according to a letter just received from her "none doubles me up longer than official investigations into crime by the United States Senate aided and abetted by a group of high-brow sociologists and a few none-too-savory local officials. They all decide after several days of speech-making," she goes on, "that crime is too terrible for words and that the racketeers have politicians for partners. Then they adjourn, refusing to tell the names of the politicians and urging that Congress adopt laws against crime. Excuse me while I collapse."

"OF COURSE," says Mr. Felipe Morano of Tampa, Florida, "Cuba might have got a new President as America does, by electing one, but she wouldn't have had half as much fun."

MR. GEORGE G. PLOUND of Raleigh, North Carolina, admits that he has no formula for combating crime but thinks that it might be possible for the police to take a hand in reducing it "if police were selected on some other basis than poundage and dead-weight-lifting capacity." Mr. Plound ventures the opinion that "occasional mental tests might bother our policemen but they would comfort the taxpayer."

"IT IS going to be lots of fun," thinks Mr. Joe Trumble of Chicago, "watching city officeholders conform to the NRA 40-hour week. The boys are going to kick pretty hard against doubling working hours like that. Some will be increased 39 hours, the one hour being devoted now to collecting their pay."

"I MAY be wrong," writes Mr. Elbert Craine of Memphis, Tennessee, "but if we keep on going on with this New Deal, we shall all live to see the day when Russia will be denying entry to Americans on the ground that we are too radical."



AND Captain Lingg of Jacksonville, Florida, wants to know whether this is a "God-fearing, Christian country or not." His reason for indignation is that Puerto Rico "is about to legalize cock-fighting and I, for one, demand that either martial law be declared in Puerto Rico or this country wash its hands of a people who will permit brutal debauchery of that kind to exist."

WE HARDLY know what to say. We've never seen a cock-fight and probably never will. But we would much rather plunge into such intellectual combat as offered by Mr. Paul Jedlicka of Minneapolis. Mr. Jedlicka is looking for a solution of the troubles of the wife of a neighbor who "returned from her vacation to find the goldfish dead, the canary out of seed and water, the neighbors caring for the dog and the cat in the basement with a brand-new litter of kittens." Naturally the lady is seeking surcease from her sorrows. That's easy.

READ Collier's.

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Collier's The National Weekly for September 23, 1933

Conspiracy

Beginning a daring new romance of modern crime, adventure and mystery—the story of a girl who lived two lives

By Arthur Somers Roche

THERE was something lacking in Paul's greeting. Not that the maître d'hôtel of Lanson's could ever be anything but suavely courteous, deferential, ingratiating; but there was tonight a hint of preoccupation in his manner. His welcome to Evans lacked that quiet effusiveness which ordinarily it contained.

"I fear it will be dull tonight, Mr. Evans," he said.

Evans laughed.

"Dull or gay, Paul, the sole will be as usual, and the duck with oranges will be ambrosial."

"M'sieu is always kind," said the head waiter. "But, alas, tonight there is no duck."

Evans stared at the man; mock horror overspread his good-looking face.

"Tell me that the Germans have crossed the frontier; tell me that Stalin has turned monk; tell me that Mussolini has proclaimed himself less than Napoleon—but don't tell me that Lanson's and duck have dissolved those sacred bonds which unite them."

"It is regrettable, M'sieu, but nevertheless true. There was a delay in a shipment—M'sieu, I would not have you see Lanson's at less than its best." He bent forward confidentially. "The truth of the matter, M'sieu, is that tonight we are not prepared for guests." He shrugged his shoulders and his olive face was bland. "But around the corner," he went on, "is Ramon's. M'sieu has never eaten of *langouste* Ramon?" He touched his lips with the tips of his thumb and middle finger. Ecstasy was in the gesture. "Seldom does Lanson's have to confess inferiority to another restaurant, but in the matter of lobster or oysters—I will myself conduct you to Ramon. One moment; I get my hat."

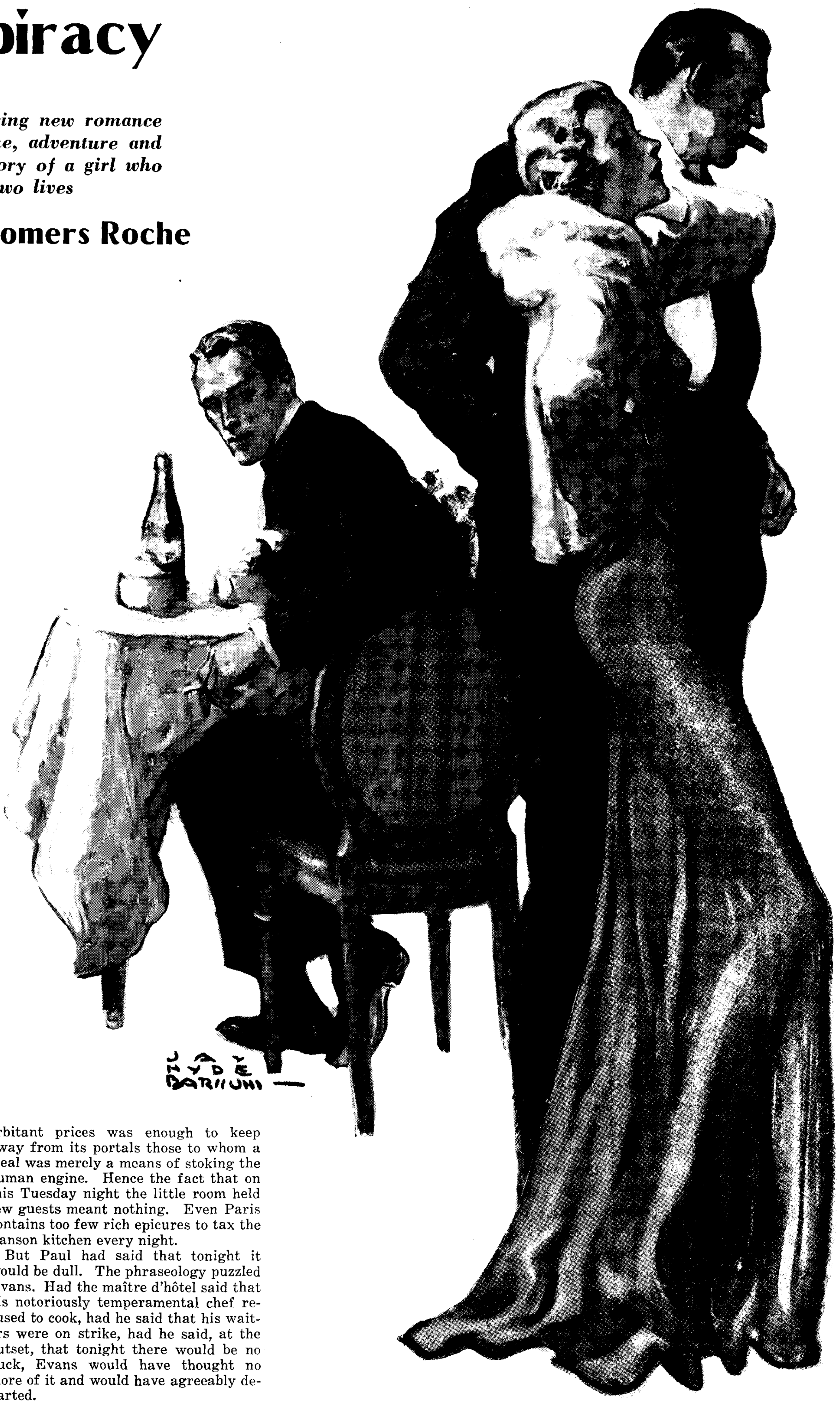
His shoulders turned away, but Evans' capable hand detained him. For a moment the apparently unwelcome guest surveyed the dining-room. To his eyes Lanson's seemed normal enough. True, there were only half a dozen patrons at the tables, but at best Lanson's could entertain a scant thirty.

LANSON'S was not for the mob; it was for diners who still possessed palates. It offered no entertainment beyond the friendly chatter of the waiters and the occasional moments when Paul—who was Lanson—deigned to sit down at the table of a favored guest and talk fascinatingly of his years in the Foreign Legion.

But Lanson's offered food—food such as the epicure imagines in his happier dreams. That Lanson's charged exorbitant prices was enough to keep away from its portals those to whom a meal was merely a means of stoking the human engine. Hence the fact that on this Tuesday night the little room held few guests meant nothing. Even Paris contains too few rich epicures to tax the Lanson kitchen every night.

But Paul had said that tonight it would be dull. The phraseology puzzled Evans. Had the maître d'hôtel said that his notoriously temperamental chef refused to cook, had he said that his waiters were on strike, had he said, at the outset, that tonight there would be no duck, Evans would have thought no more of it and would have agreeably departed.

But Paul had begun his excuses with the statement that Lanson's would be



Evans' eyes widened in recognition. Since when had Big Mike Pelletiere become a Paris boulevardier?

dull. One didn't come here for entertainment, save gustatorial—and the talk of the waiters and Paul. It took no giant intellect to reason that, for some incomprehensible reason, the presence of Doyle Evans was unwelcome here tonight. Evans had witnessed Paul rid himself of undesirable patrons in the past, and had admired the suavity with which the head waiter had acted. Never insistent, always apologetic. And yet the obstreperous or objectionable found themselves outside.

But tonight Paul's excuses were lame and his insistence crude. Stubbornness revealed itself in the sudden set of Evans' chin. He had motored from Deauville after cocktails this afternoon. Tomorrow noon he would take the boat train for Havre. He would not be in Paris for months. It was his fancy to dine leisurely at Lanson's. For this one purpose he had evaded a dinner invitation at Deauville. His last night in Europe was dedicated to Lanson's. He would not be deflected by boorishness on the part of the maître d'hôtel.

"NEVER mind your hat, Paul," he said crisply. "If you haven't duck there's something else. I'm dining here." He handed his hat and stick to the hat-check girl and stared, with a truculence that was boyish, at Paul.

"As M'sieu wishes," said Paul.

He wheeled without hesitation and led the way to a small table against one wall. He drew out a chair, saw to it that Evans was comfortably ensconced therein, and leaned over.

"M'sieu desires?"

"Duck," said Evans with a grin.

"The lobster at Ramon's would have been preferable, but it will be duck," said Paul. "And first?"

Evans ordered carefully and well. Paul turned away, spoke to a waiter and disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

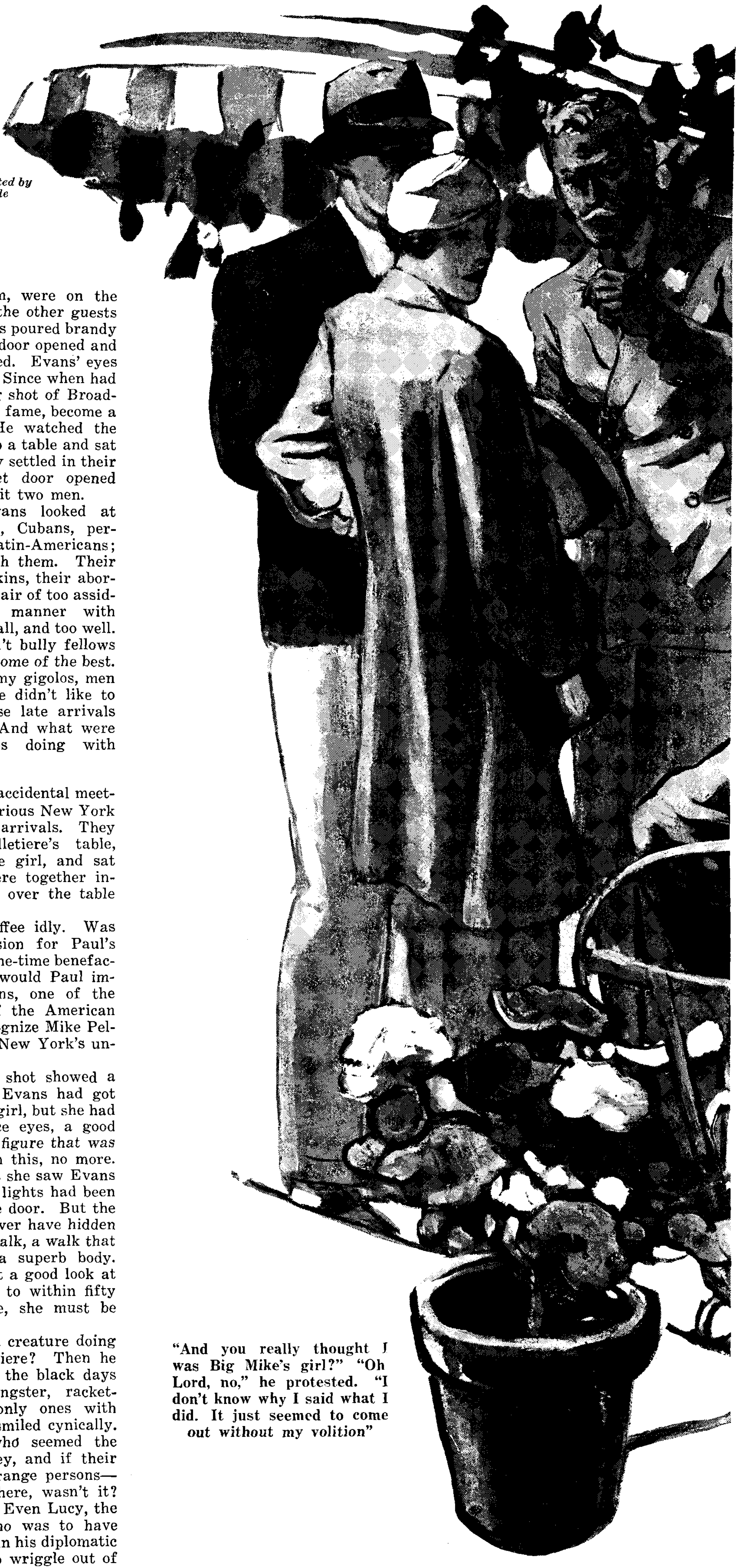
Now what the devil, Evans asked himself, was it all about? Why should Paul, to whom Evans in the early days of Lanson's had lent several thousand francs—since repaid—try to shoo one of his best patrons away? What was going on, or about to go on, that would be better if Evans were not present?

He sipped the cocktail presently brought to him, put it down, and looked about the room. There was a bearded Frenchman, who might be a wine merchant from Bordeaux or even an *avocat* from Lyons. Nothing exciting about him or his obvious wife. The lean, saturnine man who dined alone, eating mincingly, had never taken part in any drama more serious than discharging a clerk. And the three stout gourmets, who sat together, were obviously politicians. If their appearance were not proof enough of this, their easily overheard conversation was.

EVANS pursed his lips almost sulkily, and then grinned boyishly. Paul was in a tantrum. That was it. Something had gone wrong in the kitchen, or with his domestic affairs. A waiter had once confided to Evans that Paul's wife was inclined to be gay—oh, sportive, very. Probably Paul wished to close the restaurant early. As a matter of fact, the other diners had reached dessert or coffee. Even as Evans came to his conclusion, the lean man called for his check.

Evans nodded in outward assent to inward logic. Better for Paul, if he suspected his wife, to be kept here. He might arrive home unexpectedly and find a gigolo there. Why, by insisting upon being served—and with duck, too—Evans might avert a *crime passionnel*. He felt himself, when the duck finally arrived, Paul's benefactor, his savior, and grinned at his own fancy.

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum



"And you really thought I was Big Mike's girl?" "Oh Lord, no," he protested. "I don't know why I said what I did. It just seemed to come out without my volition"

The duck had gone and the crêpes, with caviar and cream, were on the table when the last of the other guests departed. And as Evans poured brandy in his coffee, the street door opened and a man and a girl entered. Evans' eyes widened in recognition. Since when had Big Mike Pelletiere, big shot of Broadway, racketeer of shady fame, become a Paris boulevardier? He watched the couple as they walked to a table and sat down. Hardly were they settled in their chairs when the street door opened again, this time to admit two men.

Over his coffee Evans looked at these two. Argentines, Cubans, perhaps, but certainly Latin-Americans; Paris was crowded with them. Their sleek hair, their dark skins, their abortive side whiskers, their air of too assiduous grooming, their manner with women: Evans knew it all, and too well.

Not that there weren't bully fellows from South America. Some of the best. But there were also slimy gigolos, men who dealt in traffic one didn't like to think about. And these late arrivals seemed of that class. And what were Latin-American gigolos doing with Mike Pelletiere?

FOR it was no casual, accidental meeting between the notorious New York gangster and the later arrivals. They went straight to Pelletiere's table, nodded to him and the girl, and sat down. Their heads were together instantly, forming a tent over the table top.

Evans stirred his coffee idly. Was this meeting the occasion for Paul's reluctance to serve his one-time benefactor? But why? Why would Paul imagine that Doyle Evans, one of the assistant secretaries of the American Ambassador, would recognize Mike Pelletiere, the big shot of New York's underworld?

Incidentally, the big shot showed a nice taste in women. Evans had got only one glimpse of the girl, but she had seemed charming. Nice eyes, a good nose and mouth, and a figure that was perfect. An impression this, no more. She had turned away as she saw Evans looking at her, and the lights had been none too good above the door. But the blackest gloom could never have hidden the smoothness of her walk, a walk that could only belong to a superb body. Damn. He'd like to get a good look at her. If her face came to within fifty per cent of her figure, she must be ravishing.

But what was such a creature doing with a man like Pelletiere? Then he shrugged. These were the black days of '31. Bootlegger, gangster, racketeer—these were the only ones with money nowadays. He smiled cynically. Women, even those who seemed the nicest, looked for money, and if their glances led them to strange persons—well, the money was there, wasn't it? His smile grew bitter. Even Lucy, the incomparable Lucy, who was to have been such a help to him in his diplomatic career, had managed to wriggle out of their understanding when the crash came. An assistant secretary without private means was different from an assistant secretary on his way to an embassy of his own.

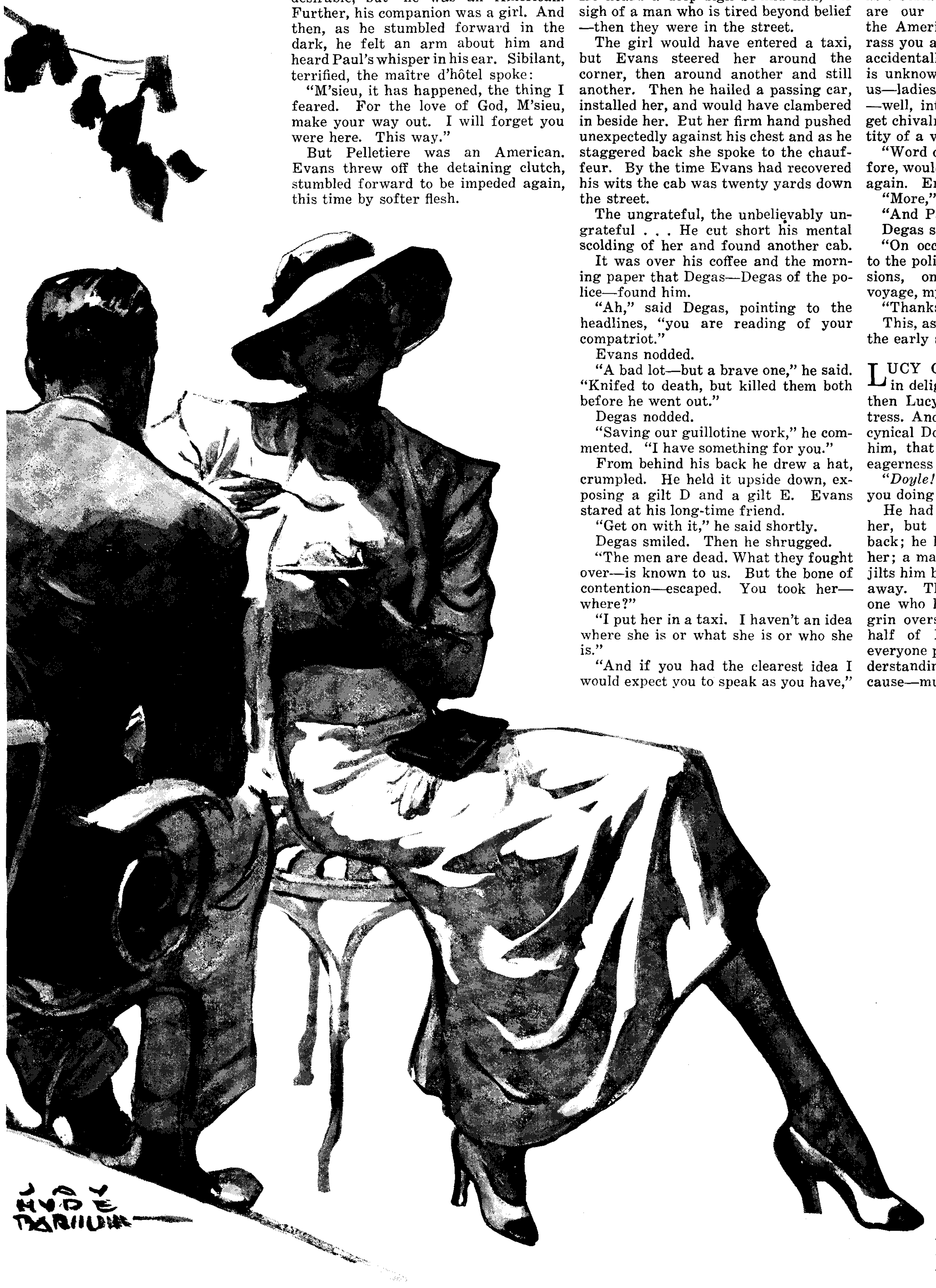
Oh, well, be hanged to Lucy, be hanged to everything. Tomorrow he sailed for New York. Lucy would be in London; she'd probably marry someone else, while he . . . It looked like a quarrel at that far table. The gigolos' voices were raised. Evans pursed his lips. He ought to go over and tell these gentry what manner of man they loudly berated. Mike Pelletiere was reputed to have put a score of men on the spot. Even at this distance Evans could discern a bulge beneath Pelletiere's left armpit, a bulge that seriously marred the perfection of fit of his dinner-jacket.

Then, almost too quickly for Evans to understand, the thing happened. One of the Latins lunged across the table; there was a scream from the girl, the glint of steel; then a shot, two shots, three. And the lights went out.

Evans was on his feet at the third shot. Big Mike was a gangster, and undesirable, but—he was an American. Further, his companion was a girl. And then, as he stumbled forward in the dark, he felt an arm about him and heard Paul's whisper in his ear. Sibilant, terrified, the maître d'hôtel spoke:

"M'sieu, it has happened, the thing I feared. For the love of God, M'sieu, make your way out. I will forget you were here. This way."

But Pelletiere was an American. Evans threw off the detaining clutch, stumbled forward to be impeded again, this time by softer flesh.



"Please—let me go—please—"

This was a whisper, too, but—oddly—there seemed no fear in it. Anxiety, yes, but not fear. And it was the voice, inevitably, of the girl who had been Big Mike's companion.

EVANS acted instantly. He had always a good bump of direction, and it did not fail him in the darkness now. He took her hand—later he remembered that it had been neither damp nor chill—and led her swiftly to the entrance. He heard a deep sigh behind him, the sigh of a man who is tired beyond belief—then they were in the street.

The girl would have entered a taxi, but Evans steered her around the corner, then around another and still another. Then he hailed a passing car, installed her, and would have clambered in beside her. But her firm hand pushed unexpectedly against his chest and as he staggered back she spoke to the chauffeur. By the time Evans had recovered his wits the cab was twenty yards down the street.

The ungrateful, the unbelievably ungrateful . . . He cut short his mental scolding of her and found another cab.

It was over his coffee and the morning paper that Degas—Degas of the police—found him.

"Ah," said Degas, pointing to the headlines, "you are reading of your compatriot."

Evans nodded.

"A bad lot—but a brave one," he said. "Knifed to death, but killed them both before he went out."

Degas nodded.

"Saving our guillotine work," he commented. "I have something for you."

From behind his back he drew a hat, crumpled. He held it upside down, exposing a gilt D and a gilt E. Evans stared at his long-time friend.

"Get on with it," he said shortly.

Degas smiled. Then he shrugged.

"The men are dead. What they fought over—is known to us. But the bone of contention—escaped. You took her—where?"

"I put her in a taxi. I haven't an idea where she is or what she is or who she is."

"And if you had the clearest idea I would expect you to speak as you have," smiled Degas. "It is an incident, my friend. But—an incident that may as well be—forgotten. You were not there, you saw nothing therefore. Is it clear?"

"What the dickens is this?" demanded Evans. "Paul is mysterious, tries to fend me off from his restaurant, and now you—you sound like a spy play."

Degas shook his head.

"Paris does not care to advertise that American gangsters and Argentine gigolos fight to the death in its respectable restaurants. They are dead—you are our highly respected friend of the American Embassy. Why embarrass you about a matter into which you accidentally stumbled? But—the lady is unknown to us. If you could assist us—ladies who cause triple deaths are—well, interesting. If you would forget chivalry and disclose to us the identity of a very dangerous woman—"

"Word of honor. I never saw her before, wouldn't recognize her if I saw her again. Enough?"

"More," said Degas.

"And Paul? Is he in trouble?"

Degas shook his head.

"On occasions, Paul is of assistance to the police. This was one of the occasions, only—death intervened. Bon voyage, my friend."

"Thanks, Degas," said Evans.

This, as has been told, was in 1931, in the early spring.

LUCY CARNEHAN'S eyes widened in delight. Or, if it was not delight, then Lucy was the greatest living actress. And she was not acting. Even the cynical Doyle conceded, as Lucy neared him, that simulation of such genuine eagerness was impossible.

"*Doyle!* You old *pet.* Whatever are you doing here?"

He had half-turned away at sight of her, but had been irresistibly drawn back; he hated her; of course he hated her; a man must hate a girl who coolly jilts him because his fortune has melted away. Then why couldn't he act like one who hated? Why must a fatuous grin overspread his face? Why, with half of New York looking on—and everyone privy to the collapse of his understanding with Lucy and aware of its cause—must he show in every line of him that he was glad to see her? Because he *was* glad to see her. Darn her, why did she gladden him? Why must the hand extended to clasp hers tremble?

"What are you doing here?" he managed to reply.

"London was a bore. But you, a rising young diplomat—why aren't you in Paris? Aren't you going over for the London Conference?"

"Did you think that assistant secretaries were as important as all that?" he laughed.

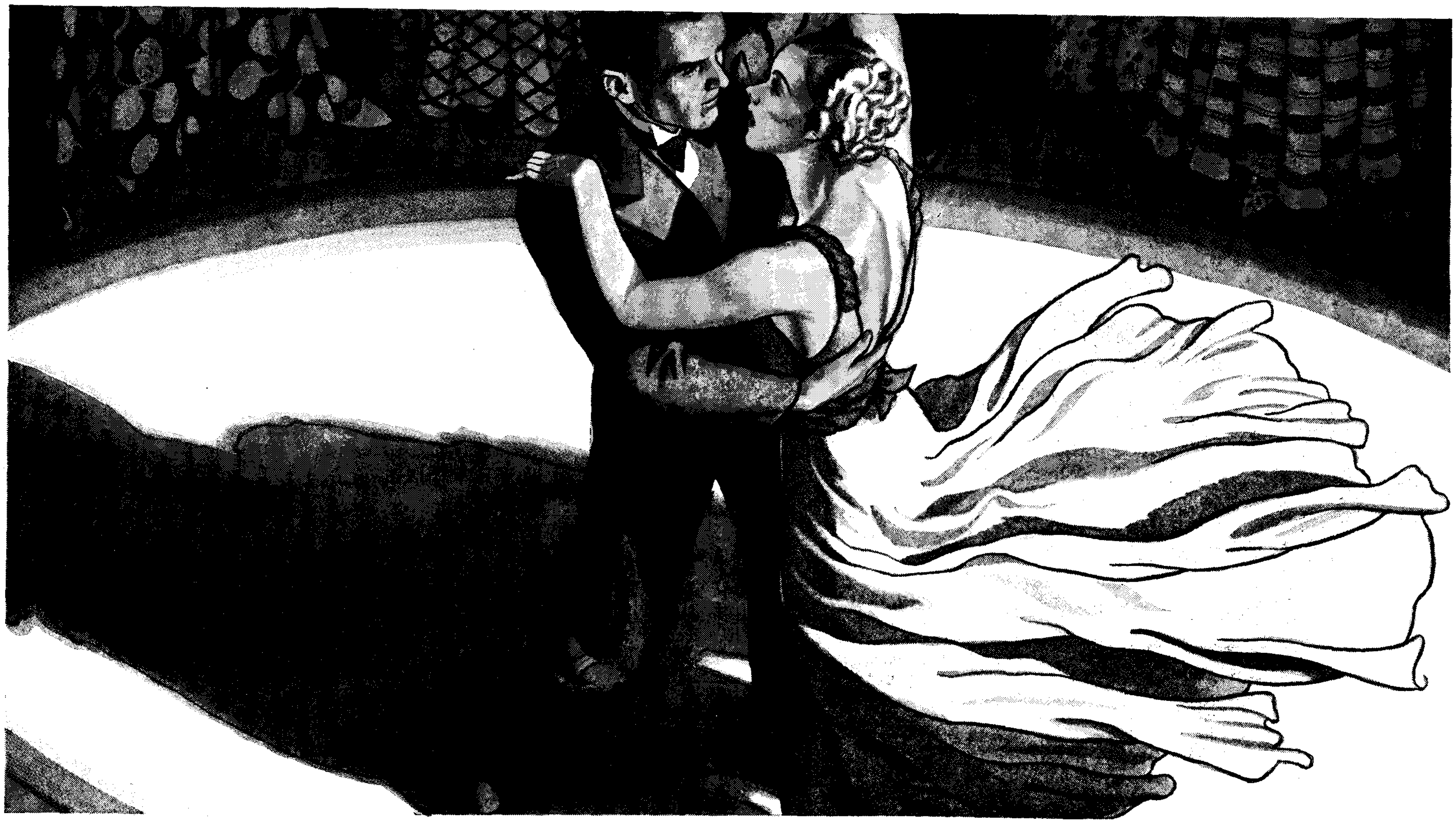
"Aren't they?" She laughed amiably, too. How could anyone so amiable be so—hard?

"Besides, I've resigned," he said. "Months ago."

"Resigned? Oh, Doyle, that's too bad. Why?"

He met her glance fairly. What lovely eyes she had. Only—he'd never noticed this before—there was a thin quality to their blue. Perhaps that wasn't the right way to describe it, but—her lips were a shade too thin, too. Funny, he'd never noticed this before. Perhaps he had been so eager to kiss them that he had been unaware of the quality. Or perhaps he was merely mad now.

(Continued on page 41)



Illustrated by Mario Cooper

Dance No More

Mike Collins was a dancer. Carl Ribidoux was a big-game hunter. Dinah Ames was a girl who liked these calm, strong, self-reliant men

By Frederick Nebel

YOUNG Michael Collins, of the international dance team of Michael and Dinah, had a slight edge on. He was in that stage of insobriety characterized by a severe stiffness of spine and nape and this added materially to his six feet of lank-boned height. The upward tilt of chin and nose, the dark melancholy of slumbrous eyes, made an apt façade for a mind dwelling now on past injuries, present complications, impending tragedy.

Standing statuesquely in the center of the ship's gilded elevator, he was presently aroused by the operator saying, "You wanted A Deck, sir?"

Michael looked at the operator, looked at the door, which had been open for fully a minute, said, "Thank you," and went out.

Walking aft down the pale, indirectly lighted corridor, he felt taller than he had ever felt before. His chest felt larger. There was even in the back of his mind a feeling of martyred condescension toward all that was petty, mean, tritely malicious. He inhaled deeply, as if to impregnate himself with his recently-arrived-at conclusion that he must be brave, take it on the button, be a Pagliacci.

"Ha!" he laughed dramatically—and stalked into the smoke-room.

He sat down and laid his hands on the table, palms down, and listened to the dance music in the veranda-café. The smoke-room was deserted except for two men arguing heatedly about international relations and a couple, very young, boy and girl, who sat in a shadowy alcove. And a man alone: the little gray man with the thick-lensed glasses that Dinah hated. She hated the glasses, she said, because she never could tell whether or not the man was looking at her. The man—or the glasses—frightened her.

"Horsefeathers!" Michael muttered.

"Yes, sir?"

He looked up at the bending steward; said, "Scotch—double—and soda."

Subdued, complacent, the sound of the engines pulsed through the great ship. The wind, such as it was, came from the south. The starboard doors were open. The sea was calm—it had been like this for three days—and the night was a benediction, a dark but intimate void through which the ship moved on her westward passage.

The steward returned with Scotch and soda. Michael signed the slip.

HE TRIED the drink. It tasted good and he tried it again and presently the glass was empty and his nape, his spine, became perceptibly stiffer. The ghost of a glitter appeared in his eyes and he was aware now of electric sparks beginning to snap and crackle inside his head. His lip curled. His hands opened and closed, a rush of deliciously malignant warmth mushroomed to his head, broke, cascaded downward and left him suddenly cold.

He rose, leaving his hands on the table until the full length of him raised those members to their fingertips. Then he closed the fingers in his palms and crossed the smoke-room. He arrived in the broad doorway of the veranda-café and saw people dancing.

"Ah, Mr. Collins!" exclaimed the second officer.

"Ah-ha!" exclaimed Michael.

But it was not by way of being a retort. His chin was up. His dark eyes, sighting down his bold Roman nose, saw Dinah Ames whirl past in the arms of Carl Ribidoux. His wide mouth tightened. She made him mad because she was so beautiful, so feather-light on her feet; but most of all she made him mad because she danced with Carl Ribidoux.

"A lion hunter, eh?" he muttered savagely.

Three nights of this. Three days of promenading, of playing deck-tennis, table-tennis, shuffle-board; of quiet nooks and long talks, of bright looks and secret glances. With Carl Ribidoux!

"Phooey!"

"You're not dancing tonight, Mr. Collins?" That was the second officer again, with his ruddy cheeks and white, quick smile.

"I will—presently."

The music stopped.

A girl's voice high-piped: "Oh, please play You're Just A Lover, please!"

The orchestra members looked mournfully at the leader. When the leader's baton rose Michael made a bee-line across the floor. Dinah was rising toward Ribidoux, but it was Michael's hand, shooting down past Ribidoux's, that caught her.

"I believe," Michael said, "this is mine."

She gave him a fixed, unpleasant smile as they pivoted away. "You *are* being rude, aren't you?"

"What did that bird do, get an option on you?"

Now her smile softened, chided. "Silly!"

"The dirty big lion hunter!"

"I *think* he's wonderful."

"Why, just because he hunts lions?"

"He's interesting." Coming out of an intricate step she added, "Glamorous."

He glared at her. "You play around with a guy like that on shipboard, and then when the voyage is over and he's gone his way, then I'm all right. I'm all right then, huh?"

"MIKE, you're a fool! I'm not playing around!"

"Says you—righteously."

She said, softly, "It's romance, Mike. The real thing. It's something I've long looked forward to. He's so strong and yet he's so quiet, so considerate."

"And what am I—a mug?" he demanded.

"Please—not so loud." He felt her body stiffen and saw her eyes narrow, her lips contract. "Michael, you've been drinking again!"

He nodded. "I have. You're driving me to it."

She was cool—following his nimble steps, she was cool and, he thought, suddenly remote, with her back arched. "There was nothing in our contract that said I had to be your constant shadow, off the stage."

His words came loosely: "Oh, that's how it stands."

"Mike"—she wilted a bit—"Mike, I didn't mean to be cruel that way."

His smile came grimly. "My pal!"

Women had eyes on Michael—but also on Dinah, and this was flattery because the women's eyes bore no hint of malice

"Oh, Mike, you don't understand."

"You're a sap," he said. "You're twenty-one and you've been around but you're still a sap, a honkout from the tall timbers. This big stiff is twice your age—but that isn't all. He's fishy. Get me? He's fishy. He's too smooth, too self-satisfied. I don't like him. I think he's crummy and for two cents I'd take a poke at him!"

Her eyes sprang wide. "Mike, keep your head!"

"And," he said, desperately, "we're not going to dance tomorrow night. There'll be no exhibition of Michael and Dinah on board this tub."

"Oh, how utterly, utterly ridiculous!"

"And what's more," he dug in, "I'm going to break that contract with Schwartz! The celebrated team of Michael and Dinah will dance no more —ever!"

She was gripping his hand hard, trying to shake it. "Mike, you don't know what you're saying!"

The music stopped. He stepped back, bowed; said, incisively, "Tomorrow I radio Schwartz. Thanks for the dance."

He swiveled, walked out, his chin high. In the doorway he almost crashed into the little gray man. The little man stepped aside, dipped his head shyly.

THEY had danced in Paris, Rome, Madrid, Vienna, and London. She was the lure, with her small exquisite figure, her head of casque-like auburn hair. But neither acclaim nor adulation had turned that head. She was the lure—and Michael was the brains, the hard-working, never-tiring taskmaster, with his genius for timing, new steps, strategic entries and telling exits.

She heard Carl Ribidoux's voice—low, cavernous, like a husky whisper which he cuddled deep in his throat. "I saw you dance at the Café de Madrid and I said to myself, 'She's wonderful. I should like to meet her some day. I will.' "

His shirt front was a white blur in the darkness of the boat deck. Forward, at her back, three funnels rose hugely in the dark and the heartbeats of the great ship were distant, remote, but beautifully steadfast.

She looked at him. She knew that his face was big, broad, masculine above the white blur. The throatiness, the heavy surf-like quality of his voice, had first fascinated her. He was somehow solid, she thought, well-planted on his feet. She was aware that his eyes rarely smiled: they were steady, curious, at times hard like hard brown marbles; or sometimes wandering as though he played with thoughts other than those embodied in the words he spoke.

"AND I found out you were sailing on this ship—and I sailed too. . . . Often when on *safari* I thought of the kind of girl I would one day meet. I knew you were the girl, the moment I put eyes on you. I don't want to rush you into this, my dear. I want you to consider. Take six months to do it in. I can wait, you understand, six months for something I've awaited for twenty years."

She felt that he would wait. The low, husky tranquillity of his voice was reassuring. Yet she was a little afraid. She was a little afraid because there was something strange about him. And then she thought that he seemed strange only because he was a man twice her age talking of love and because he came from a far-away, mumbo-jumbo place. It was easy to picture him moving in his sure way on well-planted feet through a trackless jungle and to visualize him waiting out a torrential rain, smoking his pipe and staring into space with his brown, curious eyes.

She started. The little gray man had moved from behind a boat and now he went toward the ladder, down to the deck below.

She said, "It must be my nerves."

Ribidoux was sitting erect. "Nerves?"

"That little man. I always feel he's watching me. It's his glasses, I guess —so round and thick you can't see his eyes."

He stood up. "If you want, I'll have a word with him."

"No"—she raised a hand—"not that. It's my own fault. Surely he's harmless."

She shuddered.

Ribidoux said, "The wind's freshening. I'll get you a heavier wrap, my dear."

"Oh—don't bother."

"If you will let me have your key and tell me just what wrap you want. . . ."

He would decide things, she thought; he would always decide things.

"The polo coat."

He went down to A Deck, entered the smoke-room and passed through. It was noisy now, cloudy with smoke and alive with the clink of glasses, the hodgepodge of conversation, sporadic bursts of laughter. He seemed to know his way definitely. Entering Dinah's cabin on B Deck, he closed the door; and three minutes elapsed before he reappeared.

Michael, coming out of the adjoining cabin, saw him bending to lock the door. Michael snapped, "What are you doing there?"

RIBIDOUX looked up, his face for a moment a hard mask beneath the swart eyes. Then he returned his attention to the key, turned it, removed it and slipped it into his waistcoat pocket. He straightened, took a step, his big head down and an upward steady look in his brown eyes.

"I beg your pardon. You seem to be obstructing."

Michael pointed: "What were you doing—"

"Miss Ames is a little chilled. If you please. . . ."

Michael stepped aside, jerked his chin, said nothing. Ribidoux went past, unhurried, solid-footed, a smile of hard amusement on his lips.

Next morning Michael broke routine. He did not rise and go through ten minutes of calisthenics. He did not take a cold shower. Lying beneath a twisted mass of bedclothes, he smoked before breakfast—and regretted. Nor did he go down to breakfast; instead, he had it sent up and ate, at nine-thirty, wrapped in a bathrobe of violent green and abominable yellow. Thereafter he paced the limited radius of his cabin, his hands clasped behind his back and his mind hard at work on the radiogram he would send to Schwartz.

AT TEN there was a light knock on the door. He opened it with a gesture and looked down at Dinah. He looked down from a spiritual as well as a material height.

She tried a smile. "I thought you might be ill."

"Ill?"

She came in. He closed the door and stood, arms folded, with his back against it.

"I mean," she said, "after last night's debauch—and brainstorm."

He cleared his throat. "We Collinses can hold our liquor. And as for the brainstorm, my dear Miss Ames, aren't you being a bit presumptuous?"

"Do we dance tonight?"

"We do not."

"We're on the program."

"Good. Perhaps Mr. Ribidoux can fill in with a few bright remarks on the tailless monkeys of Zamboanga. Or about the time he faced, single-handed, a herd of wart hogs."

"Oh, idiot!"

"I," he said, placing palms dramatically on his chest, "am just a horse's neck. I have never faced a herd of tusked wart hogs. I can't sit on the boat deck underneath the moon—"

"There was no moon."

"I cannot sit on the boat deck underneath the moon and tell you, with the proper self-effacing gestures, about my adventures in wildest Africa. I have never faced a herd of wart hogs single-handed or double-handed—or a hartebeest or even a gazelle. No! I've only worked my head off to make our act the berries—"

(Continued on page 55)

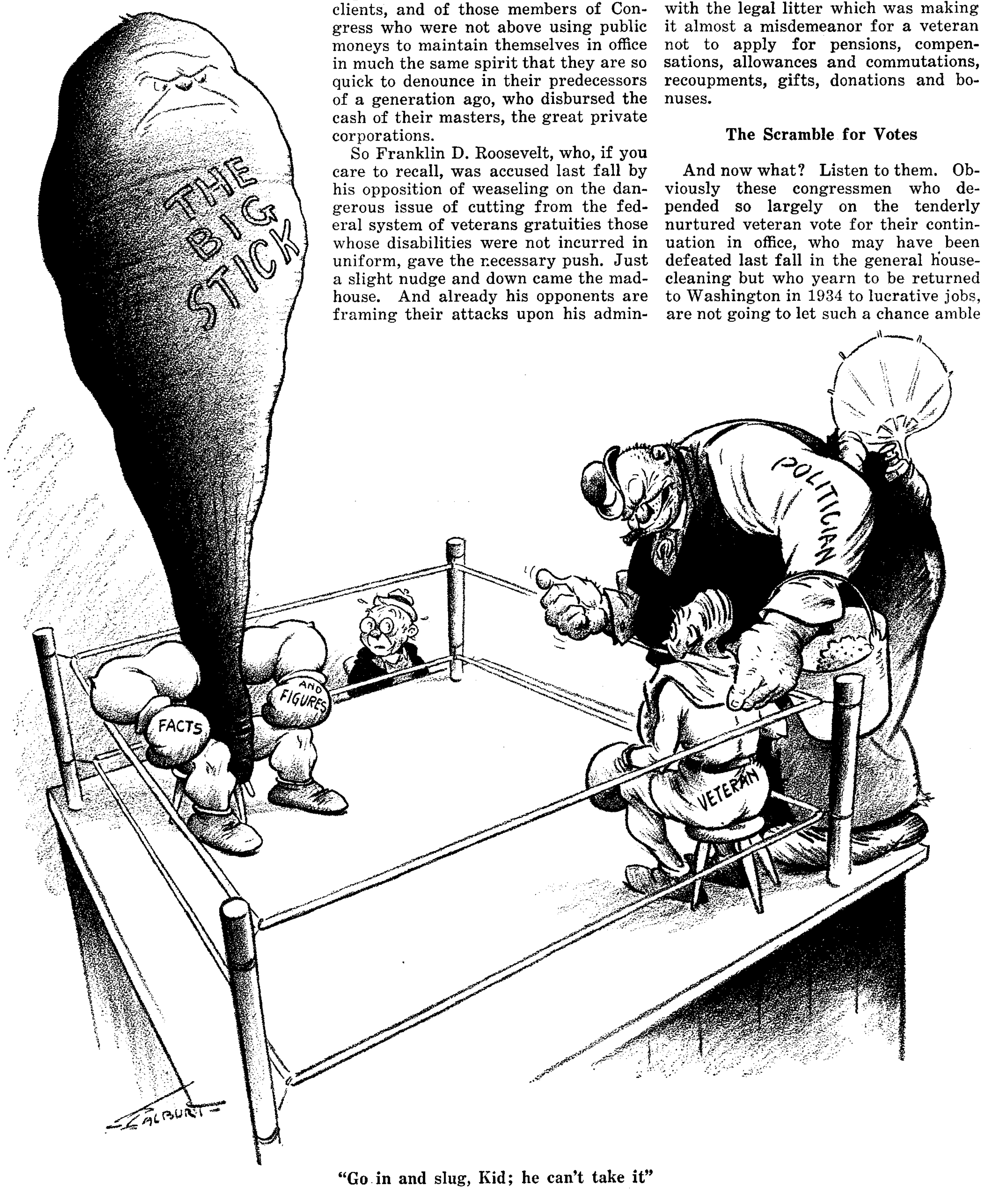
The Battle of the Heroes

By Walter Davenport

With the thundering passage of the New Deal chariot thousands of veterans were swept from the government pay rolls. Maybe it's true that six months in France in 1918 did their teeth no good; that's inadequate cause in 1933 to hospitalize a toothache—and add compensation. Now the jostled veteran, assisted to his feet by his political representatives in Congress and out, is blinking in surprise and resentment. "They can't get away with it!" shout the politicians, and the veterans uncertainly echo the cry. The old lobbies are reforming, the old campaigns are being remapped. But the times have changed. Organized minorities are at a discount politically. And sane legislation seems, for the moment, strongly entrenched

ALL that the crazy structure needed was a shove. And all that the shover required was courage. It took twelve years for successive Congresses and whooping lobbies to rear our absurd pile of veterans laws; it took one man a few hours to topple it over—one man whose thoughts were centered on today rather than four years hence, who chose to be his own master instead of the mere representative of a political party.

Sooner or later the rickety riot of injustice, inequality and haphazard political expediency—which cost us annually more than $115,000,000 merely to administer and which employed 38,000 almoners to distribute a billion dollars a year to veterans whether they had their eyes shot out at Fismes in 1918 or broke their arches standing at speakeasy bars in 1931—was bound to collapse of its own weight. It was the El Dorado of lobbyists whose loftiest ambition was to preserve themselves by pleasing their clients, and of those members of Congress who were not above using public moneys to maintain themselves in office in much the same spirit that they are so quick to denounce in their predecessors of a generation ago, who disbursed the cash of their masters, the great private corporations.



"Go in and slug, Kid; he can't take it"

So Franklin D. Roosevelt, who, if you care to recall, was accused last fall by his opposition of weaseling on the dangerous issue of cutting from the federal system of veterans gratuities those whose disabilities were not incurred in uniform, gave the necessary push. Just a slight nudge and down came the madhouse. And already his opponents are framing their attacks upon his administration because he dared to tamper with the legal litter which was making it almost a misdemeanor for a veteran not to apply for pensions, compensations, allowances and commutations, recoupments, gifts, donations and bonuses.

The Scramble for Votes

And now what? Listen to them. Obviously these congressmen who depended so largely on the tenderly nurtured veteran vote for their continuation in office, who may have been defeated last fall in the general housecleaning but who yearn to be returned to Washington in 1934 to lucrative jobs, are not going to let such a chance amble by unnoticed. Already they are bathing the veteran with their tears—the veteran whose ills, if any, have no relation whatever to war service and whose incapacities are traced to war days by law, not medicine. The mails are lugubrious with their solacing letters. Send me back to Congress, brothers, and I will see that your money is restored to you. You have been betrayed. Elect me, comrades, and I will fight to the last drop of blood in my body for your rights. I pledge myself, my friends, to see to it that this great nation to which you offered your all shall not continue to be ungrateful. My heart bleeds for you, for your children, for your children's children to whom these United States owe undying gratitude in the name of their heroic sires.

And the newly elected member, already clammy with apprehensive sweat lest the wrath of the veteran who drew his monthly dole from a vanishing public treasury for falling off a stepladder in 1930 be visited upon him at the polls, is writing bales of soggy letters assuring all and sundry in the old home district. Had he known, he cries, what it was going to be like, he would never, never have voted for these cuts. Just leave it to me, my dear constituent. With the return of better times we will modify this legislation, reimburse you, my brave fellow citizen to whom this country owes everlasting gratitude, for the anguish this temporary legislation has caused you. I feel sure that yours is the type of sacrificing patriotism that will understand that these cuts in treasury grants to you and yours were momentarily imperative. And I feel sure that it is not necessary for me to tell you that by coöperating with us, your chosen representatives in Congress, now, you are doubly a patriot and that your allowances will be restored all the sooner.

But within the offices of the veterans' associations—the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, to name the most important—it is no such simple process. Here the tears are not all crocodile. Here you find trouble for all. Here you observe lobbies which have expended millions of dollars in membership dues to lay out and build up sanctuaries for all veterans regardless of their experiences, their physical condition, their contributions to their country.

Strife Within the Legion

Here is a battle for you, between the conservatives and the radicals, one crying, "I told you so," and the other howling, "Oh, yeah?"

By far the greatest of these organizations is, of course, the American Legion. And even so, its present dimensions aren't staggering. There are about three and a half million American veterans of the Great War alive today. Fewer than a million and a half of these were drawing compensations and allowances from the government for ailments, war-incurred and otherwise. But of the three and a half millions, the American Legion's membership includes fewer than 700,000 paid-up members. The enrolled membership is close to a million, but only about 700,000 are up to date in their dues payments. Compared with these figures, the other veterans' organizations are numerically somewhat insignificant, although they are at the moment much more aggressive and single-thoughted.

These others are regarded by the

Legion as the radicals. It is upon them that the masters of the Legion lay the blame for the Legion's adoption of the immediate-payment-of-the-bonus resolution at the 1932 convention of the Legion in Portland, Oregon. What is going to happen at the 1933 convention in Chicago next month will probably make that bonus squabble in Portland seem like a waft of air from a gentle old lady's fan. But of that more later on. These radicals, these Bolsheviki, assure you that the Legion is weakly pharisaical.

These radicals, says the Legion, infiltrated the Legion's ranks before the Portland convention for no other reason than to carry the greatest of veterans' organizations for the full and immediate payment of the bonus. The Bonus Expeditionary Force, the maladroit handling of which in Washington contributed so generously to the defeat of Mr. Hoover, followed. But the point is that the Legion now complains bitterly—at least its management does—that the radicals who invaded its ranks for bonus purposes are following a boring-from-within procedure and that the show-down that will come in Chicago will be something worth taking off time and paying good money to see.

Tin-Cup Legislation

Of the organizations for the Great War veteran, the Legion was the first. It has continued the greatest in wealth, numbers and accomplishments. In its beginning it aspired to no greater heights than to fight for the shell-shocked, the gas-poisoned and bullet-riven comrade. It offered nothing in money or preferment to him who emerged from the fight unhurt. It made no claims upon anybody's purse for the man who never heard a gun fired nor clambered aboard a transport or a fighting ship. No constitution of any association ever carried loftier words at its masthead:

"For God and Country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

All of which, one of the Legion's officers said to me, is further proof that constitutions should be adopted without preambles. Or better yet, avoid constitutions altogether. But the fact remains that for a considerable time these ringing devotions were adhered to and the spirit of the Legion remained virginal.

And this was all very well until the Legion began to take on battling proportions and its membership to soak up the vivid oratory of hero-hustling politicians who were perfectly willing to swap pensions and bonuses for votes. There are and always were important Legionnaires who held that the Legion should take a well-advertised and unfalteringly maintained stand against veteran legislation which was obviously designed for vote-snaring. They argued through conventions and between that sooner or later the Legion, by making no clear demonstration against such legislation, would arrive at the place where all the absurdities and indignities that had been enacted by Congress in the name of the veteran would be considered by a fed-up public to be the policy of the Legion. Furthermore, they protested, if the Legion went along with the panhandling element the inevitable collapse of the silly structure probably would drag the Legion down with it. Better to take a decided stand against tin-cup legislation at once than to try to explain after the crash. Everybody understands a hard-boiled policy even if they don't like it; nobody reads explanations.

Such fearful conservatives got nowhere until last year. Two closely related factions were howling them down. The first, admitting in a solemn whisper that it was doing the Legion no good whatever to be seen with the tin-cup legislation writers and advocates, assured the conservatives that it would nevertheless be quite impossible for the Legion to fight Congress on bills that the Legion did not advocate and then ask Congress to vote for measures the Legion did want. After all, said they, we needn't worry until Congress begins to repeal. And, they added, Congress wasn't going to repeal.

The second group made no pretenses whatever; it wanted everything it could wangle out of Congress and was eager to take unto the Legion all credit for all munificences that ex-soldiers and sailors might be given. This group may not have believed that it was the battalion of panting heroes its congressional delegations painted it, but it did believe that there was no profit in denying heroism if it rated a dole.

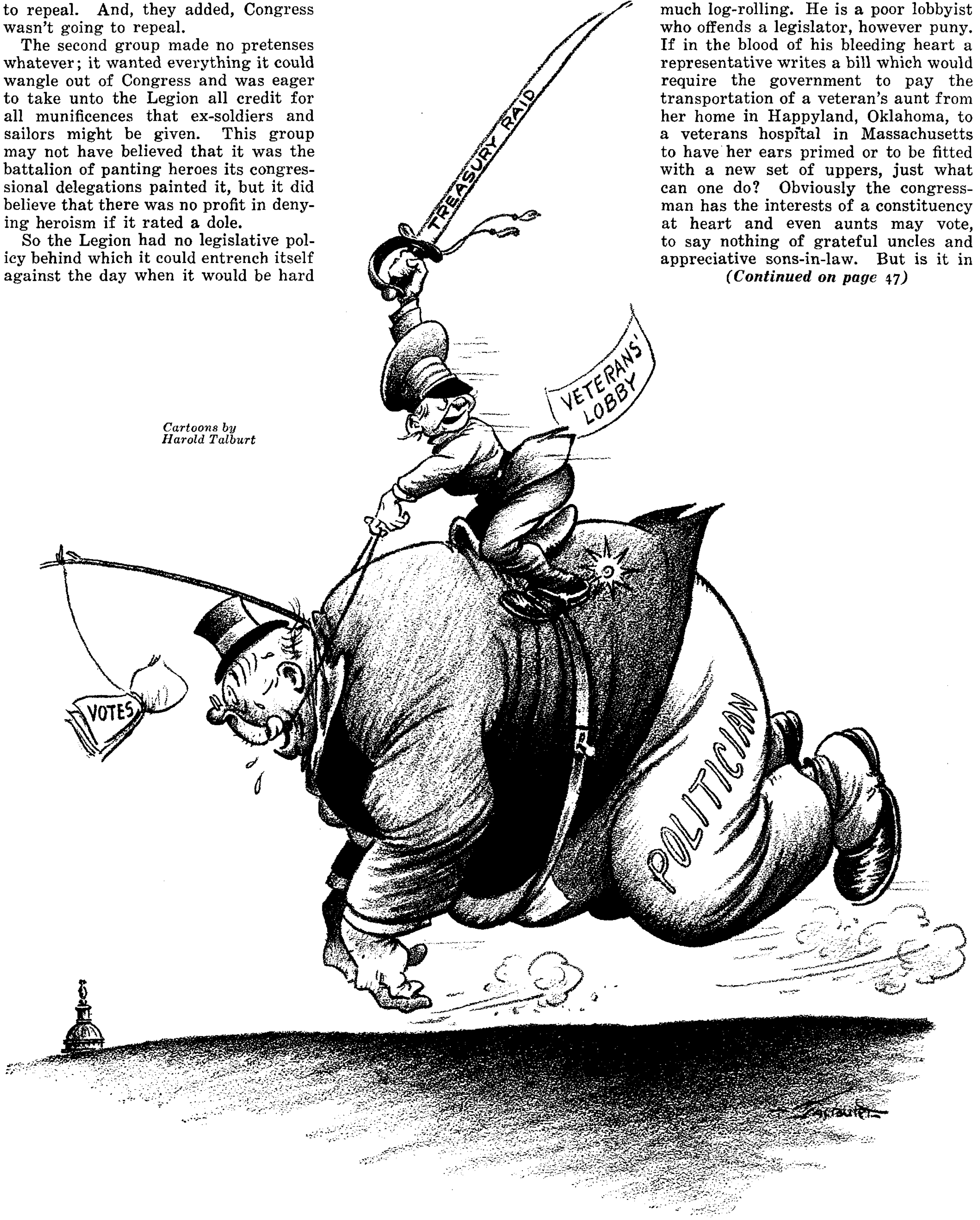
So the Legion had no legislative policy behind which it could entrench itself against the day when it would be hard pressed to explain that it didn't measure patriotism with a divining rod. Today its more outspoken officials will assure you that the Legion never approved of such rackety raids as premature bonus payments, disability allowances for non-service incurred sicknesses and injuries, the emergency officers' handouts and similar gratuities. But you will travel far before you locate anybody who can remember any louder or sterner protest than a deprecating "Tut, tut, my dear congressman." And for the greater part, these blushing demurrers were confined to the pages of such best-sellers as the bound records of congressional committee hearings.

Beyond the Lobbyists' Control

In spite of this lack of love for disability allowances (non-service) and compensations of the presumptive variety (sinus affections and so forth manifesting themselves twelve years after the Armistice but presumed under the law to be traceable to the sufferer's war service), the Legion and its well-trained lobby managed to bear up while more than half a million veterans achieved disability allowances for themselves, drawing more than $7,000,000 a month, and retired emergency officers were getting more than $925,000 a month, while the presumptives in the disability compensation lists raised the grand total of these three classes to nearly thirty millions a month. All of which had nothing whatever to do with hospitalization in 345 hospitals, 67 of which had been erected by the Veterans Administration with many more to come, domiciliary care in Veterans Administration homes, out-patient (non-hospital) relief, bonus payments, and heaven knows how many varieties of pensions and aids to relatives and connections of veterans.

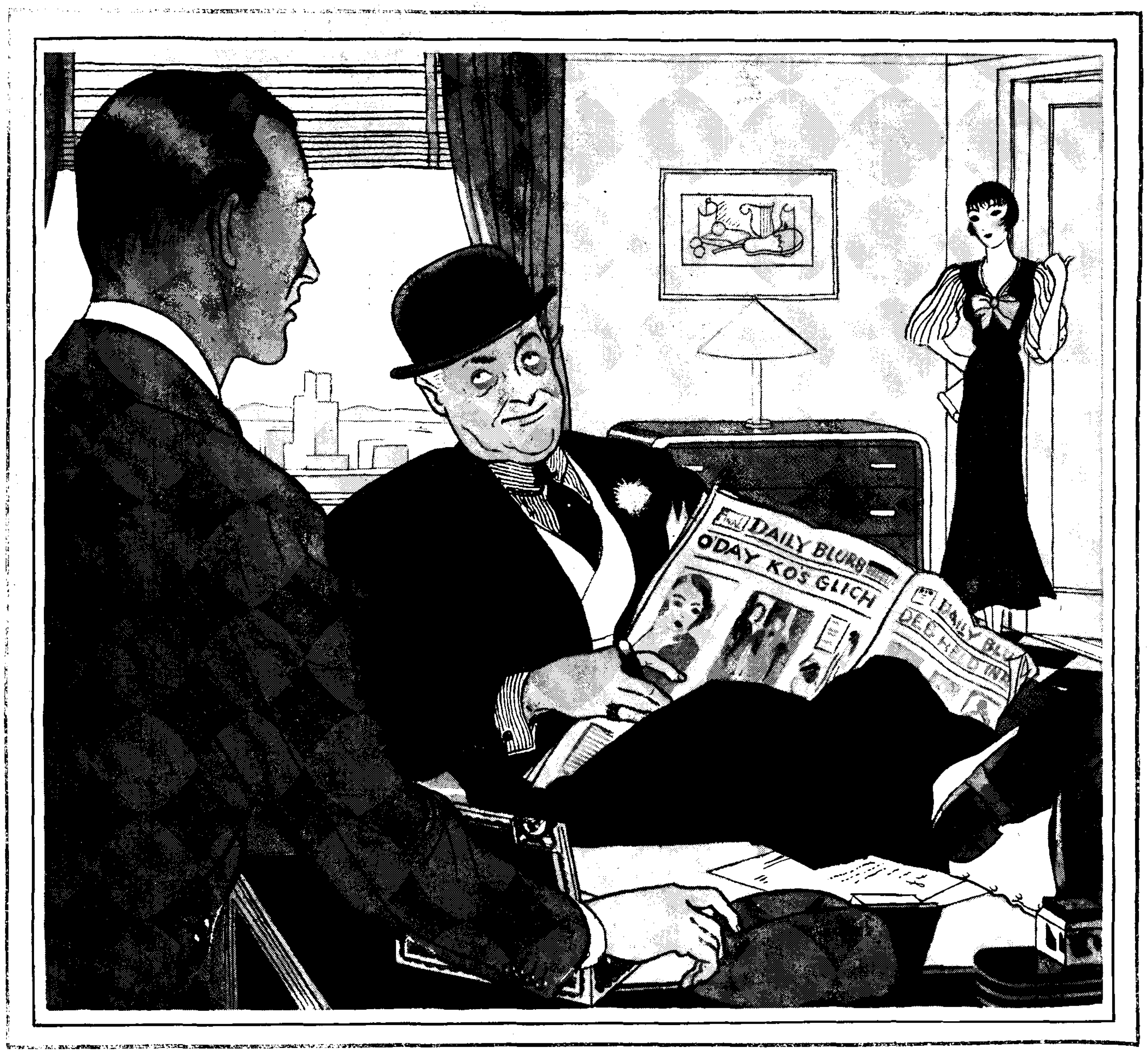
The Legion's legal and legislative representatives protest (and probably in utter truth) that there was nothing that they in their official capacities could do about it. In the daily life and routine of a lobbyist there is necessarily much log-rolling. He is a poor lobbyist who offends a legislator, however puny. If in the blood of his bleeding heart a representative writes a bill which would require the government to pay the transportation of a veteran's aunt from her home in Happyland, Oklahoma, to a veterans hospital in Massachusetts to have her ears primed or to be fitted with a new set of uppers, just what can one do? Obviously the congressman has the interests of a constituency at heart and even aunts may vote, to say nothing of grateful uncles and appreciative sons-in-law. But is it in

(Continued on page 47)



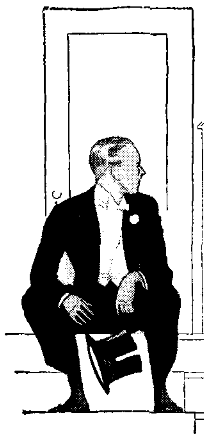
Cartoons by Harold Talburt

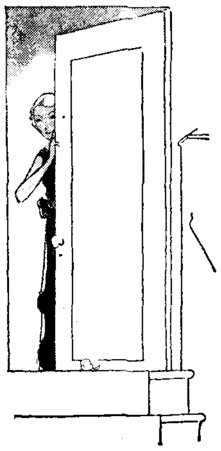
The lobbyists rode hard while the riding was good



"The girl from Havana," Julian croaked. "I knew it the minute I laid eyes on her!"

Illustrated by George Hughes





Havana Honeymoon

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

The singular romance of Julian Hay, who acquired a small black past in Cuba

JULIAN HAY was trying to escape his past. Three times today she had floated up to him and said, her deep brown eyes earnest and her voice pure and wistful, "Oh, Mr. Hay, may I talk to you a few minutes about your future?" And three times Julian had leaped into the nearest taxi and made off.

It really hurt Julian to run away from his past like that, but with all the morning papers filled with his engagement to the lovely Lucia Bainbridge he had no stomach at all for discussing his future with a honey-headed girl whose eyes were pools and whose voice was music. The moment Julian glimpsed this girl with the fatal desire to talk about his future he knew, with a tremendous sense of disaster, that she had nothing to say to him that would do his future with the lovely Lucia Bainbridge the least good.

So Julian crept about his native city like a hunted criminal, fighting shy of every girl he met whose hair in any way resembled honey in the sun; and when, at three o'clock, he dodged into the elevator of his office building, he was practically demoralized. Emerging from the car on the top floor, he fairly bolted for the sanctuary of his office. There he was confronted by Miss Doolittle, secretary to two generations of Hays.

"I am not in, Miss Doolittle," Julian said feverishly. "I am not in to anyone —no matter what she says."

"No matter what *who* says?" The hard-bitten Miss Doolittle never hesitated to put her youthful employer in his place. Then she added, with a sniff, "Anyway, you've already got a caller. That Mr. Hudson."

Julian groaned.

Mr. Byrd Hudson, fifty-five, Evil Companion No. 1 and Julian Hay's guide to gayety, greeted his young friend, as he cringed into his office, with a lifted eyebrow and a dip of the tabloid newspaper he was scanning. Mr. Hudson was at home, with his elegantly spatted feet in the center of Julian's desk.

"WELL," said Mr. Hudson, "if it isn't the boy who makes the front pages coming and going. Sit down, Julian, and listen to what our favorite Peeping Tom has to say about your engagement to the incomparable Lucia."

"To hell with it," said the harassed president of the Hay-Hansford Pneumatic Drill and Tool Company. "I have work to do, Byrd—and you know perfectly well Lucia doesn't want me to associate with you."

"She won't want to associate with you either if she catches a few items like this," murmured Mr. Hudson. "Listen to what he says: 'The Park Avenue Princess (meaning the peerless Lucia) who will center-aisle it with a certain young engineer not unknown among our Whiter Lights (meaning you, of course) will do well to guard against his expensively sympathetic nature. He was so sympathetic recently with a fading musical comedy star that he backed her in—oh, what a show! The show demised in three brief days, but the consolation party which followed the collapse lasted one gorgeous week and wound up only when our young engineer waked in Havana with—write your own ticket, folks! . . .' Shall I continue, Julian?"

Julian sat heavily on the corner of the desk and stared at Hudson. "Listen, Byrd," he pleaded, "lay off and give me the straight truth. Just exactly what happened at that party? You know how I was. I don't even remember how I got to Havana, or who was with me, or what became of her. It's all a complete blank up to the point where I came to sitting on a curbstone with a knot on my head as big as a pineapple. A native policeman identified me and put me on a boat for home. And on that boat," Julian added dolorously, "I met Lucia."

Mr. Hudson chuckled fiendishly. "And," he said shrewdly, "you begin to entertain guilty fears about the girl you left behind—in Havana."

THE door popped open and Miss Doolittle popped through.

"A young lady to see you, Mr. Julian," she snapped briskly. "She says her name is Blossom Tripp and it's about your future. She says she's prepared to wait all day if necessary . . ."

"The girl from Havana!" Julian croaked. He whirled to Byrd Hudson. "I knew it the minute I laid eyes on her! Byrd, she's been hounding me all day and you've got to help me!"

Mr. Hudson's eyes gleamed. He was the war horse scenting battle smoke. "Easy, boy," he counseled. "Buy the lady a hat, a dinner, appeal to her better nature with a few bank notes and kiss her good night."

But Julian was not listening. His hat was on his head, he was heading for a door which opened directly onto the corridor.

"I—I can't face her, Byrd," he said weakly over his shoulder. "It—it's the way she looks at me—as if I was good, or something. . . ."

Miss Blossom Tripp, little dish hat, honey-colored, soft wave of hair and all, caught Julian before the elevator door closed. She must have been watching the corridor. They were alone in the car, the elevator boy, Julian, and Blossom Tripp. He saw the tip of that ear and gave back a feeble grin to her faintly trusting smile. She said: "What a fortunate coincidence, Mr. Hay! I have been trying to see you all day."

He said: "The hell you have"—and apologized. "Well, some other time, Miss Tripp."

"Oh, so you do remember me then!" Miss Tripp laughed softly, musically. "I was afraid you wouldn't. . . ."

"Of course I remember you . . . er . . . Blossom. What do you think I am?"

"Well, it just makes things ever so much easier. You see, I am not in show business any more. I gave it up. Our chorus director said to me: 'Blossom, you are sweet but you can't sing.' He said: 'You are adorable but, Blossom, you just can't dance!' So I just gave it up. My family out in Littlefield, Ohio, will be disappointed in me, but for myself I don't care a bit. I have a new profession. . . ."

"It's not as new as you may think," said Julian with some bitterness. "Maybe you never heard of Du Barry."

"Or the Cleveland Indians? Don't be silly. Littlefield is only eighteen miles from Cleveland. But I suppose I ought to get right down to business now, Mr. Hay, while I have the chance. . . ."

SHE had very little chance. When the elevator door opened, Julian shot out of it like a racing greyhound from the starting box and was on the street and into a taxicab before Blossom could make up her mind whether to use Approach No. 3 for tact or the more forceful Approach No. 7. As it was, she could only smile faintly and remember what Mr. Boler, Agency District Manager, had said about not being discouraged. "The one who wins is the one who grins," was the way Mr. Boler had put it during Inspiration Hour that morning.

From third girl in the front line in Julian's unfortunate theatrical venture, Blossom had graduated into the life insurance business. She had gone into it heart, body and soul, as she went into everything. The midtown agent for the Strongheart Life of America had advertised for three pretty girls, two of which he forgot about after his first glimpse of Blossom, and he had made her understand—no difficult job—that selling life insurance was the purpose for which she had been put on earth. "You are now a protector of the economically helpless, Miss Tripp, the instrument of the future existence of countless widows and orphans, and any means you may use to achieve that noble purpose is . . . well, it's all right with me."

But it was Mr. Boler, Agency District Manager, who had come up from the home office this morning to address them, who really inspired her, or rather, reinspired her after the first few weeks had failed to yield her any protected widows and orphans. Mr. Boler's oratory had descended from its ringing heights to the whisper of confidence. He went about the meeting-room resting his hand for an instant on the shoulders of the somewhat surly salesmen. When he reached Blossom, he took both of her limp hands. "And you, little girl, what man of wealth, wasting his substance that should go to the protection of his dependents, could resist the appealing sincerity of your lovely eyes? Who is he? Go to him. Stay at his side, in his thoughts. What is his name?"

"JULIAN HAY, sir," Blossom had stammered it out of her hypnotized daze. She had read in the papers, not without a vague pang, of his engagement. She remembered, not without a certain yearning, his smiling encouragement during the long rehearsals for that unhappy show, and the extra week's pay he had given all the girls. Whose potential widow and orphans would she rather protect than Julian Hay's? So she promised Mr. Boler. She promised to get Julian Hay's name on the dotted line if it was the last act of her rededicated life.

Julian, returning from an at least peaceful hour with his serenely beautiful and inspiring Lucia, found Blossom waiting patiently in the foyer of his residence apartment building on Sixty-ninth Street. Lucia had noticed that he was not quite himself. She had said: "You seem singularly nervous today, my dear Julian. You haven't by any chance been . . ."

"I haven't touched a drop," he assured her for the twentieth time. It thrilled him always that Lucia should think him worth reforming. "It's been a trying day."

At sight of Blossom he decided the evening promised to be even more trying. He threw his hat on the tile floor. He glared at the grinning switchboard boy. Then, pausing and smiling, a murderous sort of smile, he picked up his hat and faced the inevitable. Yes, Byrd Hudson's suggestion was the only way out—a hat, a dinner and a good-night kiss. "So you still want to talk to me, do you, Blossom? Well, then, if you will wait while I slip upstairs and change, we'll go out and have a nice quiet dinner somewhere and you can talk to me from then on."

"May I really, Mr. Hay? Oh, I knew I wasn't mistaken in your kindness! Don't you think, if you are going to put on evening things, I'd better go home and dress too? I live quite near, over on Lexington Avenue. I have a new dress."

He called for her at seven-thirty and found her waiting on the dingy stairway beside the florist shop . . . in her new dress. It was a black chiffon dress, long and slenderly modeled and a lot nearer Fifth Avenue than it was to Littlefield, Ohio. Blossom held back her light evening wrap so that Julian could see the black chiffon dress, but what he saw was the sudden live white of her throat and shoulders . . . or maybe it comes to the same thing. She asked him if he liked it and he said: "It is beautiful." It all comes to the same thing.

In the taxi he suggested they seek a dim, safe corner at Armand's, in East Fifty-fourth Street, where they make a good sole Marguery, and Blossom said: "That will be nice . . . or the Glorioso . . . or anywhere. . . ."

So he realized that Armand's wouldn't do. Little Blossom Tripps do not waste lovely black chiffon creations in dim, safe corners, and since the evening was designed entirely to please and placate this one, Julian was willing to risk a somewhat more public place. "We might try the Club Mendez where there is dancing."

"Oh, that would be heavenly, Mr. Hay. Or the Glorioso . . . or just any place you say. . . ."

It was one of those pre-spring evenings when the wide windows of the Glorioso can be opened, so that the starry night came down over their table from one side and soft rhythm, murmurous voices, bells of laughter from the other. Julian offered to order and Blossom nodded. "Will you, please? And you needn't have guinea hen, or anything like that, just for me, Mr. Hay. Whatever you choose will be perfect."

"GUINEA hen," said Julian to the waiter. He ordered iced melon and guinea hen and Coe Valley asparagus and a soufflé, and he said something to the waiter which, in the language of the Julians and the Byrd Hudsons, means coupé champagne. As soon as they were alone he said: "Why do you still call me Mr. Hay, Blossom? It is almost embarrassing . . . under all the circumstances."

She murmured the word "Julian" in her small voice. "Shall I make you a confession now, Julian?" He couldn't stop her. She talked right through his

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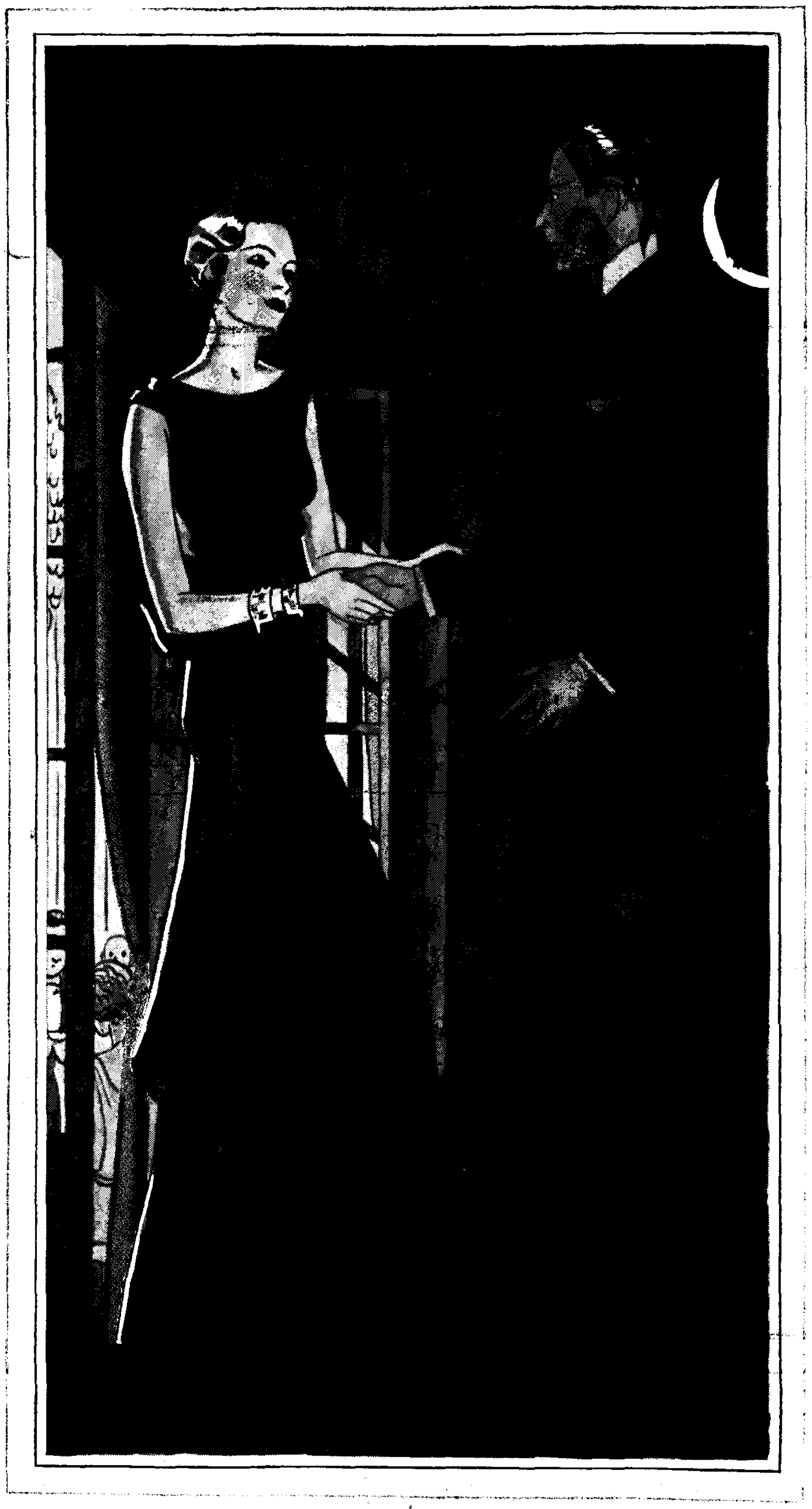


"You mean you are going ahead with it?"

General Farley weighs his words—Joseph C. O'Mahoney, First Assistant Postmaster-General, and a telephone await a decision

Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

"Big Jim"—Irish optimism

Guardian at the Cupboard

By Ray Tucker

Jim Farley with Irish buoyancy backs the Administration's effort to make patronage serve the nation

If "Big Jim" Farley could perform mathematical miracles, the patronage problem that still besets the Roosevelt Administration might be solved with some degree of satisfaction to besieged and besiegers in the battle for jobs at Washington. If he could devise some way to parcel out 125,000 federal offices among 5,000,000 impatient claimants—a conservative estimate—he would make life a lot easier for the President, the Cabinet, members of Congress and political bosses throughout the country.

The Capital and country, more acutely than ever before, are patronage mad. How "Jim" bears up under the constant strain is a political and biological mystery. It is lucky for him that he is the Primo Carnera of politics. Fate seems to have prepared him for this ordeal, for he has peculiar gifts for the position of chancellor of the cupboard. He has led an unusually abstemious life for a New York politician, and keeps in good physical trim. He neither drinks nor smokes, and his ideas of dissipation are to eat a quart of chocolate ice cream at one sitting after a hard day, or slump down behind the wheel of a fast automobile.

His Irish optimism keeps him from gushing or breaking down over the tales of individual distress whispered into his ear from morning until late evening in the great antechamber to his office in the Post Office Building. There really ought to be a special decoration for men like Jim, who stand between the President and the political mob by saying "No" when they would like to say "Yes."

Only a strong man can endure the scenes that are staged in his office every day. Even before breakfast it fills up with all sorts of people; there is no rank here, for patronage makes the whole world kin. The depression has added to the problem. In normal times only a certain class of people wanted small-paying government jobs, and there were usually enough to go around among the professionals. But now the "regulars" have amateur competition from the ranks of the "forgotten men." One of the most persistent office-seekers could have written a check for several millions during the Coolidge era of prosperity, but now he will gladly serve under Franklin D. Roosevelt as night watchman of a bonded warehouse at $2,000 a year.

Politics as Usual

Uncle Sam can have the pick of some of the country's ablest business men and executives, providing they can obtain the written endorsements of their district, county and state leaders and their senators. People whose pedigrees can be found in Who's Who and the Social Register are willing to exchange those honors for a regular place on the government pay roll.

The politicians predominate, however, and they are of all kinds. They include internationally known senators, state chairmen, national committeemen, discharged clerks asking for reinstatement, contractors looking for contracts, veterans seeking higher pension ratings, prize-fighting friends of New York Boxing Commission days, and ward-heelers who want to say "Hello, Jim" loud enough for the newspaper men to hear and report it in the home-town papers.

There are widows of Democratic veterans who bring along the children as evidence of their need, and hangers-on who have hitch-hiked hundreds of miles. Sitting next to Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, the Beau Brummel of the Senate, may be an elderly fellow whose unkempt clothes and soleless shoes prove that he has walked from an Alabama hamlet to demonstrate his loyalty to the party and his willingness to serve further.

It is like a Chinese drama. It lasts all day and there is no plot or sense to it. Tired and listless, some fall asleep in their chairs or rest their heads on the next fellows' shoulders. There is the sort of camaraderie you find in a railroad station when waiting creates a brotherhood of weariness, although there is very little conversation. Those who talk speak in low tones as if in a sickroom. Sitting or standing, they keep their eyes glued to the door beyond which is the inner office of the Postmaster-General and National Chairman.

When the door swings open, everybody arises and rushes toward it. The "Honorable Jim" summons a secretary and starts his rounds. Some he asks to step aside and "see me later." "Yes, I'm working on your case and you'll hear from me," he tells another, who bows himself out with mumbled and acrobatic gratitude. The tearful thanks of these is more pathetic than the disappointment of those who get nothing.

To another Jim confesses: "I'm sorry, but I can't do anything for you." "There's no using kidding them," he explains, "so I tell them the truth." He dictates a memo to his secretary about a difficult but worthy case, explains to another that he must get proper endorsements from his political leaders, and so on. In one way or another he shoos them out of the room, and retires to confer with the lucky ones who were asked to wait.

Seekers After Political Miracles

Although this weeding-out process is repeated almost every half-hour, the room remains crowded, and people who have just been heard and dismissed return time after time. Jim's friends liken it to the Biblical pool of Bethesda, where cripples waited until the angel ruffled the water once each year, always in the hope that they would be the first to clamber in and be cured. Jim smiles a wistful acknowledgment that the comparison is fairly correct.

Most of them are incredulous when they are turned down; they can't believe that the Democratic party won't provide for them. "But," protested a little old lady in faded, dusty finery, "I bought only a one-way ticket, and have no money to get home." She expected to

(Continued on page 32)

The Bullet

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Mary C. McCall, Jr.

CECELIA knew his story when she went to work for him. Everyone knew his story. It was in all the papers.

One star-studded spring night, an automobile ran through a traffic light on the outskirts of San Francisco. A motorcycle materialized from a driveway. The shriek of its siren blasted the warm, quiet dusk.

"Hey! Pull over to the curb!"

The car pulled over, brakes screaming. The four men in the car stared at the heavy, deliberate figure of the cop climbing off his motorcycle.

"What do you think this is, the Indianapolis Speedway? You ran through a light. You were doing fifty."

The driver gave the cop a small, abject smile. "Listen, Officer, don't be too tough. We got a chance of jobs in Pasadena, but we gotta make it by daylight, see? It's been one bad break after the other. All day long. And now I think my left front tire is flat."

The cop stepped away to look at the tire, stooped to see it clearly. The driver shot him as he stood stooping like that. Only six feet separated the cop's bulky body and the .38. One bullet was enough, nearly enough. The cop drew as he fell, fired as the car leaped forward. He probably couldn't see his target, for he never saw anything again. He didn't die. He was out of the hospital in three weeks, but he was blind.

The police knew then that the four in the car were Lee Woodruff and three of his boys—Smitty West and Joe the Doctor and one other—Vinnie Donohue, probably. Lee and his friends had robbed the Fidelity First National in Oakland earlier that day. At least, four men who worked the way Lee and his friends worked had robbed the bank. The stucco bungalow which Lee used as a hideaway wasn't many blocks from that traffic light where the cop was blinded.

IT WAS nearly two hours later that the police raided the stucco bungalow. Lee and Smitty, Vinnie and Joe the Doctor weren't there when the police arrived. Someone had been there, though. Someone who was bleeding. The cops found a coat lying on the floor in Lee's early Spanish living-room, a coat with a bullet hole through the back.

Any one of the four might have been wounded, but two days later the San Francisco police got word that Lee Woodruff was in Prescott, Arizona, and that he had a bullet wound in his back. Lee was being held there on a technical charge of vagrancy.

Two plain-clothes men went to Prescott and brought Lee back. Brought him back across the desert in an open car. Every hour or so, the detectives stopped for refreshments. Long, cold drinks of water, beer with foaming collars on it, and food. Lee watched them, but Lee never drank, never ate, all during that blazing trip. The detectives saw to that.

By the time they reached San Francisco, Lee wasn't quite sane. The chief saw him right away. On one side of the chief's desk was a plate of sandwiches, hearty, big sandwiches. On the other side was a pitcher of ice water, dewy with cold. Lee staggered toward the water. They let him nearly touch it before they slapped his hand down.

"When you've talked, you can drink all you want, Lee," the chief said.

But Lee didn't talk. He babbled, he begged, but he said nothing about the bank, nothing about shooting Patrolman McKenna.

The police couldn't hold him. They had no evidence against him. And McKenna was blind. The bullet in Lee might have been from McKenna's gun, but only the bullet itself could have proved that, and Lee kept that bullet with him. There's a law in California which says that no sane person can be operated upon without his consent and Lee was sane enough not to consent.

So at last they let him go. He was watched always, of course, but he was out of jail.

CECELIA got her job with Lee by going to the stucco bungalow and asking for it. Lee hired her himself. She was very small and pink-cheeked, black-haired, earnest.

"Why did you come here, sister?" Lee said.

"Because I read about you in the papers," Cecelia said.

"But the papers say I'm a hard guy. The papers say I cracked a bank and shot a cop."

"Yes," Cecelia said. "But I read about that trip they took you on. I read how you had nerve enough not to talk, even when they starved you nearly—when your tongue was swollen up with the terrible thirst. And you won't let them take that bullet out of you, even if it kills you." Her eyes glowed, talking about it. "That's why. I never heard of anyone with so much nerve."

"And you like nerve?" Lee said.

"Yes," she said. "They're soft, men nowadays. Namby-pamby. Willie boys."

"And you like them tough?"

"I like them brave," Cecelia said. "I cook real well."

Lee laughed every time he looked at Cecelia. She did cook well. She cleaned the bungalow until it was shining clean. Whenever the boys dropped in for drinks, there were clean glasses and good food if they wanted it. For the first week Lee laughed at her. But at the end of the week her obvious adoration made him stop laughing. Lee had always liked women, but no woman he'd ever seen had Cecelia's sweet softness. No woman had ever treated him as if he were a god, a hero.

Because Cecelia was so different from any woman he'd known it didn't surprise Lee that she should have her heart set on marriage.

"Sure," he said. "Why not?" But he was surprised when she burst into tears, sobbing, clinging to him. "What is it, baby? I said O. K. about the marrying thing. What's eating you?"

"It's—suppose it should reach your heart, that bullet?" she said.

"Would you care?"

"My sweetheart," she said. "My dear. Lee, they can't watch every minute. There's plenty of doctors would do it for a lot of money. At night, like. Not here. You could go to his place, his office. You must. I couldn't stand it having that fear over us all the time. I love you so, honey."

Cecelia was right. It wasn't hard to find a doctor to do the job for a lot of money. A doctor with a tiny office in a frowzy street. Lee took Cecelia on that long, devious midnight ride.

The doctor didn't like the nearness of the bullet to Lee's heart. "Can you take just a local?" he said. "I wouldn't like to risk general anæsthesia."

"Sure, I guess so," Lee said.

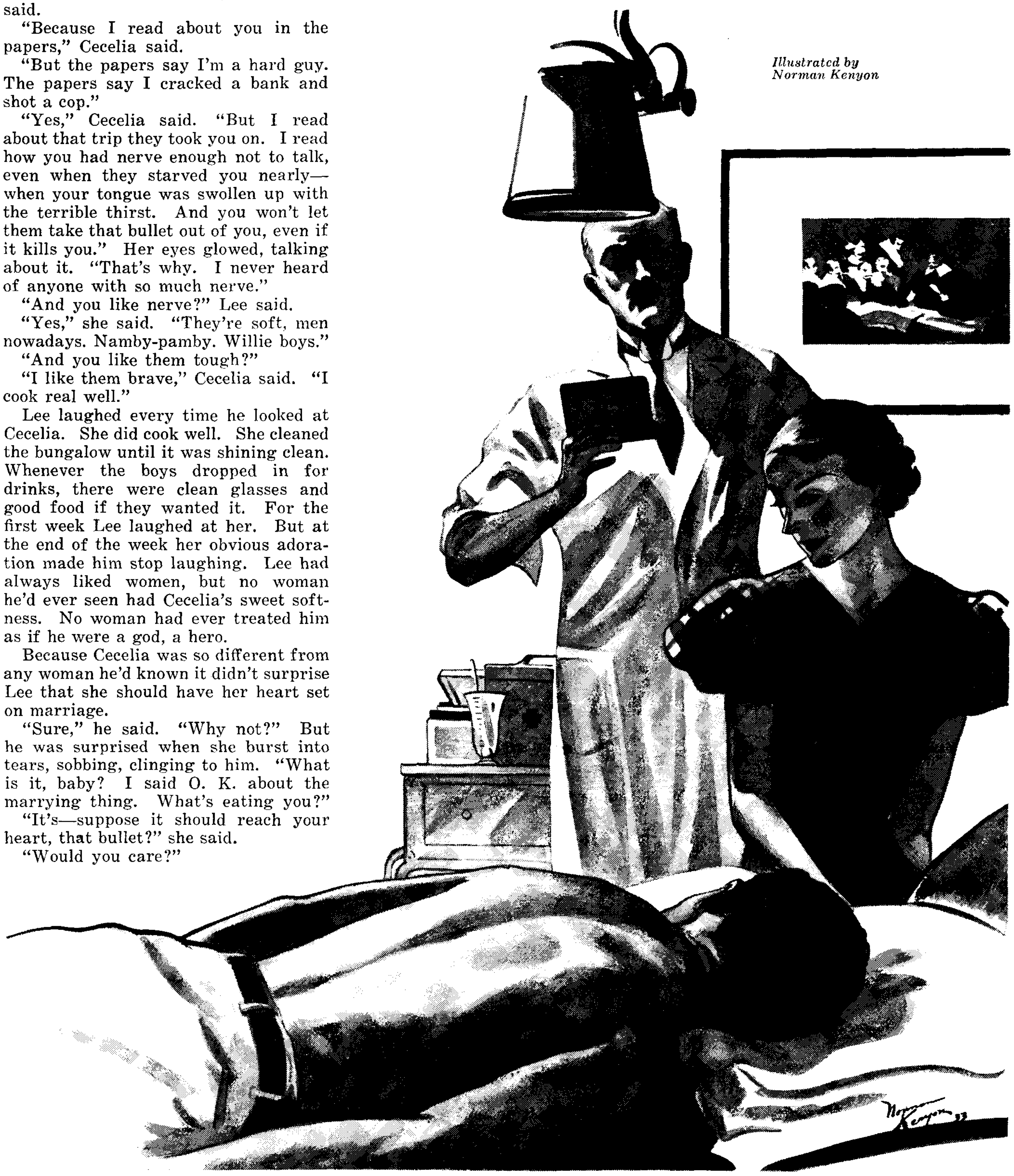
"Sure he can," Cecelia said. "He's brave."

So Cecelia sat beside Lee, holding his hand, while the doctor probed.

"Keep talking, baby," Lee said. The sweat streamed down his face. His hand was cold and damp.

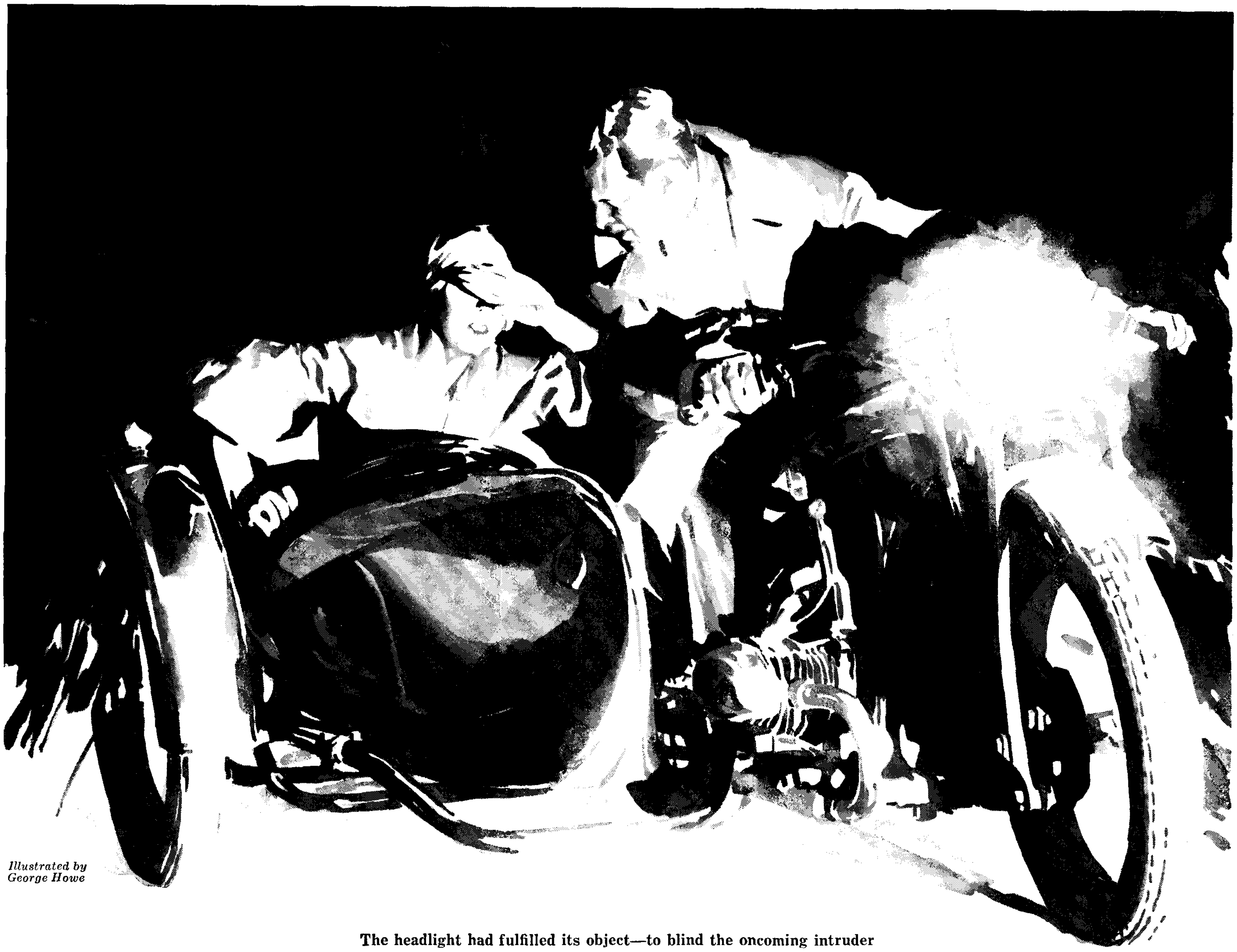
"Yes," she said. "Yes. Let's see, can I think of a story to tell you that'll help it not to hurt so bad? I know. I'll ask you a question." Her voice was steady, low, sweet and loving and comforting. "Did you ever see a blind man, Lee? Not a man born blind. A big, strapping man, not fifty years old, blinded all of a sudden. Did you ever see a blind man groping and feeling his way—trying to feed himself and dress himself? It's a sight to stop your heart, Lee, if the blind man's your father."

The police came in then and took Lee, took the evidence with them—the bullet Cecelia McKenna gave them.



Illustrated by Norman Kenyon

"I wouldn't like to risk general anæsthesia," the doctor said



Illustrated by George Howe

The headlight had fulfilled its object—to blind the oncoming intruder

The Man without Nerves

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

SAM JESSON, respected resident of Sandywayes, a Sussex village, is found dead in his garage. A revolver by his side and a note to his wife, in which financial troubles are referred to, clearly indicate suicide.

That afternoon James Huitt, manager of the Aldwych branch of Barton's bank, receives a caller in his London office. The caller—a gangling, indifferently dressed young person—introduces himself as "Tyssen." He is, he says, a writer and newspaper reporter. Then: "Mr. Huitt, you live in Sandywayes. And you've been Mr. Jesson's banker for years. Was he, or was he not, in trouble?" The question angers Huitt. He refuses to answer it. Whereupon, having made it quite clear that he does not believe Sam Jesson killed himself, the young man departs.

Back in Sandywayes (he commutes to and from London daily with his old friends, Andrew Cresset, corset manufacturer; Timothy Sarson, wine merchant; and Roland Martin), Huitt walks to the exclusive Oasis Lawn Tennis Club, of which he is president—and receives a surprise. On a near-by tennis court, Sybil Cresset, Andrew Cresset's daughter; Pauline Sarson, daughter of Timothy Sarson, and Timothy's son, Anthony, are playing—with that obnoxious young Tyssen! A gossipy waitress, who brings the banker tea, informs him that the young stranger is lodging with Mrs. Foulds; that he is writing a novel and that he spends his nights "walking all over everywhere."

Seeing the banker, Tyssen strides over, is introduced. From that time on the reporter follows him, fires questions at him about Jesson's death. Huitt coolly insults him, refuses to commit himself. . . . At the coroner's inquest, Huitt testifies. Jesson, he says, had drawn out almost all of his deposits, just before his death. "And when he sold his securities," the banker adds, "I was completely mystified. But I could do nothing. He was, I believe, a victim of blackmailers." . . . Following the autopsy, Huitt meets Lord Milhaven, whose country seat is near by, and accepts an invitation to dine with him. Then, going home, he dresses carefully—and slips a loaded revolver into his pocket.

That night—a brilliant, moonlit one—Pauline and Anthony Sarson, walking on the golf links, find a man—a truly great golfer—practicing strokes alone. Young Tyssen! "I don't want anyone to know I play the game," he exclaims. "Promise me you'll say nothing of this!" They promise. Then: "Come on—have a bite with us at home," says Pauline. And Tyssen, clearly very uneasy, accepts the invitation.

III

THE Sarson establishment was kept up with far more dignity than any other in the Oasis. A butler carved at the sideboard and handled the wine, and a second man passed the dishes. Tyssen felt desperately uncomfortable and, notwithstanding the charm of his hostess, occasionally showed it. He had fetched a change of clothes and enjoyed a wonderful bath, but unfortunately Anthony had appeared in full evening dress.

"Do forgive me, old fellow," he begged. "Nine nights out of ten I should have worn exactly the kit you are in but I am taking Sybil Cresset over to a dance at Godalming tonight and it didn't seem worth while changing twice."

Tyssen was a little relieved at the explanation.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said uneasily. "I don't live exactly the sort of life you people do down here, you see. I came here for one purpose and one purpose only, and I am afraid I never think of clothes."

"Don't be silly," Pauline begged him. "Flannels are all one requires down here—unless you are a gay young spark like Tony and have to go out to these dances!"

"Once in a blue moon," Anthony grumbled. "I didn't really want to go to this one, only Lady Amfraville caught Sybil and me together at the cricket match. She thought naturally enough that she was my sister and she insisted upon it that we both come over to her dance tonight."

"You didn't happen to mention, I suppose," Pauline said, "that you had a sister at home?"

The young man laughed self-consciously.

"I'm afraid I didn't," he admitted. "You don't appreciate my dancing. Sybil loves it. Besides, Lady Amfraville would have had to have asked you both then and she probably would not want more than one girl. You can sit and talk golf for half an hour with Tyssen and when he's bored with it he can push off home."

"In that case," Tyssen found courage to say, "I shall be here when you come back."

"YOU don't know my sister," Anthony declared. "She has boundless enthusiasms but an inexhaustible capacity for sleep. She will probably take you out to see the stars and in half an hour's time she will begin to yawn, then you will light a final cigarette and disappear."

Pauline laughed softly.

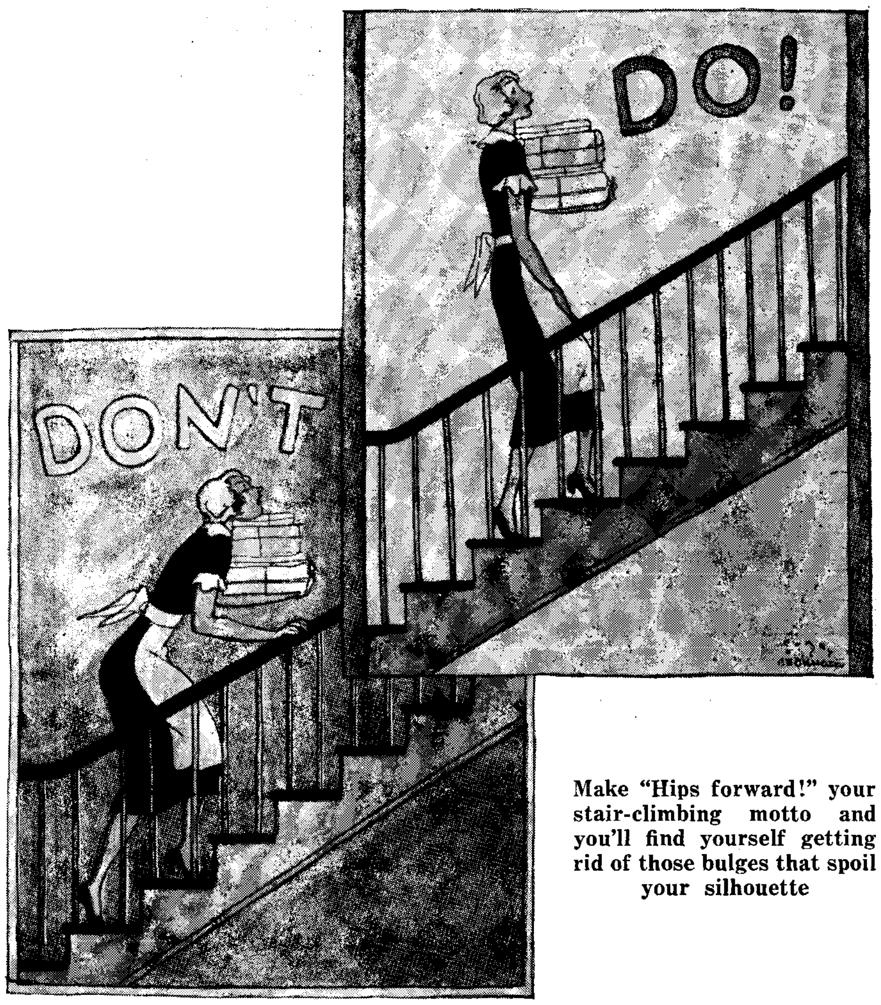
"Don't listen to him, Mr. Tyssen. When anyone begins to talk about games I am the most alert person in the world."

(Continued on page 24)

Stroke your Broom

By Ruth Chandler Moore and Janet Lane

You wouldn't play tennis in high-heeled slippers or exercise in a gym that was dusty and airless. You fuss about your stroke in golf and swimming. But how's your form in housework? That's as good a workout as any sport if you go about it right. Here's how



Make "Hips forward!" your stair-climbing motto and you'll find yourself getting rid of those bulges that spoil your silhouette

"TOO bad women don't go after their housework the way they do their sports," says Jac Auer, exercise expert, and by that he doesn't mean more housework but better form. "They take up sports, often as not, to improve their figures, and then they slump and go at their housework any old way. No wonder it pulls so many of them out of shape."

To Mr. Auer's gymnasium come society women, opera singers, athletes, business executives, a list that reads like the Social Register and Who's Who combined, to be put in condition or kept there. "But women could do a lot for themselves right at home," says this authority; "make conditioning exercises out of their housework, if they'd only learn how to do it right."

It's the way you work that matters. Running up and down stairs can melt your hips and your surplus poundage or it can make you old before your time, depending on the way you run; and you can turn a mattress so that it breaks your back and bulges your front, or you can turn it so that the motion constitutes a perfect hip-and-stomach reducing exercise. It makes no difference to your flesh and bones whether they get their work-out in a gymnasium or a kitchen, just so they get the right kind, and if you tackle housework with the same emphasis on form and stroke that you'd give your golf game it will do the same thing for your figure. More, probably, because housework goes on, rain or shine, all four seasons of the year!

It's a matter of mechanics, really. We study the instructions that come with our labor-saving devices and run them with conscientious regard for their efficiency and their expensive insides, and it's high time we learned to do the same for the machine that inevitably shares the work of every one of them—the houseworker's own human body. For that machine is designed on engineering principles, too—so much so that the scientific course on the structure and efficient use of the body, recently given at Columbia University by Mabel Elsworth Todd of New York, was called Body Engineering, pointing out that if you let your machine drag and pull on the wrong set of gears, or strain against the wrong set of pulleys, or thump away on shaky, tottering supports, it will balk and halt and probably end by going out of commission altogether. But if you use it correctly, it will run, as the saying goes, like a bird—and with just as little slack muscle as a bird has, too!

Don't Be a Derrick

And there's the catch. Even if you don't care how tired you get, or how your machine grinds and protests, you always care—as long as you're a true daughter of Eve—when it gets out of shape.

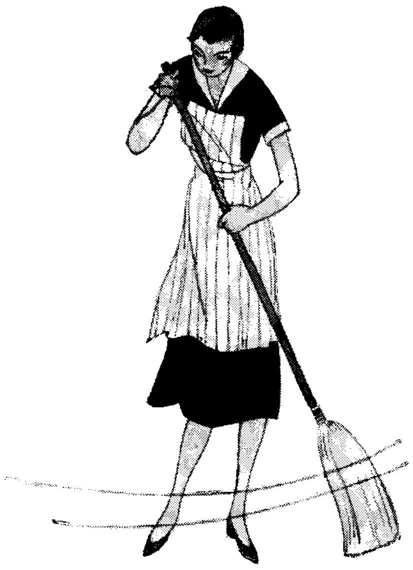
So, if housework is your main physical activity, make it a slenderizing instead of a thickening one by using your bones and muscles the right way—the way that retains or regains the smooth flowing lines of youth.

Take lifting, for example. For generations that's done plenty of damage to the female form divine, and certainly nobody will ever recommend piano-moving as part of the housekeeper's daily dozen. But within reason, and properly performed, the mechanics of flopping mattresses, shifting furniture and lifting clothes baskets has all the elements of first-rate reducing exercises. The idea is to use your body as a lever, not as a derrick. That is, don't collapse your shoulders and tug with your arms from above—that simply bows you to the unmistakable drudgery curve. Instead, limber your knees and *get down under* the weight. Then contract the front muscles of your hips, thus automatically releasing your back muscles so that your hips drop down under you. Now push up, letting the strength come, not from your arms and back, but from the strong central region of your hips—and you not only hoist the weight with the least possible effort, but give a valuable strengthening exercise to that broad, middle band of muscles which, when properly taut, will keep you flatter than the best girdle that ever came out of a shop.

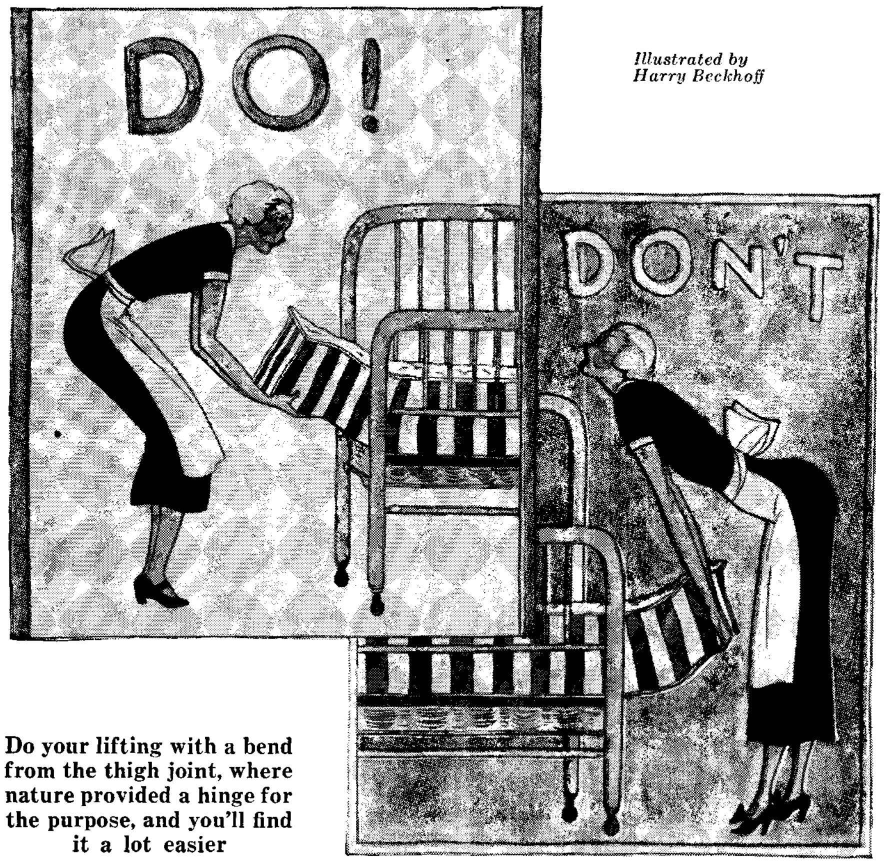
A Dramatic Proof

As a matter of fact, the strength for any task calling for real physical effort should always be summoned from these strong inner muscles of the hip region. You know the old trick—usually performed as a psychic experiment—whereby four people lift a fifth person who is stretched stiff and prone upon the floor, merely by putting their fingertips under him and all breathing in unison? If it's done right it works easily enough, though there's nothing psychic about it. It's merely a particularly dramatic proof of the power in the hip region. The deep rhythmic breathing concentrates each lifter's attention on his strong pelvic muscles, for, although his breathing doesn't actually reach down

(Continued on page 45)



You can make sweeping a good limberizing and slenderizing exercise if you do it correctly, and it's fine practice for your golf stroke



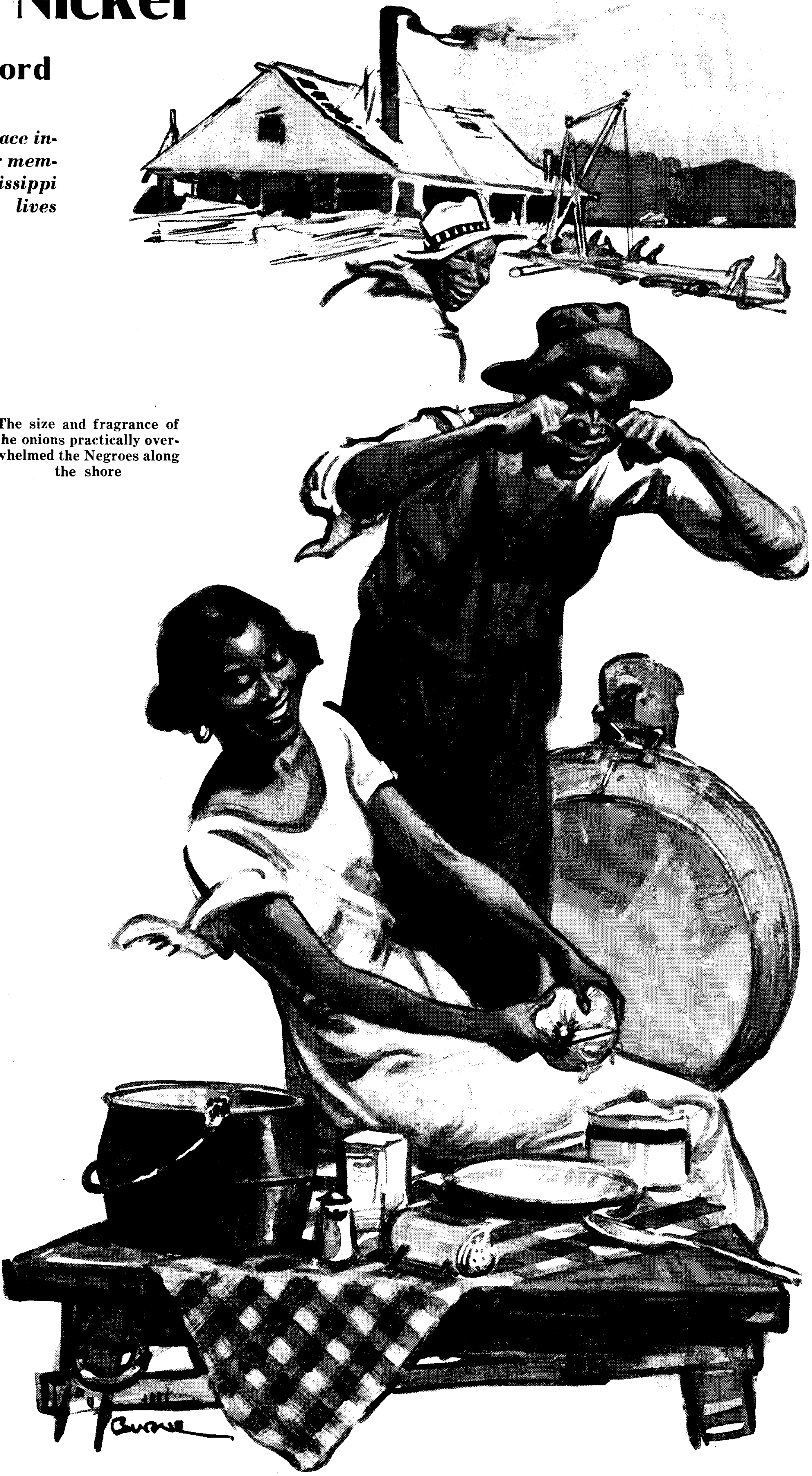
Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

Do your lifting with a bend from the thigh joint, where nature provided a hinge for the purpose, and you'll find it a lot easier

Three for a Nickel

By Roark Bradford

The cook of the John D. Grace invents a racket. And another memorable drama of the Mississippi backwaters brightens our lives



The size and fragrance of the onions practically overwhelmed the Negroes along the shore

CAPTAIN COOLEY, owner and master of the Mississippi River packet John D. Grace, was a scholar and a gentleman.

His tastes were cultivated—he would never become a faddist. However, being absolute master in fact as well as in name of the finest steamboat on the Southern rivers, and, incidentally, a good liver, he not only got just about what he wanted but always got the best of what he wanted.

Once, years ago, his physician in New Orleans had recommended that he drink a glass of sweet milk with each meal—a simple enough prescription for a city dweller but one which might be difficult to fill three times a day in the isolated stretches of river traversed by his steamboat.

"Any particular kind of milk?" the captain wanted to know.

"Not especially," the doctor told him. "They say a Jersey cow's milk is richest in butter fat, but after it goes through the distributing dairies it all comes out about the same."

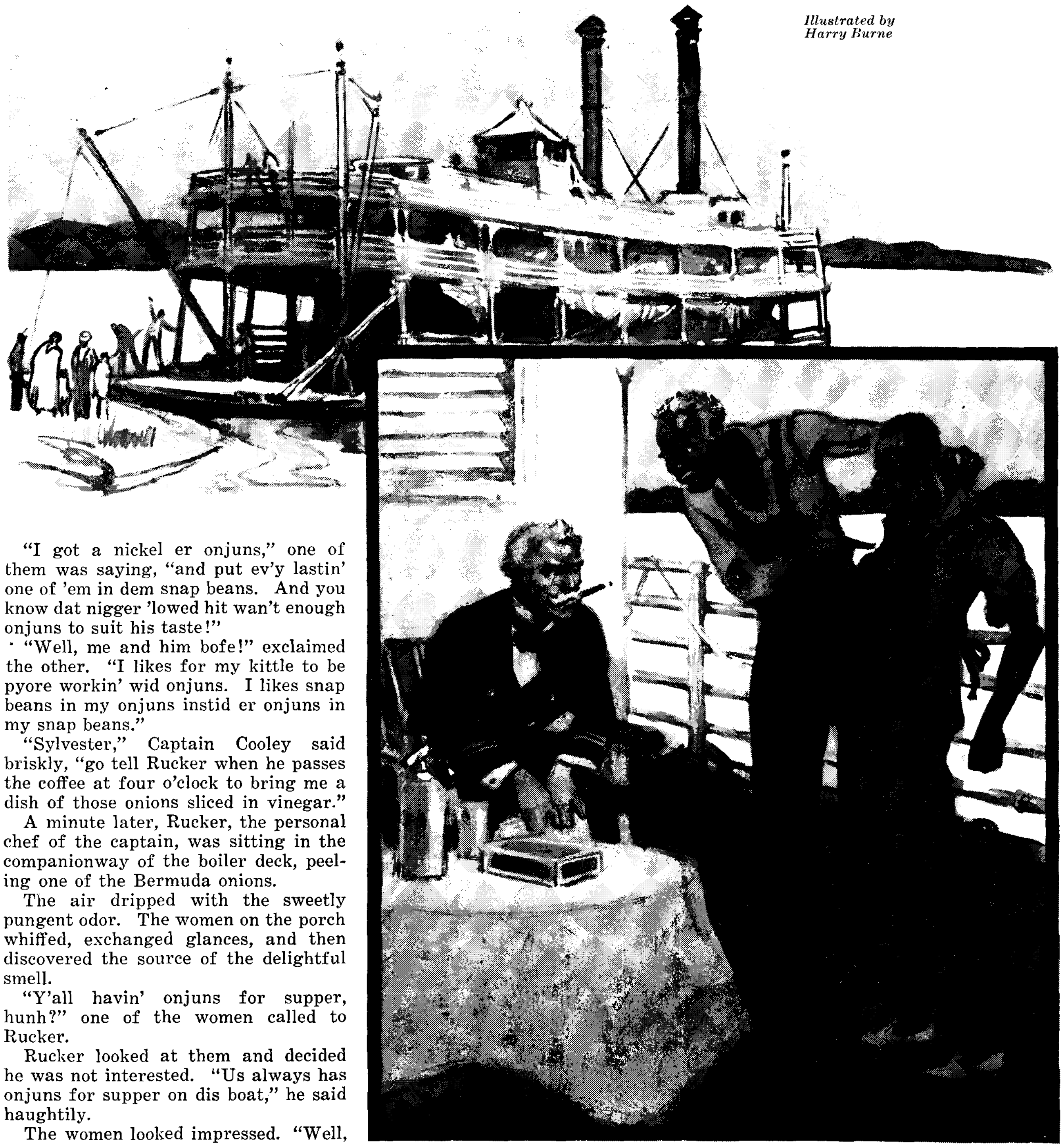
Captain Cooley thereupon consulted a deep-sea skipper friend who sailed between New Orleans and European ports, and two months later a cow, straight from the Island of Jersey, was installed on the after main deck of the John D. Grace. A roustabout was assigned to the full-time job of caring for the cow: feeding her when the boat was running and grazing her on the levee at landings; and, most important of all, seeing to it that the captain had a glass of fresh sweet milk with each meal.

Naturally, when, in the afternoon of his life, Captain Cooley decided that his appetite called occasionally for onions sliced in vinegar, he not only had onions sliced in vinegar, but he had the finest, largest and most delicious onions that Bermuda could produce; served in the clearest, tartest vinegar obtainable from the wineries of southern Spain.

It was the onions—they were as large as saucers—that reverberated among the Negroes along the river from New Orleans to Vicksburg, and west on the tributaries as far as Camden, Arkansas. Even to this day, in the remote backwoods of the Bœuf River and Bayou Bartholomew, some of the older people refer to sunflowers as "Rucker Onjuns."

IT STARTED early one spring at Jonesville. The Grace was tied up to the bank at the sawmill, taking on culled cypress slabs for fuel. It was late afternoon. The roustabouts were trotting up and down the gangplank under the direction of the driver. The stern had swung downstream and the boat lay snug against the bank. Captain Cooley sat in a split-hickory rocking chair in the shade of the pilot house on the after hurricane deck. Sylvester, a half-grown Negro boy, was indolently swinging a palmetto fan, creating no breeze whatever, but Captain Cooley was too engrossed in Plato's Dialogues to notice.

On the bank, two Negro women sat on the porch of a cabin, discussing domestic matters.



Illustrated by Harry Burne

"I jest kotched him gittin' offn de boat, loaded down wid vittles"

"I got a nickel er onjuns," one of them was saying, "and put ev'y lastin' one of 'em in dem snap beans. And you know dat nigger 'lowed hit wan't enough onjuns to suit his taste!"

"Well, me and him bofe!" exclaimed the other. "I likes for my kittle to be pyore workin' wid onjuns. I likes snap beans in my onjuns instid er onjuns in my snap beans."

"Sylvester," Captain Cooley said briskly, "go tell Rucker when he passes the coffee at four o'clock to bring me a dish of those onions sliced in vinegar."

A minute later, Rucker, the personal chef of the captain, was sitting in the companionway of the boiler deck, peeling one of the Bermuda onions.

The air dripped with the sweetly pungent odor. The women on the porch whiffed, exchanged glances, and then discovered the source of the delightful smell.

"Y'all havin' onjuns for supper, hunh?" one of the women called to Rucker.

Rucker looked at them and decided he was not interested. "Us always has onjuns for supper on dis boat," he said haughtily.

The women looked impressed. "Well, now, listen *at* him, Sadie!" exclaimed one. "Onjuns for supper *ev'y* night!"

Sadie did not hear. She was staring at Rucker and at the onion. "Looky yonder, Cora!" she shrieked. "Just looky yonder at dat onjun!"

Cora looked but failed to get excited. "White onjuns," she observed. "I likes red onjuns more better. Dey's got more juice."

"Is dat nigger peelin' a onjun," demanded Sadie, "or is dat a mushmellon he foolin' wid which smell like a onjun?"

Cora peered more closely and for the first time she perceived the size of the onion Rucker was working on. "Well, do, my Redeemer!" she said fervently.

IMPELLED irresistibly by feminine curiosity and a domestic interest in the phenomenal vegetable, both women rose and walked to the bank of the river where they could get a close-up view of Rucker and the onion.

Sure enough! The thing Rucker was peeling was an onion. The juice from it had tears running down his nose, and the odor from it, alone, was stronger than Cora's whole nickel's worth had been able to exude.

"Mister," Cora asked meekly, "whar'd you git dat onjun?"

Rucker wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand, sniffed disdainfully, and countered: "What wrong wid dis onjun?"

Cora and Sadie exchanged glances. "Hit ain't nothin' wrong wid hit, so far as I kin see," Cora admitted frankly, "only hit so big."

"And strong," Sadie supplemented. "I ain't never seed one onjun which c'd smell up de whole er creation like dat'n doin'."

"And," put in Cora, "I ain't never seed no onjun big like a ponkin. Dat's jest natchally too much onjun in one bunch."

Rucker's eyes cleared of moisture, and he surveyed the two women more in detail. They were dressed in coarse "lowell-cloth" clothes, home-made and not very well put together. Their hair was rolled into tiny coils and matted on top of their heads. They were barefooted, and each had a small black-gum twig in her mouth which, Rucker knew, was a mop for dipping snuff. "Country niggers," he summed up briefly. And Rucker had no use for country niggers.

"Dese onjuns," he condescended, "growed down de river. Fo'ks down in de city whar I comes f'm won't eat no yuther kind."

The women were amazed.

"O' cou'se," Rucker continued, "dese hyar is sort er special onjuns. Ol' cap'm won't let nothin' come on de boat which ain't sort er special. Me, I'm de best cook in N'Awlins, and dat's how come de ol' cap'm pick me out to cook his vittles, special. De ol' cap'm is a mighty special gentleman, hisse'f, and he won't put up wid nothin' onless hit's special."

"WELL, do, my Redeemer!" was all Cora could say. But Sadie wanted more details.

"Kin you buy dem onjuns in de sto', down in N'Awlins?" she asked.

"Sho'," stated Rucker, "efn you got de money." Then, deciding he'd been too democratic, he modified: "Only dese hyar onjuns is special. De sto' onjuns is mighty nigh like dese, and onless you knowed all about onjuns you couldn't tell 'em apart. But de ol' cap'm 'lowed de sto' onjuns wan't fancy enough to suit him, so us plants we's own seeds and raises dese onjuns up to we's own size and taste, by hand."

"Well, do, my Redeemer!" gasped Cora; even the practical Sadie was compelled to admit: "Hit aches my belly to see a onjun like dat and den not git to eat 'em."

A hundred miles down the river, after the conversation had lain fallow in Rucker's mind for twelve hours or more, he had an idea. Quickly he began to work out the details of a scheme. Whether it was concocted from Rucker's greed, his contempt for the country people along the river, or to demonstrate his own superiority and thereby puff his own ego, not even Rucker himself knew. But the scheme which he laid accomplished all three ends. And a week later, when the John D. Grace again stopped at Jonesville, Rucker engaged Sadie and Cora in commercial conversation.

"Dem onjuns," he explained, "costs too much for y'all sawmill niggers to buy, so you can't buy 'em."

"How much do dey cost?" demanded Sadie.

"How much," Rucker inquired, "do yo' husband make in de sawmill?"

"Joe sets blocks," Sadie announced proudly, "and he make a solid dollar and a quarter a day. Cora's man," she went on apologetically, "ain't only but a sawdust monkey and he makes six bits. But my man is a block setter—"

"Dese onjuns," interrupted Rucker, "ain't on de market for sellin'. But efn dey was, de price is about a dollar two bits for jest one onjun."

"Humph!" Sadie snorted. "I wouldn't pay hit, efn hit was big as a watermelon."

"I knowed y'all ladies couldn't afford to buy de onjuns," Rucker said sympathetically. "So I scummed a scheme about dese hyar onjuns. I figgered de price'd be too high, but I figgered, efn y'all was daid sot on havin' some er dese special eye-dreeners, I'd jest bring along a few seeds and let y'all plant 'em in yo' own gyarden."

Sadie was moved to words and Cora's eyes glistened.

"O' cou'se," Rucker went on, "de seeds costs two for a nickel down in N'Awlins, and I figgers on a little profit for goin' to all de trouble, so I figgered I'd charge y'all ladies about three for a nickel, efn y'all is int'rusted."

SADIE did the bargaining with Rucker, and the result was that for a dollar and a quarter from her Rucker delivered to her one of the select Bermuda onions and three of the biggest seeds that Rucker had been able to find in a New Orleans seed store. In view of the lowly earning capacity of Cora's husband, she was sold, outright and at the bargain price of two for five cents, two bits' worth of the same kind of seeds.

"Dese hyar seeds," Rucker explained, "might not bring out onjuns big like you see, 'cause dis land around hyar look kind er po'. But you plant 'em and manyore 'em, and den dig around 'em wid a hoe, and dey'll do somethin'."

When the boat pulled away from Jonesville, Rucker got busy preparing the evening meal for his employer. He was a good cook and he knew exactly how the captain liked his food. The Black River catfish steaks had to be dry and brown, but not too crisp. The vegetables had to be completely cooked—overdone, Rucker thought, but the skipper would have them like that and Rucker never questioned the taste of Captain Cooley. The green salad included every vegetable available, chopped fine, and seasoned only with the dressing—which had to be made three days in advance so that a clove of garlic standing in it might fill it with just the right degree of flavor.

These duties occupied all of Rucker's mental and physical energies. In addition, Sylvester was slow in learning to serve, and Rucker had to supervise that, too.

It was not until after dark, when his day's work was done and Rucker was "takin' de cool er de night" on the after boiler deck, that he experienced any joy from the episode at Jonesville.

"I sho' done up dem country niggers,"

(Continued on page 35)

Grizzly Comedians

By Howard S. Reed as told to W. B. Courtney

Go to the bears for belly laughs—but don't go too close. Mr. Reed, the noted collector of wild animals, has a weakness for these wilderness comedians. He has tracked them in the Himalayas, the Rockies and Alaska—and often he was too amused to shoot. Here are bear stories gathered during thirty-two years on the big-game trails

THE wilderness trails are full of surprises, and not the least of these turn up in the men who chase the beasts as often as in the beasts who are chased. There was, for instance, old Ute Bill, the Indian-raised white scout who taught me trailcraft many long years ago. Bill never saw the inside of a schoolhouse; he spoke only the Ute tongue until he was a grown man, and thereafter picked up the language of his fathers higgledy-piggledy.

He could neither read nor write. It was not possible that he ever saw a theater or a play. Perhaps he had at one time guided a scholarly fellow, given to quoting poetry around the camp fire; and with Ute Bill a thing once seen or heard was a thing remembered. That is my best guess; Bill himself would never tell, for he thought it a great prank to confound folks with his "larnin'." At any rate, I often heard Bill fit Shakespeare to crises of the wilds—sometimes pure Avon Bill, but more often with a Ute Bill dilution. To this day I can never think of bears without recalling an adventure on the Continental Divide.

Bill and I had pitched camp in a piny clearing, near a small lake—so near that we neglected to fetch our rifles down to the bank when we bathed. One afternoon we came ashore to dry just in time to discover a grizzly poking around our grub tent, a hundred feet away. The smell of good things to eat had outweighed his fear of the human scent. Bill shied a rock and an oath, one as hard as t'other, at the bear, who, embarrassed, began to run. On second thought he turned back, snatched a sack of potatoes, then lumbered off again.

It was a heavy bag, too, but that need not amaze you, for bears are efficient porters; I have seen one carry a 150-pound hog as easily as a boy might carry his pet cat. In his guilty haste our bear, upset by a second rock from Bill, lost his firm grip on the sack.

The Playboy of the Wilds

The sack slewed against a sharp edge, ripped, and a wave of potatoes broke under the bear. His hind feet skidded on the rolling potatoes—then head over heels he went in a welter of dust, flying burlap and potatoes.

He staggered to his feet, shook himself, looked back at us and growled plaintively, then picked up *one potato* in his mouth and galloped into the underbrush and away. "All the woods," chuckled Bill, as we walked naked along the trail salvaging the potatoes, "is a stage and all the animiles is merely players. Each animile in his time plays many parts, but, son, I reckon Old Ephraim the b'ar is the playin'est Roman of them all."

And in my thirty-odd years since then, of collecting big-game specimens of all species for zoölogical societies and natural history museums, I have found abundant substantiation of old Bill's remark; my wilderness stage has enlarged to world-wide proportions, but the bears remain the most versatile and talented performers on it.

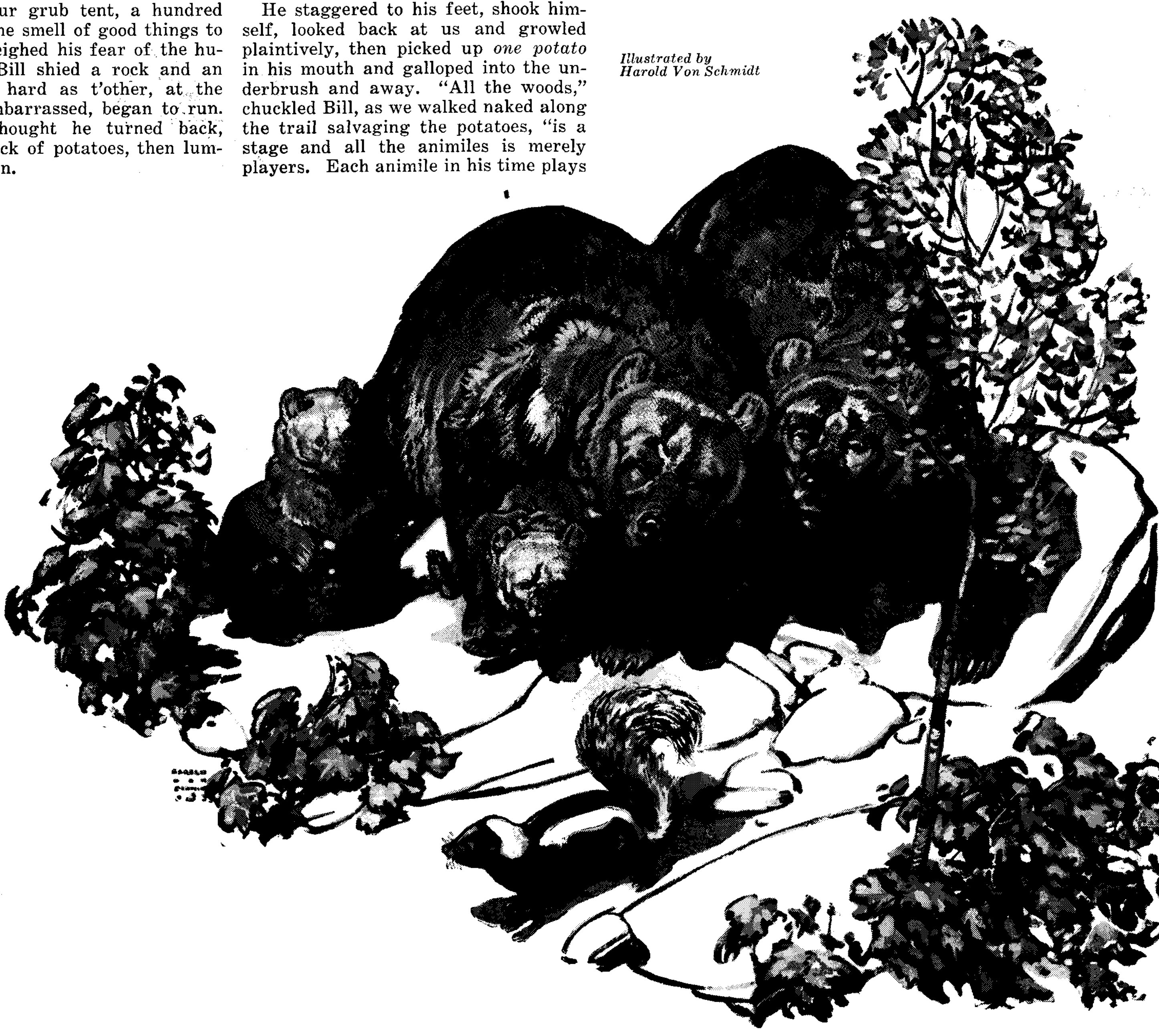
Other professional first-nighters at the dramas and tragedies and comedies of Nature's endless variety show may prefer different players—the knightly lions, the ladylike giraffes, the intelligent elephants, the tragic antelopes, the wistful apes, the bucolic camels or the villainous cats. But for an honest midsection laugh, scene in, scene out; for diversity of interest and picturesqueness of entertainment, act for act, give me a flubdub grizzly, or a roustabout Himalayan brown, or a Pickwickian Kadiak. In Asia, in the United States, in Russia, in the Carpathians, I have laughed at bears—who never suspected watching eyes—far more often than I have shot at them.

A Family Squabble

Once, absorbed in the pursuit and study of the world's largest bears, I lingered on Kadiak Island long after common sense dictated retreat to a settlement on the Alaskan mainland for wintering. A single adventure justified the risks, for I saw a sight which I feel certain has never been vouchsafed to other human eyes. Pushing through tangled alders in an upland ravine, I caught a flash of movement and commotion on an exposed ledge five hundred yards ahead and halfway up the shoulder of a fat hill. Four enormous Kadiaks were engaged in such close and fast action that several minutes elapsed before I was sure of my count. As I hid in the brush to watch them through my

(Continued on page 51)

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt



Grizzlies don't believe in arguing with a skunk about the right of way

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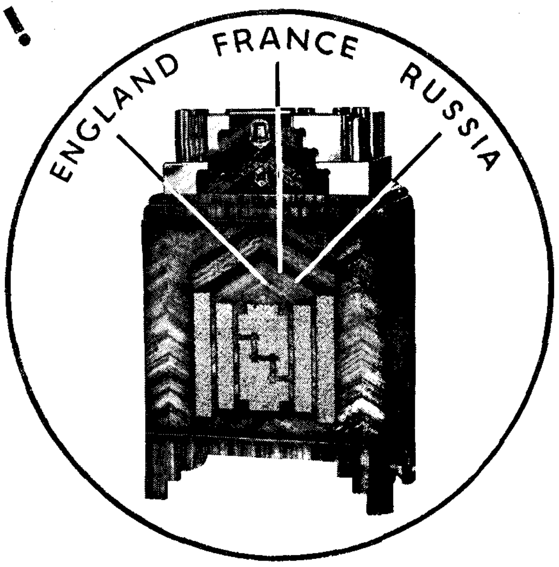

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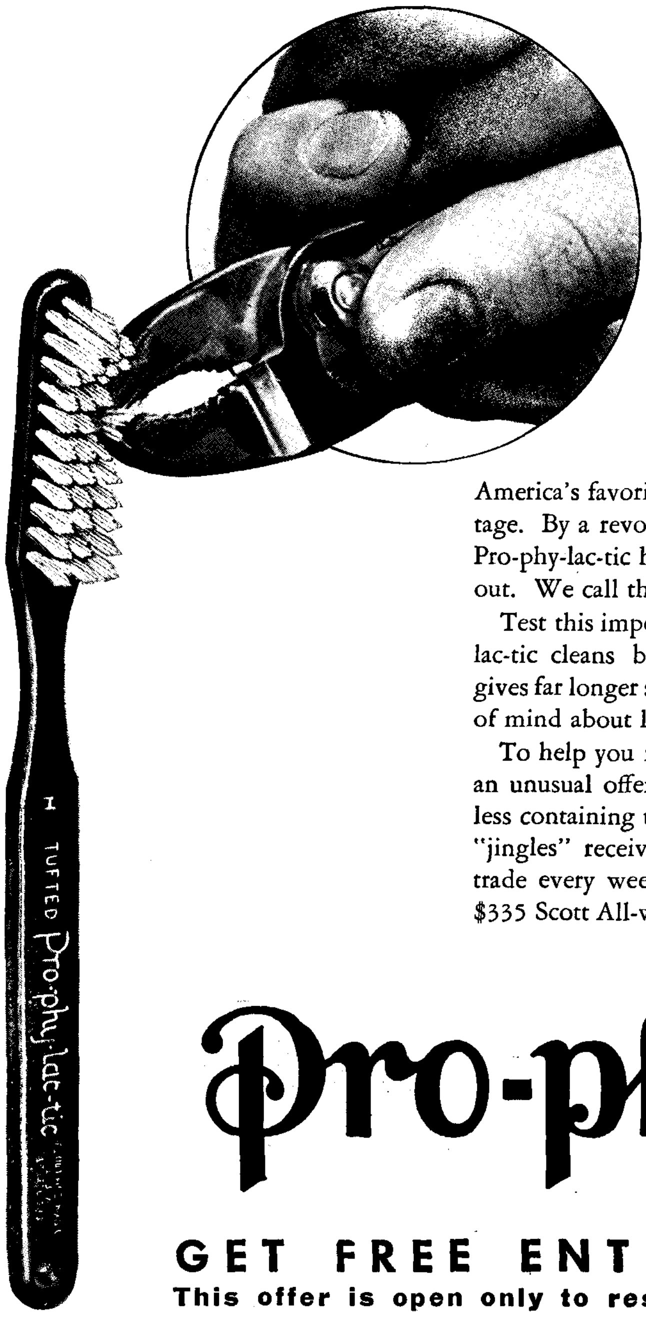

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Stop at the nearest drug counter for a free entry blank which tells you everything you need to know about this contest. Then send us your "jingles" just as early as you can. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

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ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR!

The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 18

"But I am really not an authority on golf," he objected.

"Don't be an idiot," Anthony said impatiently. "Remember, I have seen most of our best players and I am hoping to squeeze into the Walker Cup team some day."

"You have misjudged my game," Tyssen assured his host. "I have played a little quiet golf for the sake of exercise in out-of-the-way places. I don't want to play any better than I do. I don't want to play any game seriously. As I told you, I came here for one purpose and one purpose only and I want to carry it out."

The three of them alone at the table presented a strange study in contrasts. Tyssen, the guest, was obviously the most serious. The knuckles of his hands showed white where they were clutching the arms of his chair. His earnestness seemed to have brought him a more commanding and vigorous personality. Anthony, on the other hand, was just the younger presentment of what his father might have been—a genial but an indifferent host. He was interested in his guest, whom he secretly suspected of being a professional from one of the north country clubs playing above his form.

Pauline's interest in the awkward youth by her side was unmistakable. Something about him fascinated her. She was perfectly certain that there were two selves here—one struggling against the other. His manners at times were atrocious. Sometimes he slipped back into an ease of speech and deportment which pointed to something very different. Like all young women of her age she was attracted by the unusual—the mysterious. Metaphorically speaking, from that moment she adopted their dinner guest.

"You must remember, Mr. Tyssen," she warned him, "that these small places, into one of which you have found your way, are perfectly charming and restful but they have their vices. I think the vice of Sandywayes is curiosity. If you have put all ideas of golf and games out of your mind and come here, as you say, for one purpose and one purpose only, tell me what it is."

THERE was a brief pause. They had reached the stage of dessert and the servants had left the room. The windows were still wide open. Outside were the common, the silent tennis courts, the deserted cricket pitch, the single, faint light shining across the way from Mr. Huitt's cottage residence.

"I came here to be quiet," Tyssen confided. "I want to work. I am trying to write a book. I want to study human nature—events."

"Events?" she repeated. "Here at Sandywayes—with a city of seven millions so near?"

"A city of seven million inhabitants is no academy for me," Tyssen assured them. "Every event here is either a minor or a major tragedy. Look at Jesson's suicide."

She shook her head.

"Don't get too excited because of one happening," she advised him. "This is the first suicide I have ever known in my life in these parts."

"There will be a murder very soon if I don't go," Anthony observed, rising from his place. "Tyssen, you will excuse me, old fellow, won't you? Pauline will look after you and I hope she will get you to talk about your golf! Of course, what we are all leading up to is this: In a fortnight's time we play the 'Society'—Oxford and Cambridge, you know. We have never beaten them yet and if we could get hold of a really good surprise packet, like I fancy you might turn out to be, we would give them the time of their lives! Sorry. Look after him, Pauline."

Someone was coming through the front garden. Anthony hurried off.

"Just a moment, dear," they heard him call out. "I'll have the old bus at the gate in no time. . . ."

Pauline rose to her feet.

"Will you finish your port here, Mr. Tyssen, and come and look for me in the garden?" she proposed. "I shan't be very far away."

"I would rather come with you," he answered abruptly.

"Coffee outside?"

"Marvelous."

They sat on two low chairs.

"I rather like this place," Pauline confided. "From here you can guess at what every one of your neighbors may be doing. You can see their lights and wonder."

"BEGIN at the Wilderness," he begged her.

She curled up a little deeper in the cushions of her chair.

"Ah, you make it difficult to start with," she said. "There is one tiny light there amid the trees. From the second bungalow, as you see, nothing. That tiny light is just the index to the one mystery of Sandywayes."

"The lonely lady," he murmured.

"Or 'the beautiful lady.' Everyone seems to have a different name for her."

"I know two," he said.

"I only know one—Madame de Sayal. But I have seen her, which is probably more than you have. There's really no mystery about her at all. We like to make one, but it doesn't exist. She's an artist, and a very clever one. Once I passed by and she showed me one of her pictures. Most mornings she comes down here to the post office and does her own shopping. Always she looks in here and waves her hand. She has an old servant living in that bungalow which looks so deserted, but the servant speaks only her own strange language; I think it's Roumanian."

"She has another name," Tyssen confided.

"How do you know?"

"I am a curious person. I am here to drag out material—for my story. I notice everything. I poke my head into everyone's affairs, as Mr. Huitt told me. I lodge at the post office and there are letters which come here with coronets, and even crowns, on the backs of the envelopes. Letters addressed to Signora la Marchesa Sayella."

"That's the same name," Pauline observed. "The 'de' implies a title. Let's pass on to the next house."

"Will you tell me this, then?" he begged. "Why do you suppose a woman so beautiful as Madame de Sayal, or Signora la Marchesa Sayella, comes to a simple little Sussex backwater to paint pictures?"

"You ask me that," she remarked smiling, "as though it were difficult to answer. You are not an artist, perhaps."

"I am not," he confessed frankly.

"Well, believe me," she assured him, "that beauty presents itself in different types in all the odd corners of the world. This Oasis is one of the odd corners. When the sunlight comes filtering through these pine trees and touches the cornfields and melts away in those blue hills seaward there is something about this place which I have never seen anywhere else. It is really a place to attract a great artist. There is no mystery in the coming of Madame de Sayal."

"I differ from you," he said a little hardly. "What you say may be true. People may feel like that. They may see wonderful things where the ordinary pagan like myself sees nothing. Anyhow, let's finish with the Wilderness. Move on to the next place."

"Well, the only house on the other side of the common," she told him, "is the cottage residence of Mr. Huitt. Mr. Huitt would be a damning member of any especially romantic locality. He was meant for the routine of life. He is one of the perfectly shaped cogs that fit in the great wheel. Figures have taken him by the throat and strangled him. He lives for figures, he has lived by figures, he will die with figures in his brain! . . . You are—you are not cold, Mr. Tyssen?" she added, turning toward him.

He held his breath for a moment. It seemed as though he had been shaken by some queer emotion.

"Cold," he repeated. "Not I. I am so interested. Go on."

"I am not sure," she continued, "that there is much more to dilate upon. The station lights—they mean so little. The village lamps have gone. Ah, up there in that cutting through the woods are the lights of Sandywayes Court. If one could see the other side of those windows! I wonder!"

"Do you know Lord Milhaven?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"We catch fugitive glimpses of him," she replied. "We read paragraphs in the paper. If he meets us in the vicinity and realizes that we are neighbors he bows to us in stately fashion. Our great man, Mr. Tyssen. A lover of art, a great traveler, a great hunter, a famous aviator. He has his own private airplane and airdrome up near the golf club. For some short time a statesman. To me he always looks like a man who has worn out life too soon. I looked up his age the other day. He is only forty-nine but he seems tired already."

"I WONDER who his other dinner guests are tonight?" Tyssen ventured. "I heard him invite Mr. Huitt."

"Sure to be financiers, I should think," Pauline replied. "Lately he has taken a fancy to that sort of thing. He thinks that the world can be saved and conditions reëstablished by the pooling of huge fortunes."

Tyssen was leaning back in his chair, with his arms folded, frowning in puzzled fashion.

"I wonder, if he is such a great man, why he troubles to ask a man like Huitt to dine with him."

She looked at him in surprise.

"Why shouldn't he?" she asked. "And what does it matter? I believe Mr. Huitt is supposed to be marvelously informed upon all financial affairs. . . . Now we swing back right across the railway line. We come to the police station. The dear old sergeant who is always complaining because he has to take Tom, the village policeman, as a tenant! No light there. Sergeant and policeman fast asleep."

"As a matter of fact," Tyssen corrected her, "the policeman is on duty in Sandywayes."

"And how do you know that?"

"Curiosity prompted me to find out," he admitted.

"We move on to Mrs. Foulds' shop," she continued. "Not a glimmer. I suppose you think you ought to be burning the night oil up there writing your novel!"

"I am very content here," he said.

"Next comes the house and estate," she went on, "of Mr. Roland Martin. No sign of Mr. Roland Martin. No sign of Mrs. Roland Martin, who the gossips say has deserted her husband because he drinks too much, and is living in Paris! Not a light in the place. An easy household: two maidservants and a charwoman in to help once a week: alternate Sunday holidays and alternate week days for the parlor maid and cook. No parties unless Mr. Martin gets a friend in to share a bottle of whisky."

"And next."

"The house and estate of Mr. Andrew Cresset. Really, that is a very pleasant abode and the garden is beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cresset are exactly what you would suppose them to be like after a casual glance, and Sybil is a dear girl. All the same, I wish she were not so fond of Anthony."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," she replied, "I don't think that Anthony is very likely to settle down for a long time yet."

"ISN'T there anybody else here you could tell me about?" he asked.

She laughed.

"Really, I begin to think, Mr. Tyssen, that your own description of yourself was a just one! You are a very curious person."

"The first man who ever solved a picture puzzle was a curious person," Tyssen answered. "He had patience. Have you ever realized what it must be like to be passionately anxious to solve a certain problem and to have that problem handed to you in thousands of pieces and the rod of fate held over your head while you were bidden to put them together and solve them?"

Pauline swung herself up in her chair and turned toward him.

"Whatever are you talking about, Mr. Tyssen?" she demanded.

The dramatic note had vanished. He was again a little stumbling, faintly uncouth.

"I'm hanged if I know," he admitted. "That's how I always think of my work, if I think of it at all. A novel is like that. You have all the materials there chopped up in pieces—men and women, events, passions, details, everything that counts, and there is someone that bids you put them together and mocks at you. You make mistakes, too. Such rotten mistakes."

She was round upon him like a flash.

"Such as pretending you don't play golf?"

"That's nothing," he told her. "I'll go. I must be keeping you up."

"You won't do anything of the sort," she assured him. "Groves is bringing us out cool drinks directly. I like the way you are talking to me, Mr. Tyssen. *I* am getting very curious about *you*."

"I am not such a fool as to tell anyone my story," he said bluntly. "Besides, there isn't one to tell."

"Where did you learn your golf?"

He laughed jarringly.

"Golf," he repeated. "You have seen me play half a dozen approach shots on a still night!"

"Quite enough, thanks. Are you going to answer my question?"

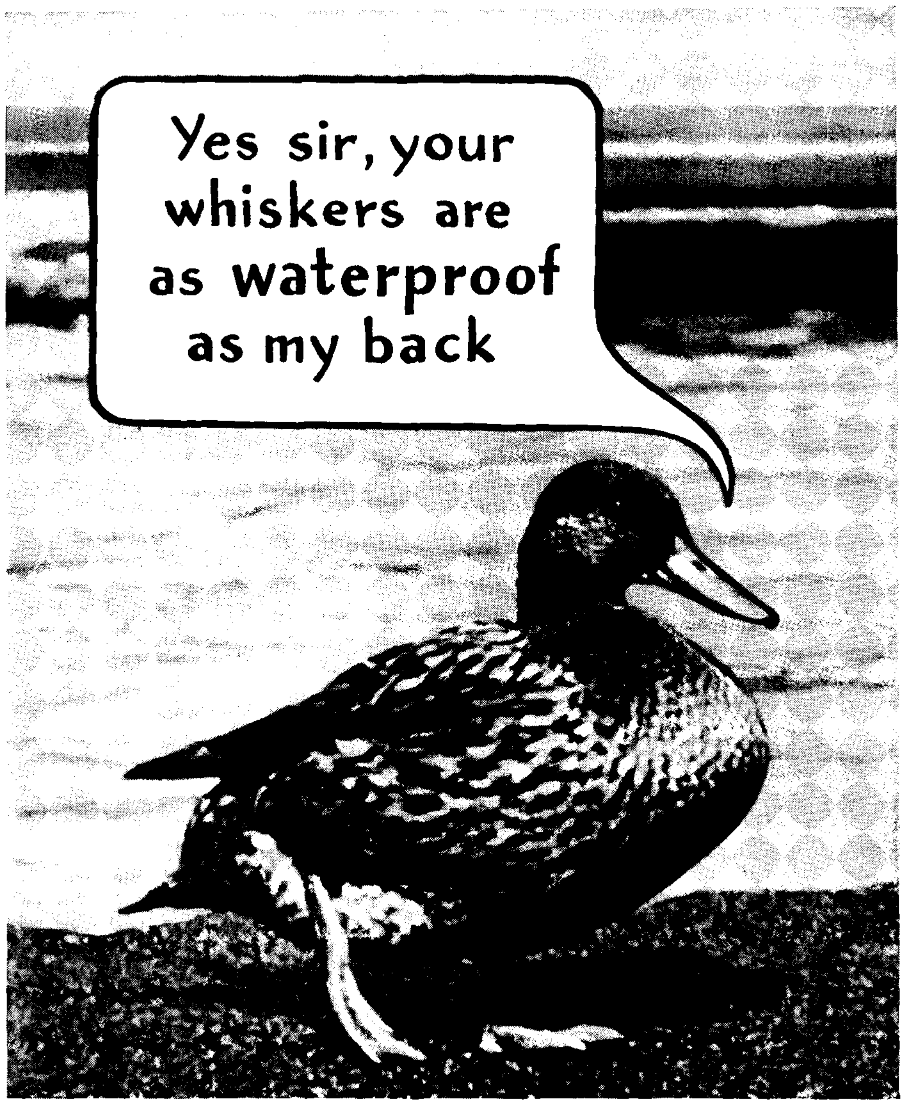
"Some day—yes," he declared, with a sudden change of tone and manner. "Some day I will tell you everything and ask you everything because—well, because it's you."

She felt her hand suddenly gripped—gripped with long, passionate fingers and then discarded.

"Good night," he said shortly.

From the time when cocktails were served in the stately library of Sandywayes Court until the reverent offering of port at the conclusion of the dinner, Sir Julian Bott, the world-famous financier, who, except for Mr. James Huitt,

(Continued on page 26)



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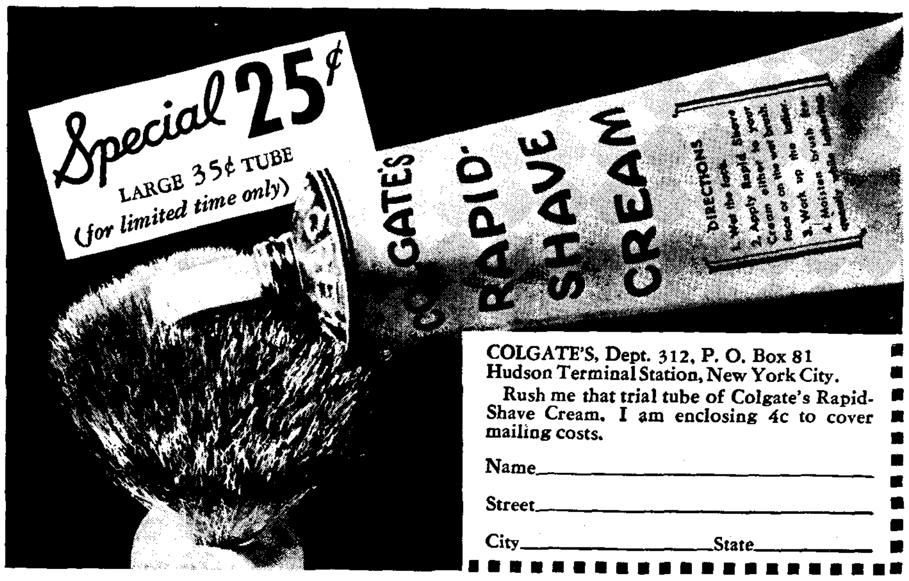

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(Continued from page 25)

was Lord Milhaven's sole guest at dinner, monopolized the conversation. From first to last he spoke of money—money that had been made and lost—and his own achievements with money. Lounging in a high-backed oak chair, the host of the party appeared sometimes to be on the verge of boredom. He was always courteous, always ready with the right response, but he had at no time the air of a man deeply interested in his guest's conversation. Huitt sat like a sphinx, except that every now and then he made a comment, and once or twice he corrected his fellow guest's figures with regard to some undertaking. If he was not sympathetic he was at least attentive. One fancied, however, that at the back of his brain he might have had alien thoughts.

"Does not this piling up of money sometimes weary you?" Milhaven asked once.

"Does it weary anyone?" the financier replied. "It is the greatest sport in the world. Hunting wild animals, as you have done, Lord Milhaven, in Abyssinia and Mesopotamia is nothing to it. *To bring gold out of impossible places*, collect into your keeping the offerings of others, to show them good results, to double your own fortune and treble it while you are making the world richer—that's my idea of sport. No, my profession never wearies me. Why, think, Lord Milhaven," he went on after a moment's pause, "even you feel the pull of it. You have plenty of other interests in life, a position and possibilities which I could never have, but even you find pleasure in making money. I won't say that you have quite a city man's brain, but you have what is perhaps better sometimes—you have vision."

"You flatter me," Milhaven murmured.

SIR JULIAN tugged at his black mustache. He was a sallow-complexioned man, a little puffy under the eyes, with a big frame and powerful shoulders. He had sprung from the middle classes, had commenced life as a country stockbroker. The confidence which the British public is slow to give to a financier pure and simple had become his by right.

"As a matter of fact," Milhaven went on, toying with his wineglass, "I have no head for figures at all. Huitt here is the man I rely upon, my technical adviser. He gives significance to them so far as I am concerned."

Sir Julian nodded.

"I have often thought," he said amiably, "that our friend Huitt was worthy of a better fate than to sit enthroned in a bank manager's confessional. You should strike out for yourself, Huitt. I would give you a job tomorrow at twice what Bartons are paying you."

Mr. Huitt showed no sign of either emotion or gratitude.

"I like my position," he confided. "I like the security of it."

"A matter of disposition," Sir Julian pronounced. "I prefer a shade of risk myself, although, as a matter of fact, I never take it."

Milhaven smiled.

"That's where your money-making as a sport falls down then, Sir Julian," he said. "There's no sport without risk."

"Do you take risks, Lord Milhaven?" the financier asked.

"I have taken many," his host replied. "I have gone after a wounded lioness out of obstinacy. I have shot tigers in a jungle where the odds are slightly against the human. I even once invested twenty thousand pounds in Julian Bott's Trust!"

"Not a shadow of risk there," Sir Julian laughed. "Your animal business doesn't get me. As a matter of fact," he went on, his thumbs slipping with the ease of familiarity into the openings of his waistcoat, "I have finished with taking chances myself. What's the good when there are so many certainties?"

Milhaven turned his head to the servant standing behind his chair.

"Serve coffee and '68 brandy in the library," he directed, "the Laranaga cabinet and the cigars. Come along, my friends, we will stretch ourselves in the easy-chairs in the library."

They trooped out. Sir Julian looked about him somewhat wistfully as they crossed the hall and passed into the oak-paneled room with its Gothic windows, its shelves filled with priceless books and the great open fireplace with its coat-of-arms cut deep into the stone.

"After all," he confessed, as he accepted an easy-chair and almost reverently pinched the cigar he was offered, "there is something you others have that we fellows cannot get. We can buy it all, but *it's second-hand. It isn't* our own."

Milhaven shrugged his shoulders.

"The world is getting less sensitive about those things nowadays," he said. . . . "What about my concessions, Bott? *Are you going to make another million* for us all? I'm beginning to need money. All these things that you admire, you know, need some keeping up."

"I was just going to speak about those concessions," Sir Julian replied. "I don't think I want to touch them. If you need money I can put you in the way of making a very reasonable sum on a very reasonable outlay—even Mr. Huitt here ought to be able to come a little way in with us—but not on your concessions."

THERE was no visible change in Milhaven's expression except that his eyebrows had come just a trifle closer together.

"What is the matter with my concessions, Bott?" he asked. "They nearly cost me my life, I can tell you."

"They are valuable without a doubt," Sir Julian admitted, "but these great tracts of country, which include minerals, oil-bearing lands and forests, need time for development. People are in a *hurry nowadays to get something for* their money. Supposing I raised a million, or a couple of millions, and formed a company to take up these concessions of yours. In a year and a half or two years' time people would begin to grumble *about dividends. I should say you* would not be able to show any for five

(Continued on page 28)

"About the concessions—I'm sorry. I've got a better thing"

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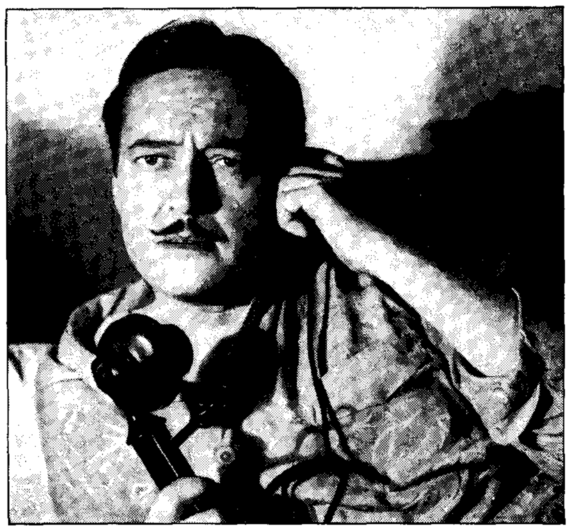
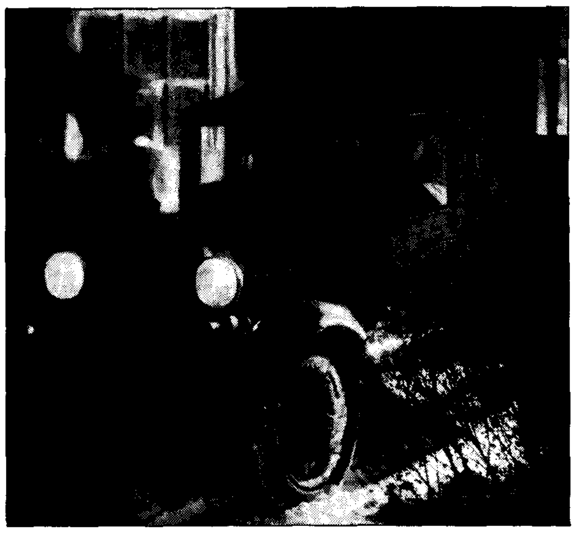
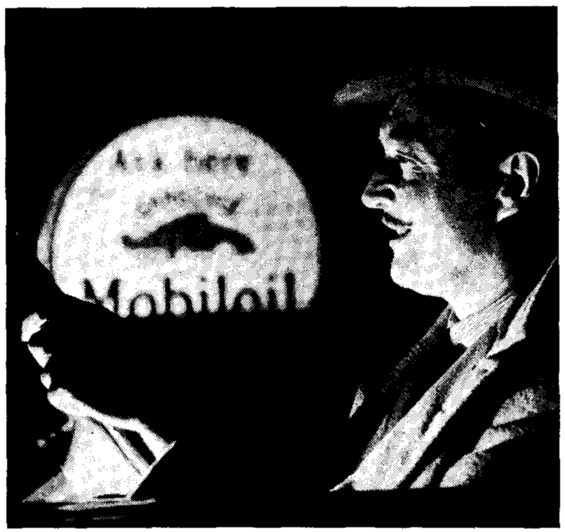


1 DOCTOR: "Baby sick? Don't worry. It's quite a drive to your place, but I'll get there quickly."



2 DOCTOR: "Certainly is lucky this old car runs so well. I don't know where I'd get the money to buy a new one."



3 DOCTOR: "Guess I'll make sure I have enough oil. Glad they have Mobiloil here."

4 DOCTOR: "Mobiloil as usual! I want the best for this old car. Some folks think I'm a crank—but I've got to make this car last."

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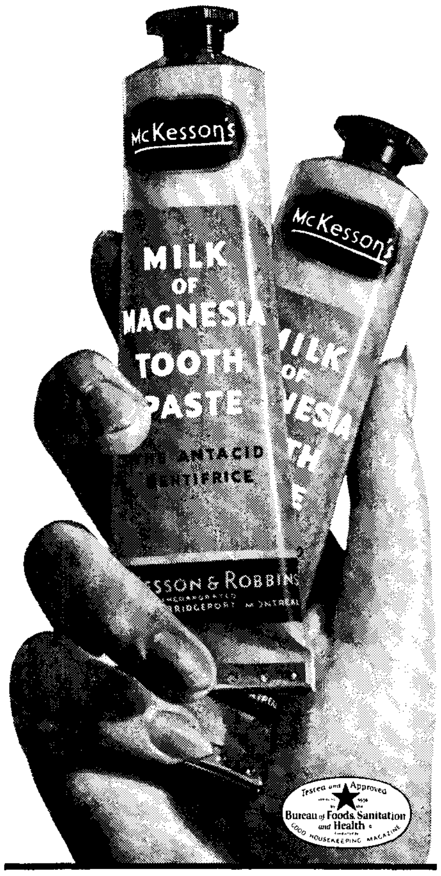
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The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 26

years. Then there's too much oil country. Oil is bad and it's going to be worse. It's like rubber. The world is overstocked with it."

"You may be right," Milhaven agreed languidly. "On the other hand, there would be no need to emphasize the oil lands. I should think the concessions apart from them would be worth, capitalized, ten or twelve millions. I had a small army of prospectors at work and that was the most moderate estimate. You see, these are not fairy pictures, Bott. There is no Arabian Nights business about it. I have traveled from end to end of the Garsete Valley, for instance. There's not a square mile of all that territory I have not seen. It seems to me that this should affect your calculations."

"PERHAPS," Sir Julian observed indifferently. "The fact of it is, though, I am pledged to another scheme. A concession like yours is romantic, of course, and I know that it has solid value behind it, but what do Mesopotamia, Abyssinia or Arabia mean to the man who is going about now with money chinking in his pocket? I'll tell you what I am going to do, Lord Milhaven," he went on, leaning forward in his chair and with a brighter light in his dark eyes. "I am going to tie up into one huge concern practically the entire wholesale provision business in London. Other people have tried and failed. I am going to succeed.

"I won't bother you with figures. I will simply tell you that I am going to start within two years paying fifteen per cent upon the shares I sell today in the new company, and I guarantee that we will be paying fifty per cent or issuing bonus shares within six years. It is the scheme of my life, Lord Milhaven. I have never been able to touch these fellows. I have never been able even to get them to show me their figures until last month. When I saw them I can tell you they staggered me. I shall need every penny I can scrape together, but I shan't need to beg for money. I shall let you off, Lord Milhaven, with ten or fifteen thousand pounds and I shall guarantee that you won't receive a smaller dividend than ten per cent one single year during my lifetime. I would not make that offer to everyone—but there it is."

Milhaven smoked in silence for several moments.

"It's very generous of you, Sir Julian," he observed, looking at the end of his cigar as though to assure himself that the ash was still stable. "Very generous of you indeed. In an ordinary way, though, I hate investments. If I had ten or fifteen thousand to spare I should save them for the company which will buy my concessions. To tell you the truth, I have been scraping money together to support them ever since I came into the title and returned to England."

"I would not be too sanguine about them if I were you," Sir Julian advised. "You will remember what happened to those Palestine concessions. They have not laid down a line of railway yet or paid a penny of dividend."

"A horrible country," Milhaven groaned. "You hurt me when you compare my undertaking with that Holy Land swindle. Tell me how you like my brandy."

"You are an epicure, Lord Milhaven," was the prompt reply. "Everything you have and everything about you is of the best. The brandy is superlative. I know very well that with the money in my hand I could never buy anything like it. By the bye," Sir Julian added, turning to Mr. Huitt, "I am going into your part of the world tomorrow morning—coming to see you, in fact. Perhaps if I come at about twelve-thirty you will lunch with me afterward?"

"You are very kind," Huitt murmured in noncommittal fashion. "I make it a rule, however, never to leave the bank building after I arrive there in the morning. The hotel supplies me with anything I may require in my office."

"Do you good to get out once in a while," Sir Julian remarked. "I'm coming to clean you out."

Mr. Huitt inclined his head gravely. He showed no particular interest, but his eyes had suddenly become like points of steel.

"You have a very considerable balance with us, Sir Julian," he observed. "We have all your government bonds, too."

"I am coming for the lot," Sir Julian declared, stretching himself out.

"So long as you are not leaving Barton's—" Huitt began.

"I am not closing my account, if that's what you mean," Sir Julian interrupted. "I have a big deal on with Lodson's, however, and I have to deposit as much as I can with them before Friday."

The bank manager nodded gravely.

"Under those circumstances," he said, "although it seems to me to be a matter for regret rather than congratulation, I shall break my usual habit. I will lunch with pleasure when our business is finished."

"Any use asking you to join us, Lord Milhaven?" Sir Julian inquired.

Milhaven shook his head.

"Very good of you," he regretted, "but we are short of magistrates down here for a few days and I promised to take the chair tomorrow."

Sir Julian glanced at his watch.

"You were kind enough to say that you would have a car here for me at half past ten," he reminded his host. "I see it is just that now. Would you mind if I hurried away? I have enjoyed our chat very much and all the wonderful entertainment."

"Always a pleasure," Lord Milhaven murmured, "to have an appreciative guest."

"About the concessions," Sir Julian went on, as the three men strolled together toward the hall. "I'm sorry, but you see how it is. I've got a better thing on."

"You know best, of course," Milhaven observed.

Outside Lord Milhaven and Mr. Huitt remained for a moment or two, watching the lights flash among the trees in the avenue, as the car bearing Sir Julian drove off. . . .

ANTHONY SARSON, racing his motorcycle and side car through the scented darkness that night, slackened his speed as he caught sight of a small but brilliant light almost immediately ahead of him. He was on the rough by-way skirting the north end of the Wilderness, a short cut from the country house where he and Sybil Cresset had been dancing.

"What's the matter, Tony?" a sleepy voice from the side car demanded.

He leaned toward the girl.

"Hanged if I know," he replied. "It's that light straight ahead that's bothering me. I have never seen a vehicle of any description along this lane in my life."

She sat up. They were going quite slowly now.

"It's one of those new spotlights," he continued, "fixed a little higher up than usual, I should think. My God! Here comes the searchlight," he went on, as the whole by-way was bathed in brilliant illumination.

They went on slowly. The headlight, as they approached, was turned out again as though it had fulfilled its object—to blind the oncoming intruder.

"It's a huge car," the girl announced, "but I can't see a soul. There's plenty of room to get by. It seems to be pushed a quarter way into the hedge."

Anthony jammed on his brakes. The figure of a man had loomed up out of the darkness.

"What's the matter?" the former inquired. "Are you in any trouble there?"

The mysterious figure did not reply for a moment. He wore motor goggles with flaps, a peaked cap and a dark uniform which appeared to be that of the county constabulary.

"Have you lost your way?" he asked gruffly. "I understood that this was a private road."

"Well, it isn't," Anthony explained. "The private road doesn't begin until you pass through the gates of the golf club a hundred yards farther on."

"But this lane only leads to the golf club," the man persisted suspiciously.

"Not at all," Anthony objected. "There's a rough way through a gate to the right there to Sandywayes village. You could not get your car down but it's all right for my machine. That's where I'm going if you want to know."

The motorist stepped back.

"Get along with you, then," he enjoined shortly.

"What are you doing up here?" Anthony asked.

"That's my business."

"Is anything the matter with your car? I'm a bit of a mechanic."

"Nothing whatever."

CURIOSITY was rather a family trait of the Sarsons, and the young man possessed his full share.

"But what are you doing on this road?" he persisted.

"You get on home and mind your own business unless you're looking for trouble," was the menacing retort.

"Seems to me it's you who are looking for that," Anthony observed, as he remounted his motorcycle.

The man drew his hand from his coat pocket into which it had stolen a moment or two previously. His gesture was threatening. Anthony was almost inclined to swear, when he recounted the episode, that he was holding something gray and ugly between his clenched fingers. Sybil called up from her seat in the side car.

"Anthony, please go on," she begged. "It's not our business anyway. I'm getting nervous."

The half seen figure of the night laughed jeeringly.

"The young lady knows something," he remarked. "Pass along while you have the chance, young fellow."

Anthony pressed down his foot and started the engine.

"Do you belong to the police?" he ventured.

"Maybe I do. There are sixteen different branches of the force now, you know—flying squads and watching squads and intelligence squads. Anyway, I'm sufficiently near being a policeman to see that you get into trouble if you don't do as you're told. *Move on!*"

(To be continued next week)

STETSON

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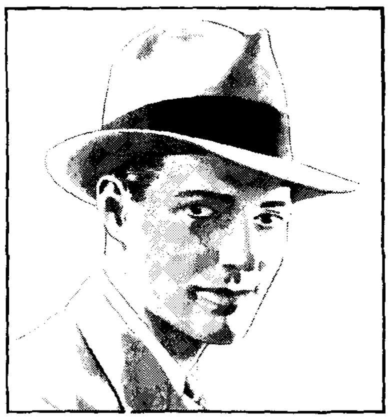

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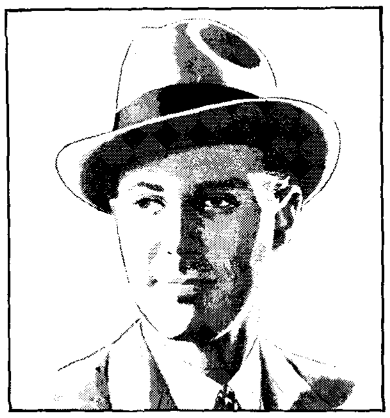

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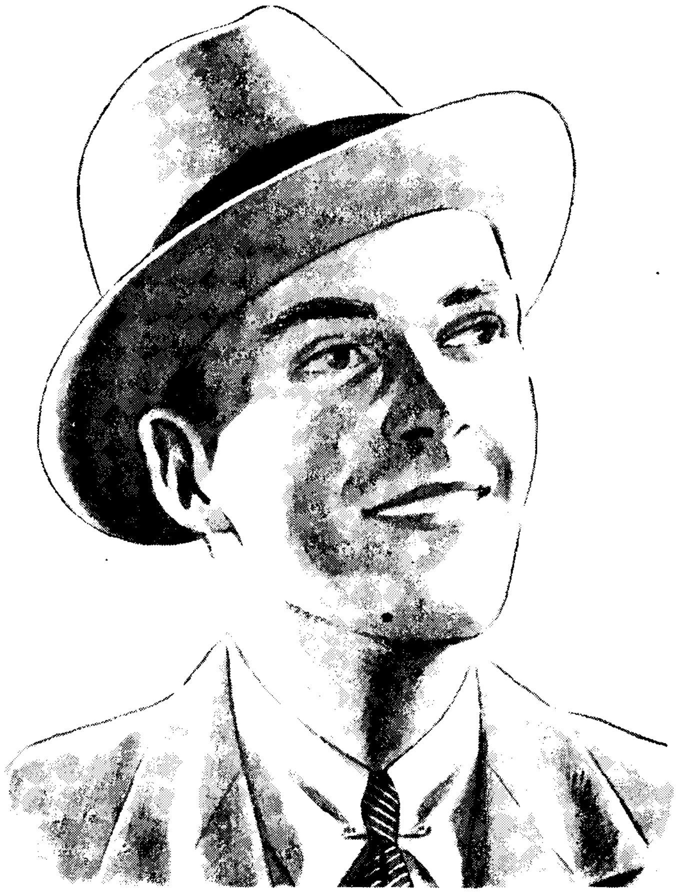

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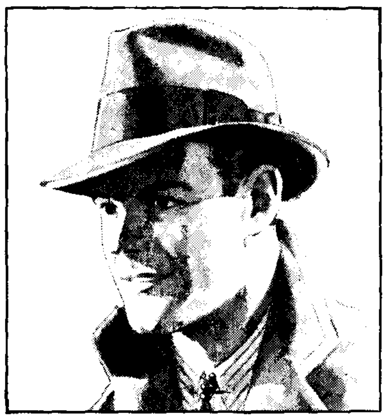

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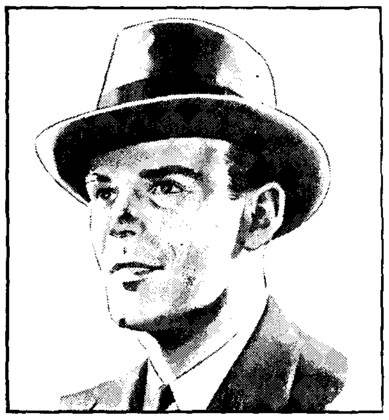

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All of these styles may be had in Stetson qualities up to $35.

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Now is the time to buy your Stetson. The increasing costs of materials and labor make higher prices inevitable. It will pay you to buy at the earliest possible moment. Visit the nearest Stetson dealer. Try on a hat in your favorite shape and color. Feel the comfort of its perfectly fitted oval on your head. Then see how you look! The sure becomingness of a Stetson hat is one of the reasons for its fame.

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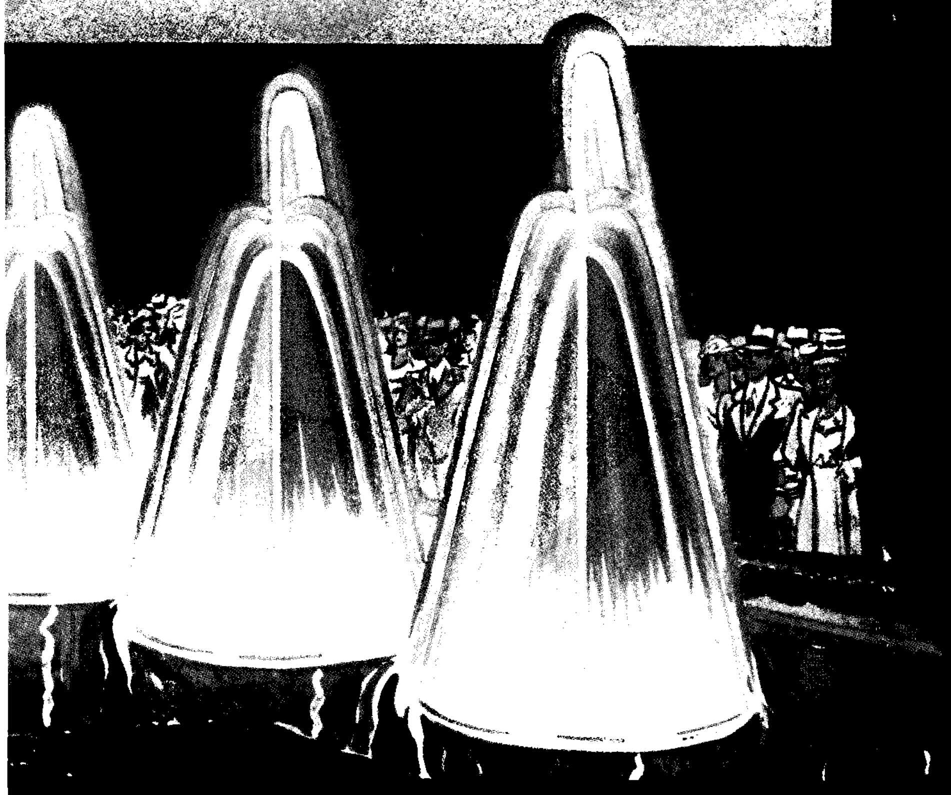

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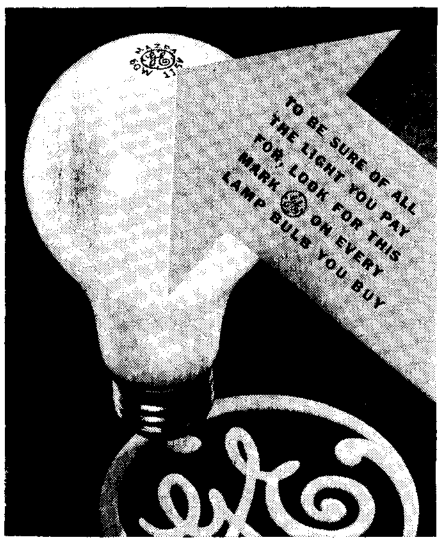
You won't take eleven eggs for a "dozen"

Why pay for light you don't get?


TO BE SURE OF ALL THE LIGHT YOU PAY FOR, LOOK FOR THIS MARK GE ON EVERY LAMP BULB YOU BUY

IF YOU could measure light as easily as you count eggs, you would make sure that every lamp you use bears the GE monogram.

The simple fact is this: Inferior "bargain" lamps use the same amount of current as good lamps. But they give less light, blacken quickly or die too soon. They make you pay for light you do not get.

There's one sure way of getting all the light you pay for. Always ask for Edison MAZDA lamps. They are made by General Electric, give all the light that can be obtained for the current consumed, and make electricity an even more economical servant. Edison MAZDA Lamps are identified by this monogram GE on the end of the bulb.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

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General Electric manufactures lamps for all lighting purposes . . . . lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Sunlight lamps, too. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Guardian at the Cupboard

Continued from page 16

be given a desk and chair at once, and probably an advance on her first month's pay. One man explained that he had brought only one shirt, and wanted Jim to tell him how he could keep clean if he didn't get a job right away.

This, of course, is only show-window stuff. It conveys only a faint picture of the unprecedented demand for jobs. It does not even hint at the thousands of letters which swell presidential and congressional mailbags each day. There was never such a clamor or confusion in the party's history. In fact, the demand is so terrific, and the supply so limited, that members of Congress dared not return home for months after the June adjournment. It was difficult enough to appease the letter-writers, but the senators and representatives might have been crushed in the throngs besieging their offices back home.

One senator hid out in the Michigan dunes and all job-hunters were informed that he was in seclusion in Michigan. Straightway hundreds of letters bearing Indiana postmarks were despatched to "Senator Frederick Van Nuys, Seclusion, Michigan."

When Senator M. M. Logan took a chance on his life by making a quick trip back to Kentucky, his colleague, Alben Barkley, asked him to report on the temper of the constituents. Senator Logan wired to Senator Barkley: "Don't come home! It isn't safe!"

Until late summer members boiled and wilted in the Capital, where it was so hot that eggs fried in four minutes on Pennsylvania Avenue's tar. They preferred that form of heat to the kind they knew would be turned on if they showed up with empty hands around the district clubhouse. Thus the patronage problem makes cowards of statesmen who will defy Presidents, twist the British lion's tail and vote to retain the dry laws.

Coöperation Under Duress

Although circumstances originally aggravated the patronage difficulties, the Administration has made it tougher for the boys by deliberate strategy. The successive crises confronting the President when he took office left no time for thought of passing out the plums, and that led to the first delay in shaking the political tree. Soon, however, somebody sensed that deliberate withholding of jobs might force Congress to support the Administration's legislative program, and a circumstantial postponement developed into a definite policy.

Duplicates of congressional roll calls were made for Jim, and he let the legislators know that they would be fed in accord with their "ayes" and "nays" when the bugle blew for mess.

This scheme worked so well that the Administration applied it to the problem of prohibition repeal. It was used to swing many influential ex-drys behind the wet movement, and several Southern states' vote for repeal, notably Tennessee's, is attributed directly to this strategy.

Washington is still shaking its sides at the run-around given a certain Southern governor who had resisted all demands that he summon a special session to set up repeal machinery. When he visited the Capital to beg for highway and relief funds, he was told at each office that he must rearrange his state set-up before he could qualify for federal aid, and it so happened that this necessitated a special session. After these warnings had been delivered, Mr. Farley insisted that the governor broaden the call so as to include arrangements for repeal.

Late reports say that the governor will "fall in line behind our great President and the New Deal."

Even before Mr. Roosevelt took office, Senator McKellar was hollering for a list of unprotected positions so that he and his friends could do some advance jimmying. When a list was finally pried loose over the protests of Republican officials, some enterprising fellow published it in pamphlet form and it became a best seller at forty cents a copy. On the House side the boys formed a special patronage committee, which had some grandiose but futile ideas.

Representative James McClintic of Oklahoma immediately insisted that certain expert positions as translators and bibliographers at the Congressional Library be made available to the gang around the district clubhouses. But a Democratic distaste for incunabula, together with a limited acquaintance with Homer, Virgil, the Koran, Chinese and Sanskrit, kept these posts safe from the hands of the spoilsmen.

The President is playing for such high stakes with his recovery program that the question of jobs becomes insignificant even from the standpoint of selfish, partisan politics. Mr. Roosevelt knows that he will not have to depend on political machines if the New Deal has brought back even a semblance of prosperity by 1936. If it has not, all the combined genius and votes of the regular Democratic organizations cannot reëlect him.

In view of the dispute and dissatisfaction over the patronage problem, President Roosevelt may derive some comfort from the experiences of recent predecessors. He will find that three Presidents who were most generous in their treatment of the politicians served only one term or quit the White House with less prestige than they had when they entered it. They are William Howard Taft, Warren G. Harding and Herbert Hoover.

On the other hand, three who showed indifference, if not contempt, for the patronage clamor, left real footprints on the political sands. They are Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Moreover, economics has supplanted politics as a fundamental factor in creating or changing administrations. In 1936, as in 1912 and 1932, events will have raised up forces that cannot be controlled or influenced by ordinary political considerations.

The President has ordered new government agencies to rely upon Civil Service lists for appointments, and he plans to place presidential postmasterships—legitimate patronage prey in the past—under the merit system. He is losing no sleep over reports from the hinterland that his apparent indifference may hurt party morale and weaken the Democrats in next year's congressional contests.

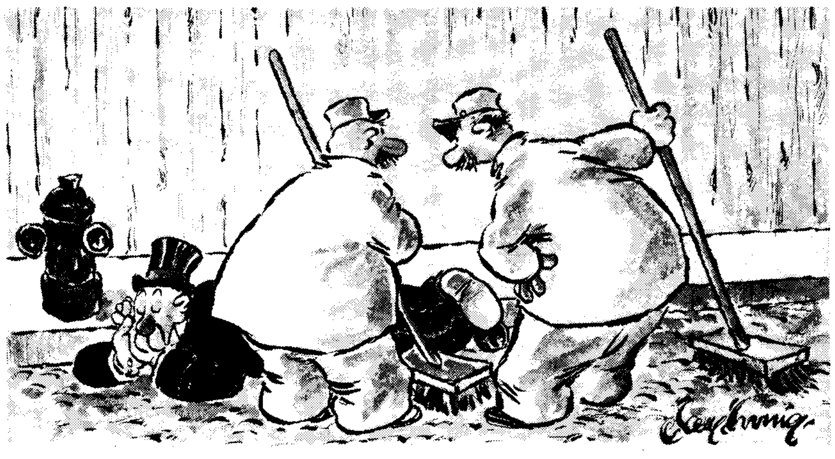
Boners, but No Botching

Of course, some political boners have been pulled, as they always are at the start of a new administration. Certain customs and amenities were neglected, and these have caused some ill feeling among members of Congress. Many influential senators and representatives have read the morning papers to learn for the first time that the most important offices in their bailiwick were filled without any attempt to obtain their endorsement in advance.

Mr. Farley has been a bit blunt in broadcasting that original Roosevelt men will get first consideration. It may be human nature to want to reward friends, but it is questionable strategy to show such an attitude toward party leaders like the two Als—Smith and Ritchie—and other participants in the anti-Roosevelt pre-convention campaign. And William G. McAdoo's unexplainable luck in landing so many good places for his henchmen is a curious phenomenon, especially in view of the many enemies the Californian has contracted in his turbulent career.

But it would be a mistake to assume that the Democrats are botching the patronage question, even though some politicians think so. Facing admitted obstacles, Mr. Farley has set up a system almost scientific in detail and exactness. He has placed personal representatives in each department to ascertain what positions can be filled with due regard for politics and efficiency. He is cataloguing each piece of patronage that goes to a politician or state so that he can meet all complaints of unfair distribution. He has studied statistics until he has spotted the seventy congressional districts most in danger in next year's elections, and they will receive special favors and attention. He is trying to convince nonpolitically-minded Cabinet members that politics and ability sometimes go hand-in-hand, and with some degree of success.

It's no easy task, he concedes, to undo the political damage that twelve years of enemy rule have wrought, for nobody ever accused the Republicans of not being clever about this business. If the boys and girls will be patient, he may fix them up sooner or later—or as soon as he finds some way to make 125,000 jobs do for 5,000,000 hungry Democrats.



"He's a regular rounder. Last night I had him on Fourth and Main"

Jay Irving

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BLUE *is the new and correct color in men's hats this season. Introduced by Dobbs, the Dobbs Blues are giving men everywhere a new taste of a fine old color and in a new form. Always popular in suits and accessories, Blue has long been an elusive color in hats for men. But Dobbs has finally caught it, and has fashioned it in the finest felt in original exclusive shades, to be the season's favorite among men who dress smartly. Your Dobbs dealer has Dobbs Blue Hats custom-sized—to fit you with custom ease and correctness—and to become you most handsomely.* $7.50

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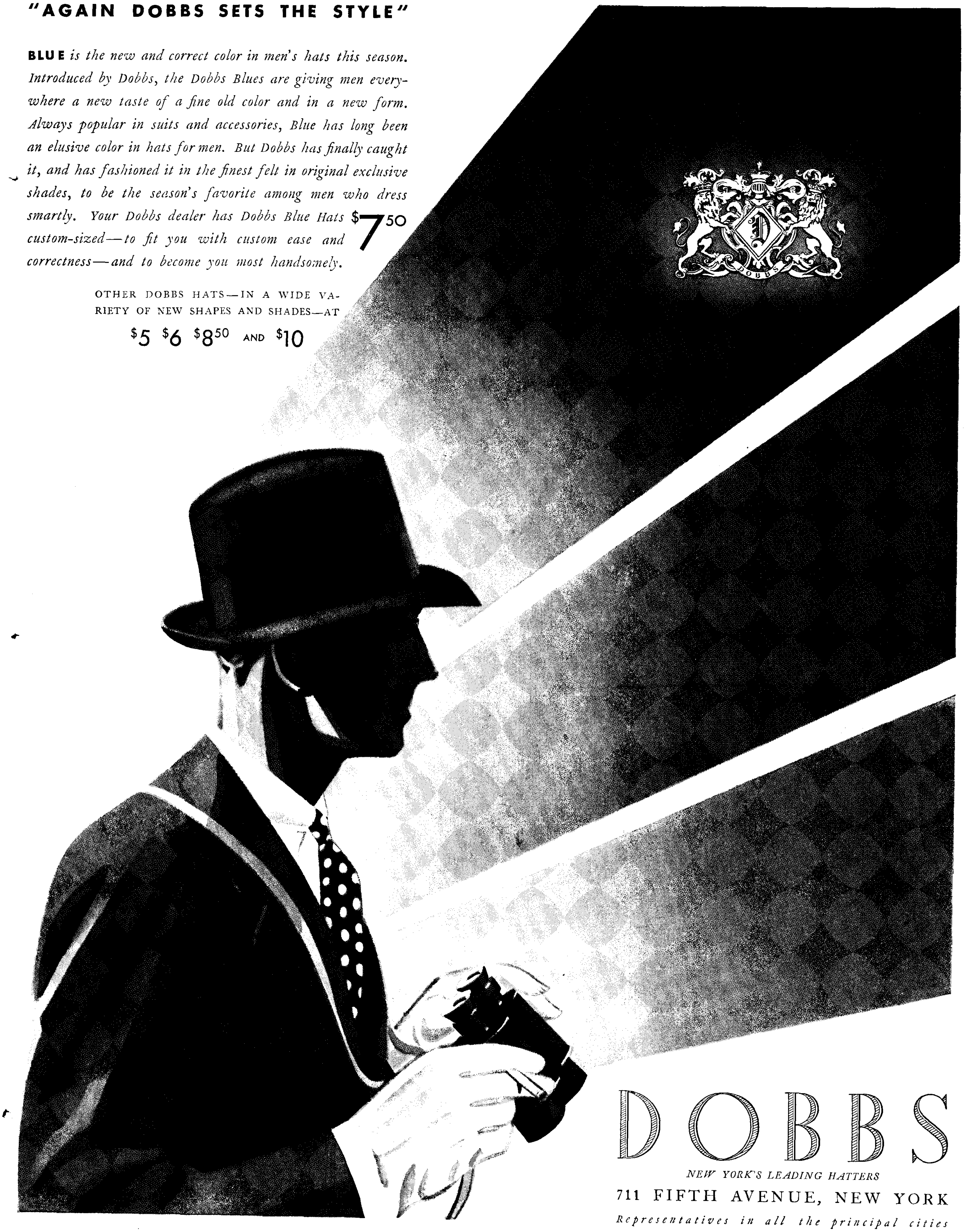

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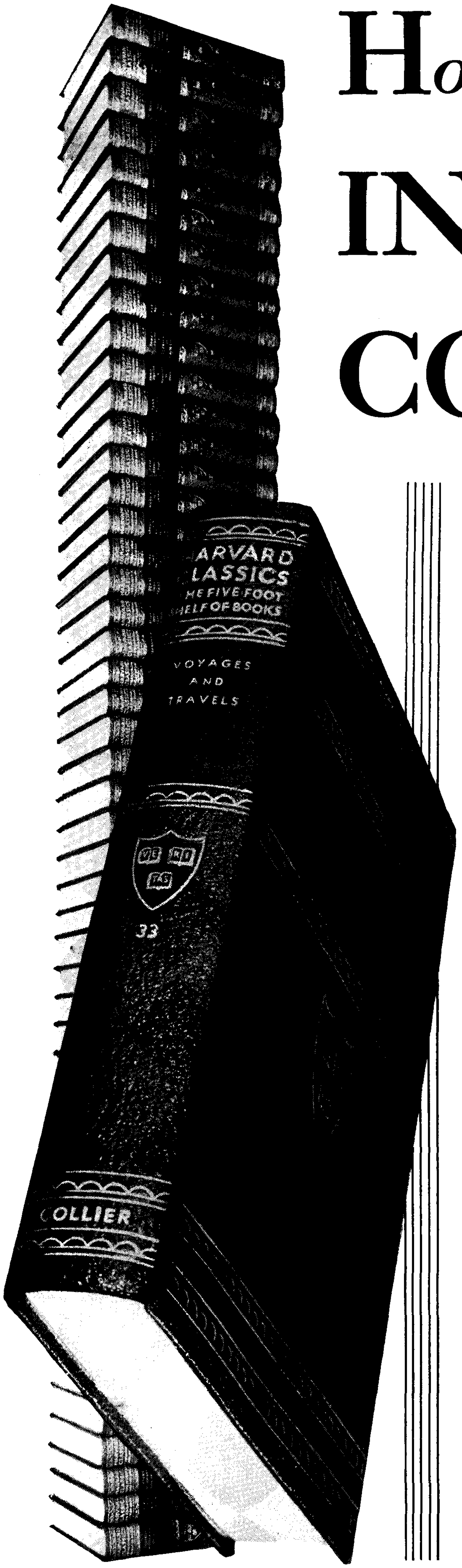

How to get rid of an INFERIORITY COMPLEX

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HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

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His case is by no means unusual. He is one of the many who have learned the simple secret that good reading opens the gateway of the mind and offers a broader view of life. It is this broader view that inspires self-confidence. In one word it's *culture.*

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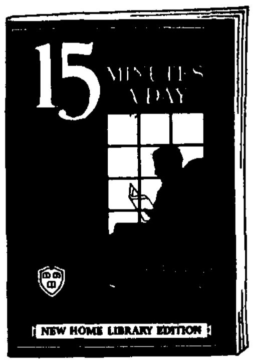

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Three for a Nickel

Continued from page 21

he grinned to himself. "I never did like country niggers, and specially ogly womens which comes pokin' dey nose in my doin's."

For a moment his soul exulted in the pure joy of an intellectual victory. And then avarice crept into his heart!

In his pocket was a dollar and four bits in cash money. At first, that was merely the physical confirmation of his mental superiority. But a dollar and a half was something in itself, and considering that the sum had been reaped from an investment of ten cents on his part—he still had nearly a pint of seed left—he immediately realized that he was a financial genius.

And with that knowledge came an irresistible urge to function as such. He went to his bunk, snapped on a light, and carefully inventoried the remaining seeds. Counting them was a task, but after an hour of sweating and toil he found there were two hundred and fourteen seeds in the bag. "And I done sold thirteen seeds and pocketed a dollar and four bits. Now, lemme see—"

THE sheer mathematics of it quickly befuddled him and he gave up. "I might git enough outn all dem seeds," he estimated finally, "to buy a fancy suit er clothes." Meaningless figures whirled through his mind again, so, more conservatively, he speculated: "Or, anyways, I c'd down-pay on a pair er yaller Sunday shoes."

The fact that the bulk of his profits had actually come from the sale of one of Captain Cooley's fine onions did not concern Rucker. The captain had plenty of onions, and to spare. Four two-bushel sacks of them were even now cluttering up the storeroom. What did an old onion amount to, anyway?

Next morning, Rucker set about to peddle his onion seed to the Negroes at other landings. It was easy enough to arouse interest; the size and fragrance of the onions he filched from the storeroom for demonstration purposes practically overwhelmed the Negroes along the river. However, money was scarce.

At one plantation landing, Rucker nearly met trouble. An old woman who was especially fond of onions grew interested in the giant Bermudas Rucker was using in his sales talk. She knew a great deal about onions.

"Nigger, you's a lie!" the old woman roared. "Onjuns comes f'm sprouts. Not f'm seeds!"

"Dese onjuns—" Rucker began.

"Seed onjuns ain't fitten' to eat," she broke in. "And dem ain't onjun seeds nohow."

The plantation Negroes began to crowd around the steamboating man. Rucker retreated to his galley, leaving three large onions behind to occupy the minds of the "country niggers" until the boat pulled out.

At Jonesville, on the next trip, Rucker did big business. The boat arrived late Saturday afternoon, and pay day was only a few hours gone by. Money fairly rolled all over the bank. Rucker's traffic with Cora and Sadie the week before had created a demand. Every woman in the sawmill settlement had witnessed the size and smelled the odor of Sadie's onion; they had burned with jealousy when Sadie and Cora dug up earth in their respective front yards, and planted the huge seeds. The sawmill husbands had received, almost to a man, strict orders to acquire onion seeds when the boat put in again.

Nor was the commerce confined to the married people. Young and fancy-free maidens had gazed longingly upon the huge onions and the bachelors had received word that the shortest way to a girl's affections was by a gift to her of one of those pungent and gigantic ground-apples.

Rucker passed out seed at his fixed price of three for a nickel, and when a swain demanded an onion, he made a special trip to the boat for it, giving the purchaser three seeds for *lagniappe*.

It was the lowly, six-bits-a-day husband of the impulsive Cora who caused the trouble. He had felt the sting of inferiority when his wife could buy only seed while Joe's wife had bought a real onion, and he ruminated over the situation.

When pay day came around, he took his four dollars and four bits—less the commissary cut—and indulged in a game of chance. Cora's husband proved more adept at rolling spotted ivory than he did at rolling sawdust, and by the time the boat landed he had his overalls pocket jammed full of pay day.

"Mister," he said to Rucker, "I got a ten-dollar bill amongst all er dis silver and frogskin in my pocket."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," Cora's husband confirmed. "And efn you goes and gits me a dozen er dem onjuns, I might give you dis old bill."

They bargained a few minutes, and Rucker agreed that, in view of the fact no seeds were to be included for *lagniappe*, it was a deal.

Rucker went to the boat's storeroom, distributed an even dozen onions about his person, filling his pockets and overalls bib, and finally having to tie up the bottom of his pants' legs to get the onions in carrying order.

As Rucker started to negotiate the gangplank, the boss roustabout grabbed him. The old driver disliked everybody on the boat who did not have to tote freight under his jurisdiction, and he especially did not like Rucker. So it was a pleasant duty for him to yank the erring cook by the scruff of his neck and literally to drag him, onions and all, into the presence of Captain Cooley.

"Dis nigger," the boss rouster announced, "is a rogue, Cap'm. I just kotched him gittin' offn de boat, loaded down wid vittles. Totin' to some woman, I bet."

THE captain looked up from his reading. Unquestionably Rucker's person was fairly bulging with victuals.

"How long have you been doing this?" Captain Cooley asked Rucker.

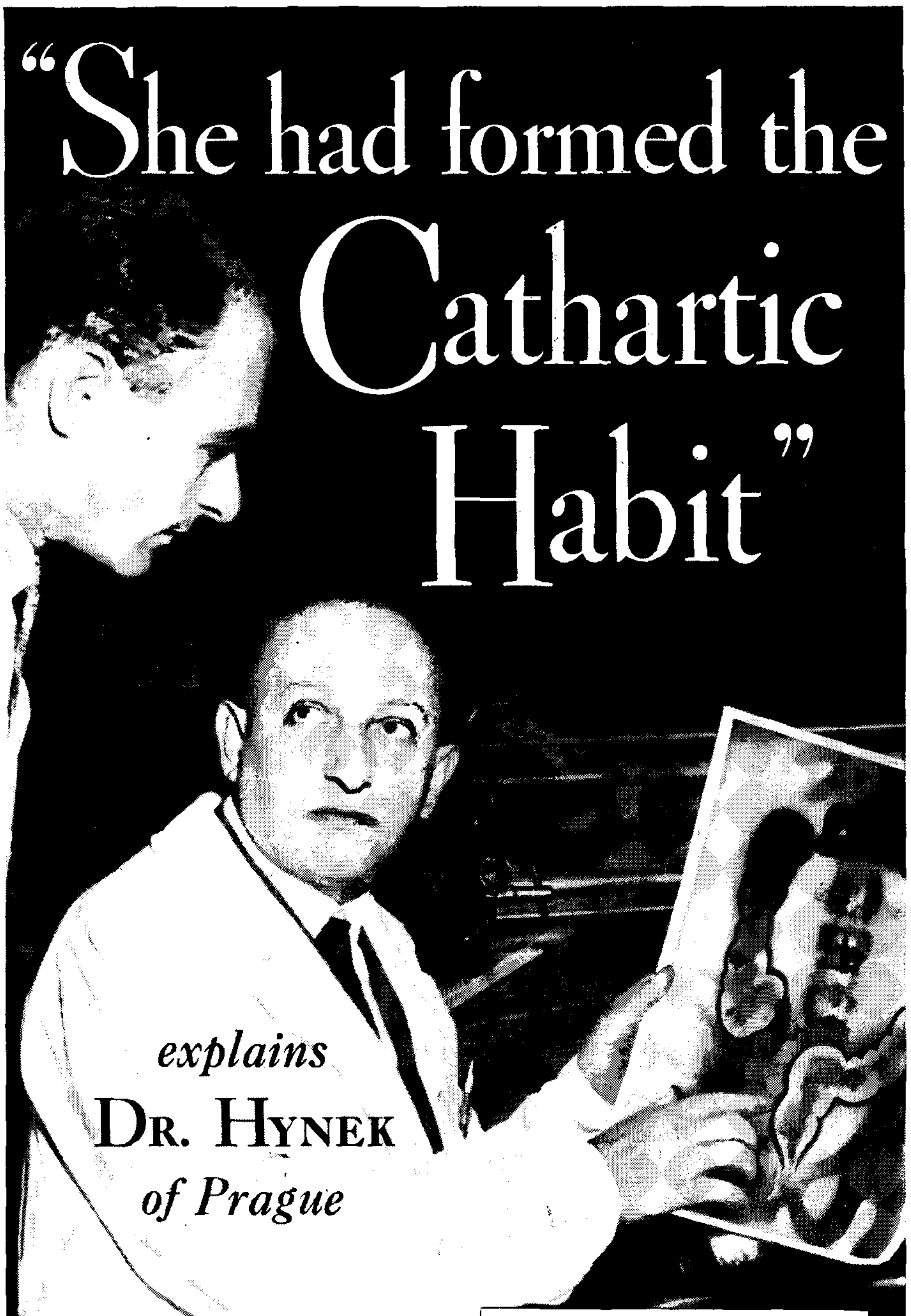
Rucker felt the cold gray eyes of the ol' cap'm searching his soul, and he knew better than to try to lie.

"I tuck off fou'teen big onjuns, in all," he confessed, "not countin' dese hyar twelve I got in my overalls."

The skipper bit his lip for a moment in contemplation. "Rucker," he said, "without going into the differences of viewpoint held by people in different social strata as to the sacredness of property rights, I am going to make you pay for those fourteen onions. Further, I am going to fire you when I get to the city. I would fire you right now but I won't be inconvenienced by eating the regular steamboat fare; and now, you black rascal, you put those onions back in the storeroom, and get to work."

While Rucker was busy putting away the onions, Captain Cooley had his mud clerk carefully weigh three different lots of fourteen onions each, picked at random, and then compute the actual cost of an average fourteen onions—onions specially imported from Bermuda for the

(Continued on page 36)



"She had formed the Cathartic Habit"

explains DR. HYNEK of Prague

"For correcting constipation physicians are securing remarkable results with fresh yeast," reports Dr. Hynek (pointing to X-ray). "My case book contains the following record:—

"Woman. Symptoms—headaches, general fatigue, poor appetite. Unwisely she had formed the habit of taking cathartics. I ordered her to abandon them and eat fresh yeast . . . It soon restored her bowel action to normal."

AS Director of the Clinic for Internal Diseases in the famous University of Prague, Prof. Dr. Kristian Hynek occupies an extremely important medical post. He is the well-known author of "Roentgenology of Stomach and Intestines." He states:

"Fresh yeast is not habit forming, as are cathartics and laxatives. It does not weaken intestinal functioning. It increases the flow of gastric juices, improving digestion and appetite. It is very rich in vitamins B and G and, when irradiated, in vitamin D—the 'sunshine' vitamin."

And he adds, "I myself know of no better intestinal regulator."

Added to the diet, fresh yeast exerts a surprising tonic action on the digestive tract. Poisons that lead to indigestion, coated tongue, headaches, muddy complexion, etc., are swept away promptly and *naturally*.

Why be satisfied with imperfect health when it's so unnecessary! You can get Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains almost everywhere.

Just eat 3 cakes a day, starting now! Directions are on the label.

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The only one left out!

i don't understand it   the family never left me out of anything before   i've even slept in the big chair with the new slip cover and got away with it

but this evening a strange man came in   all of us gathered 'round and the man talked about a family income plan that took care of junior's mother and junior's sister and junior's father and junior and even the baby   i wasn't mentioned so i just barked one little yip to sort of remind the man

that was when junior's mother motioned to him to take me out   i suppose it's o.k.   junior whispered to me that he'd take care of me

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(Continued from page 35)

personal use of the master of the finest packet in the southern rivers.

"It figures," the clerk announced finally, "to thirty-nine and sixty-six hundredths cents, sir."

"Charge him forty cents!" the captain snapped. "Damn it all, I will not give the advantage to a rogue!"

When the John D. Grace reached New Orleans, Rucker was duly paid off—forty cents deducted by the clerk—and discharged from the boat's service. A new cook was installed as the captain's personal chef and, barring a few minor errors incidental to a man in a new job, things went well enough for the trip. But after the one trip, the new cook decided to give up steamboating and return to the service of a private family in New Orleans, from which post he had been inveigled by a desperate steamboat clerk.

The next cook came under the head of willing but weak, made one trip and was dismissed. A retired dining-car chef was brought in next. He was skillful and confident and set in his ways. And the ways of a dining-car chef bored the old river captain.

ALONG about the time a fifth cook had been employed, Captain Cooley noted some unusual conduct among the Negroes along the river. Generally, the country Negroes came down in fiesta mood, joked and jollied with the steamboating men, and waved a fond goodby to one and all when the boat pulled out. He had observed such conduct for years and years, and had paid little attention to it. But when serious-looking men and women came to the boat landing, walked up and down the bank and looked searchingly and angrily at the boat, Captain Cooley was disturbed. When his leisure permitted, he wandered to the main deck and asked his boss roustabout what had caused the change.

"Dem niggers," explained the driver, " 'lows to me dey's huntin' for dat nigger name er Rucker which used to cook for you, sah."

"Rucker," the captain mused, "certainly must have been popular."

The captain wandered back to the hurricane deck. He smiled as he recalled how ridiculous Rucker looked that day with his trousers' legs filled with onions. "Maybe I was too hard on him," he reflected, "and at any rate I haven't had a decently prepared meal since he left." The last bit of remembered knowledge riled him. "Why the ding-dong-damnation should I starve myself to death merely for a principle?" he demanded of the scenery. "I'll make that nigger cook for me if he's the biggest rogue on the river!"

He was thoroughly aroused now, and in mood for action. He turned his chair about, facing toward the pilot, who was idling at the wheel ten feet away. "Captain Roberts," the skipper roared, "get Mr. Estorge on the tube and tell him, by the eternal splendors of the rising sun, he'll get my nigger Rucker back on this boat as soon as we get to New Orleans. I'll not put up with being poisoned three or four times daily. Tell him to telegraph Rucker to meet the boat in Baton Rouge, on the way down. No—tell him to make it Angola! I've eaten poison for two months now, without complaint. Am I the captain of this steamboat or, by the howling hoots of a horrific holocaust, ain't I the captain?"

Rucker was waiting at Angola for the boat, and long before the John D. Grace reached New Orleans all was placid on board. Things remained that way until they got back to the tributaries, when the country Negroes again began to walk up and down the bank, peering angrily and inquiringly at the boat.

Rucker remained under cover until he got to Jonesville. There the old boss roustabout himself passed the word to the people that Rucker was aboard. There were only women at the landing, as the men were busy at their jobs in the sawmill. But the women were much too much for Rucker.

They swarmed on the boat and seized him. Sadie, being the most infuriated of the lot, got to him first with a stove poker. She knocked him to the floor with a single lick and fell upon him before he had time to get settled in his fall.

"Nigger," Sadie yelled, "you sell me onjun seeds and dey sprouts sunflowers!"

"Aw, lady," Rucker begged, "it was a mistake—"

"Hit sho' was," agreed Sadie heartily, grabbing his ears and pounding his head against the floor.

"Wait a minute, Sadie," Cora urged. "Lemme git in one lick at 'em."

"Y'all stand back," commanded Sadie. "I'm gonter set hyar and whup dis nigger to some onjuns *grows* on dem sunflower sprouts!"

The tumult was too much to be confined to Rucker's hideout. The roustabouts heard and broke ranks. There was a rumpus which finally reached the ears of Captain Cooley himself. He came down to investigate.

Briefly he learned the facts. Rucker had sold all of the women sunflower seed instead of onion seed, and he had peddled the captain's onions at a dollar and a quarter apiece.

Captain Cooley quickly divided the problem into its component parts and set about with a practical solution.

"How many of those onions are aboard now?" he asked Rucker.

"Three whole sacks, Cap'm," he replied, "and might' nigh another one."

"Mr. Estorge," the captain directed, turning to his chief clerk, "get the invoices on these onions and see how much they cost per pound. Seven or eight cents, I believe, but you make certain. Then find out how much Rucker has humbugged from each of these women and pay them off in onions, charging, of course, the full amount to Rucker's account. But pay each obligation in full, if it takes every onion on the boat. In fact, make it a point to use all the onions. I'm getting tired of them anyway. And make a memorandum to take a sack of Grand Isle cucumbers on board next trip. I understand Ludwig's crop is superb this year. Be sure you get Ludwig's prime."

RUCKER painstakingly tried to identify each woman and to recall the exact amount of money he received. In case of disagreement, the clerk accepted the woman's figures instead of Rucker's, and in no time at all a happy spirit prevailed.

"Hit sho's a shame I wasted all dem sunflower seeds by mistake," Rucker soliloquized loud enough for the women to hear. "I was savin' dem seeds for a special friend, but I got 'em mixed up."

"You sho' did," said Sadie good-humoredly. "You got 'em plum' mixed."

"But," went on Rucker, "I got some cucumber seeds I'm gonter bring along, next time—"

Sadie looked wary, but Cora's eyes gleamed with interest. "Cucumber seeds?" she repeated.

"Special," explained Rucker. "Long as yo' arm, dem cucumbers grows, and ain't got no chills in 'em. Some de ol' cap'm has growed up special for him."

"I'm a fool about cucumbers," admitted Sadie, melting.

"I'll git dese seeds cheap as I kin," Rucker promised.

"As long as yo' arm!" exclaimed Cora.

"And no chills in 'em," added Sadie.

There was a longing look in the eyes of all the women.

"Well, do, my Redeemer!" said Cora.

Havana Honeymoon

Continued from page 15

sudden alarm. "Well, then, I have called you Julian in my mind ever since I first saw you. Shall we dance while we wait, or just talk? I am really quite happy just talking if you prefer . . ."

Julian had a nice sense of rhythm and there was a second violin in that muted orchestra which seemed to be singing just for them. Blossom was singing back to it in whispers and Julian touched his cheek to her hair. Well, he often did that when he was dancing. It didn't mean a thing. "That chorus director was crazy if he said you couldn't dance, Blossom."

"He meant by myself. I do much better with a man because I forget all about what my feet are doing and think only about the man . . . and the music . . . and the moon, if there is one. What do you think about, Julian? We must begin to think about business pretty soon, I suppose."

JULIAN stiffened. "Promise me that you won't bring up the matter until the evening is over, Blossom."

She promised. She glanced at him a bit suspiciously but she promised. "If I hadn't promised Mr. Boler, I wouldn't bring it up at all."

They returned to their table by the window, and their guinea hen. "Mr. Boler is your legal adviser, no doubt."

"Well, I don't know how legal he is but he advised me to . . ."

"Wait!" said Julian sharply. "Your promise." He hated to hold her to it because he thought he understood her better now, as a sweet youngster more to be guided than feared. Why, she probably never heard of breach of promise before this unscrupulous Boler bird got hold of her. And how did he, Julian, know that she hadn't been actually in love with him down there in Havana? For all he knew—which, try to recall it all as he would, remained nil—he also might have been in love with her. He could easily see how a man who had not yet been redeemed by the spiritual nobility of Lucia Bainbridge might conceivably be in love with Blossom. "Why don't you tell me all about yourself, my dear?" he suggested. "At least up to a point."

She did. With interruptions it took her several hours but Julian thought it was worth it. While they danced and, if he preferred, just talked, she told him about Littlefield, Ohio, and her ambitions for the stage and how it had hurt her when the chorus director had told her that her gift was for real love and not the make-believe of stages. Julian found no good opportunity to suggest buying her a new hat, according to the Byrd Hudson formula. You couldn't just say: "Forget this breach-of-promise racket and I'll buy you a new hat." And he was not the man to kiss a child with deep, autumn-brown eyes and a trusting smile good night, as you would have to kiss her if you kissed her at all, unless he meant it just a little.

Blossom was watching an edge of moon climb above the trees about the Glorioso while she concluded the sad little story of her life. She concluded it with the close of Julian's unhappy theatrical production. He noted her pause and appreciated the delicacy with which she avoided mention of that famous consolation party which followed and which had ended so mysteriously in Havana. "I can't go on very well," she said. "At least, not without bringing up that little matter of business."

"Of course you can't, you poor baby. Maybe I'd better see this Boler about it myself."

"Oh, you mustn't. I promised Mr. Boler I would bring in your name on the dotted line myself."

"Indeed?" Julian was suddenly cold and severe. He could be like that when he wanted to. "And may I ask the amount which you and Mr. Boler have in mind?"

"Of course. Mr. Boler thought, for a man in your position, about to be married and everything, that two hundred thousand would be about right." She was gazing with wistful innocence out upon the moonlit terrace and pretty soon she said: "It looks so cool and sweet out there. If they didn't have this lovely room and the music, I suppose many people would just go out and stroll on the terrace."

As they strolled on the terrace the white loveliness of the moon was wasted on Julian. That two hundred thousand had turned him once more into a true disciple of Byrd Hudson and he had already made up his mind to kiss the young lady. He needed no inspiration of moons and terraces. He was going to kiss her and buy her hats and do whatever else might be necessary to take her mind off two hundred thousand dollars. "I wonder if you know how exquisite you are, Blossom dear." He had an uneasy feeling that he must have told her that many times in Havana. Her small white hand was on his sleeve and he took it and drew her into his arms and kissed her.

"I have a feeling your fiancée might not like this, Julian. You'd better let me go. We'd better go inside and finish our business. . . ."

"You mean to say you are going ahead with it . . . after this?"

"Why not?" Blossom had the light of missionary zeal in her dark eyes now. She was thinking of widows and orphans. She felt she owed Lucia Bainbridge as a prospective widow a certain recompense anyway. "You see, Julian, this is not a business in which you and I think of the possible profit or loss to ourselves. It is for the protection of those defenseless little ones who follow us. . . ."

"WHAT did you say?" Julian was staring at her. He was a hard man to frighten but he seemed of a sudden very pale and weak in the knees. He seemed a man who has been shown a great white light.

He drew himself up finally to his full height and put his heels together. In spite of Byrd Hudson and other bad influences, he was not a man to fail in his obvious duty at a moment like this . . . no matter what the cost. Be it said to his credit that he didn't even count the cost, the peerless Lucia, the estate, the three sons and two daughters, the pew at St. Bartholomew's. All that must be sacrificed. Well, he wasn't really worthy of Lucia anyway. He was too far gone. All he was good for now was to save and protect this dear little youngster who had trusted him too well . . . in Havana. "Will you marry me, Blossom darling?"

It was Blossom's turn to stare. "Isn't this a little sudden, Julian dear? Why, you hardly know me."

"I know you are brave and sweet and beautiful, Blossom. Isn't it the only fair way to settle this business?"

"Well, it would settle it all right as far as I am concerned. If you are really sure you love me."

Julian made a gesture of renunciation . . . life . . . Lucia . . . laid on the altar of his duty.

(Continued on page 38)

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CITY.............................STATE..............

(Continued from page 37)

The Bainbridge apartment on Park Avenue contained Lucia's private suite, and the suite contained, among other things, a graceful chaise longue, and the chaise longue usually contained Lucia.

Lucia gave Julian the tips of her fingers and permitted him to kiss her serene brow, although the effort seemed to tire her. A tabloid newspaper, folded on the gossip column and thrust hurriedly under a cushion, escaped his notice. "Lucia," he whispered, ". . . Lucia."

"Why so tragic this evening, my dear Julian?" It was two days after Blossom, and he had spent them trying to bring himself to this final sacrifice. The sweet serenity of his Lucia made it all the harder. "Are you afraid I'm going to be cross with you again?"

"Well, I don't think you're going to like it, Lucia." He sat gingerly on the foot of the chaise longue. "But I know, when I explain everything, you will be the first to show me my duty . . . no matter how much it hurts."

"Hurts whom?" With a sudden scent of danger, Lucia sat up abruptly and rather spoiled her pose. "Just what are you driving at, Julian? Someone, that evil Hudson man no doubt, has been poisoning your mind against me."

Julian shook his head. "If I can only make you understand how I suffer, Lucia. You have shown me the possibility of a new life . . . but I am not worthy of it, nor of you. I must abandon all my hopes."

"Must you, Julian dear?"

ONCE started, the story of that unfortunate show, and Blossom, and the consolation party, and Havana, and his final tragic discovery of his duty tumbled from Julian's lips. He was almost eloquent at moments, about Blossom and her courage and helplessness. His eyes sought the floor . . . or he might have been warned by the bright ferocity with which Lucia's once languid gaze was fixed upon his sweating brow. He went on blindly, painting his word picture of Blossom's trusting smile, her essential innocence, and his own terrible guilt.

"Tell me I'm wrong, Lucia. Tell me this sacrifice isn't necessary and that there is some other way . . . although there isn't. This is the very least I can do."

"Yes?" That was as close to "Oh, yeah?" as Lucia could get. She shook her white and well-cared-for fist right under Julian's nose. "And while you make an honest woman out of this little tramp with a trusting smile, what do you think you make out of me? A prime Park Avenue sap, that's what. Do you think I'll stand for it? Did you ever hear of breach of promise?" Apparently Julian had heard of it because she went right on. "I'll take every cent you own. I'll get the studs out of your shirt. . . ."

Julian arose and stood beside her and put his hand gently on her shoulder. "Don't, Lucia dear. You are not a good actress. It is like you to think only of me. You think you can disillusion me and make this easier to bear. But I don't want it to be easy. I can at least cherish our might-have-been as a memory as long as I live. . . ."

"Might have been?" Lucia's modulated voice unfortunately cracked a little on that. She knocked Julian's hand furiously from her shoulder. "You don't mean might have been, Julian. You mean will be . . . or else."

FOR ten days Julian's unhappiness almost overwhelmed him. Whenever he stopped to remember his vanished dream of Lucia, he went to pieces and did something not at all like himself, or not like his best self at any rate. He did things much more like the self he was before Lucia had started reforming him to be a more fit partner for her own perfection. He took Blossom to a Broadway first night and a following penthouse party at Bob McAllister's which did not break up until five A. M., although as far as he knew all the guests remained in New York.

Blossom was a great comfort to him just at this stage. They went somewhere almost every evening, because it seemed to make her happy and because he couldn't bear to be alone with his thoughts. Twice they returned to dine at the Glorioso and kissed each other on the terrace. Once they went out on the terrace and kissed when it was pouring down rain, and a park policeman came up and insisted they were drunk.

Poor dear little Blossom, she must never be allowed to suspect her happiness was at such terrible cost. Julian pretended to be happy too and was very convincing about it and it seemed to do him good. He worked thirty-six hours without a break developing a new concrete mixer at the company's Long Island City plant. He landed a contract from the New Jersey Highway Commission. He won the club squash rackets championship. And everybody he knew began grinning once more the moment they saw him coming. "You look great, Julian, old fox. What's gotten into you?"

That was easy enough to understand. The news about Lucia had leaked out and this was simply his friends' way of showing their sympathy. He found several of them in Tony's, in East Fifty-third Street, when he happened in there to get an old-fashioned or something. They hailed him but Julian was determined never really to drink again. He knew better than anyone else what had really destroyed his perfect romance. Why, if it hadn't been for that he would never even have gone to Havana. It didn't occur to him to recall that he had met his Lucia on the boat coming back. He assumed that much was fate, and that he must have met her somewhere sometime anyway. He wondered what perverse fate it was that had made him meet Blossom.

The barman at Tony's asked him when was the happy event and Julian said: "Oh, soon, I suppose." Then he realized the fellow meant this marriage to Lucia and he added: "But I am not marrying Miss Bainbridge, Barney. I am going to marry Miss Blossom Tripp."

The announcement seemed to bring gladness into the dark little bar. His friends crowded around and slapped Julian's back and asked a dozen questions and made him drink another old-fashioned. "That's fine, Julian. She sounds more like the real thing." They tried to place Blossom Tripp in the cast of this or that current show.

"No," said Julian. "Her gift is for real love and not the make-believe of stages." How little they all guessed a heart was breaking under his apparent gayety. Julian felt his heart, which seemed to be thumping along. Well, that was merely evidence of a tough heart. He was glad to change the subject when someone asked him about Byrd Hudson. "Byrd's been out of town for more than a week. You never know where he is . . . even though you can guess pretty well what he's doing."

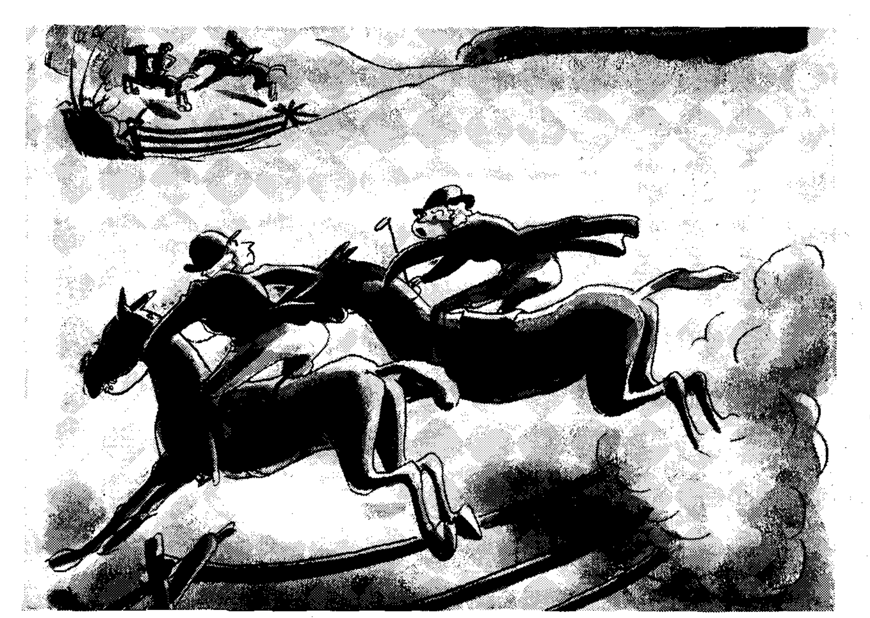
Miss Doolittle had reported as a matter of fact that "the satyr," as she called him, had stated he was going on a mission of pure devotion to Julian. "It is a charitable attitude, Miss Doolittle," he had philosophized, "to look for the good in people. But it doesn't hurt any if, in the process, you dig up a few bits of the bad."

JULIAN sat at the top of the dingy stairway beside the Lexington Avenue florist's that evening, arguing with Blossom through the flimsy door of her one-room-and-bath apartment. She said she was dressing as fast as she could. "You're three quarters of an hour early, Julian." They were going to occupy Julian's box for a benefit performance and then, with any possible volunteers, drift on to the Regal, and from there . . . well, as long as anybody had any good ideas. Blossom's enthusiasm for the familiar things about town was a special pleasure for Julian. She was so gay and happy that he could forget he wasn't. Sometimes she made him forget about Lucia for an entire evening, and he hoped this would be one of them. Julian was almost handsome in his tail-coat and top hat, sitting on the top step of that dingy stairway. "Well, if you hurry, we can stop at Tony's for a moment on the way over."

"What?" She couldn't hear too well through the thin door, and she talked as though she had pins in her mouth. "Hurry? I don't want to hurry. I want to admire myself, and if you could see how pretty I am right now, you wouldn't blame me. If I weren't afraid you'd make me kissy and mussy, I'd let you in. Are you listening, Julian? I have a surprise for you tonight."

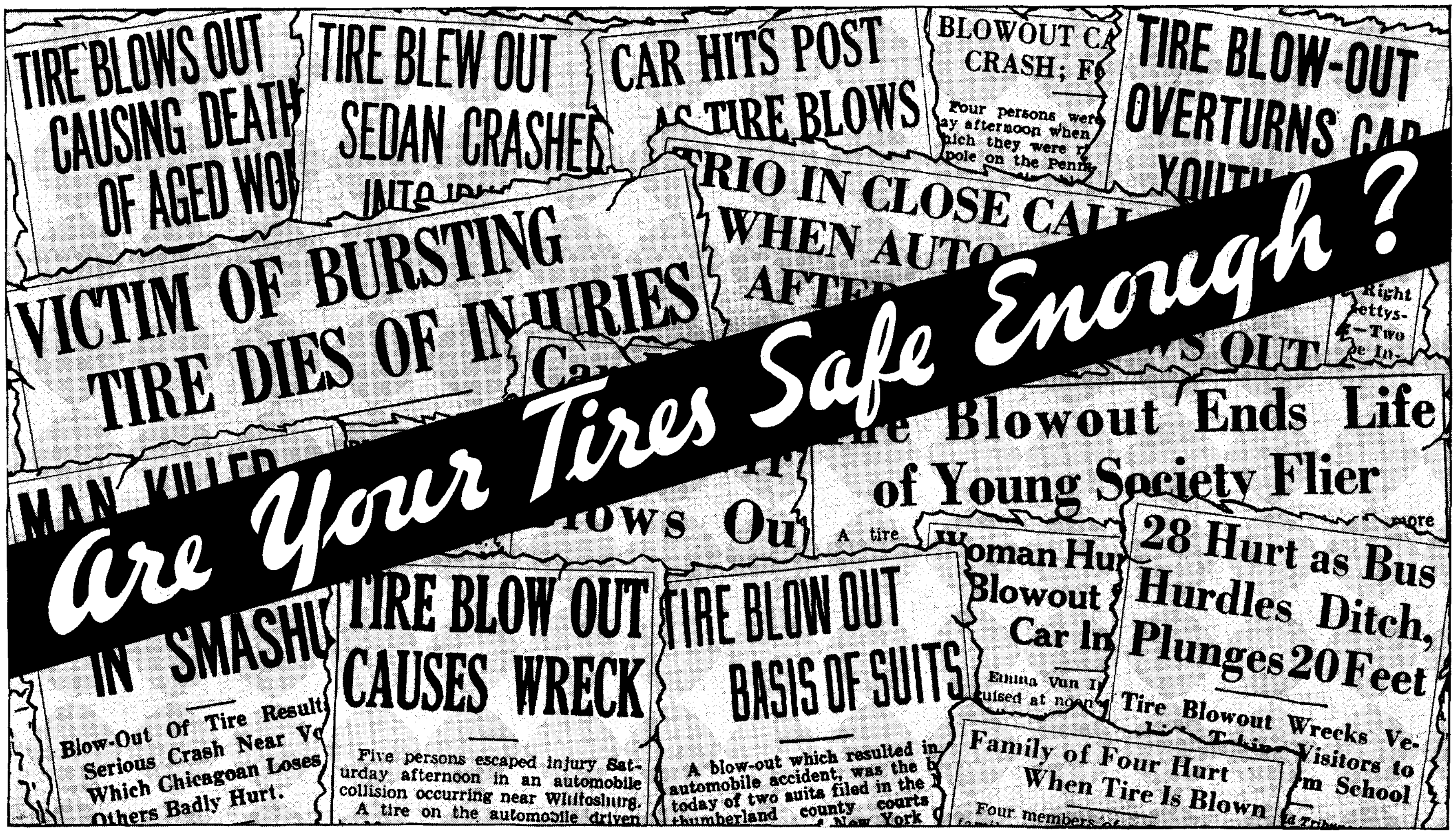
"I don't want to be surprised," said Julian. "I want you to be exactly as I expect you to be. If you come bouncing out here with your hair dyed, I'll . . ."

(Continued on page 40)



"And I suppose she'll expect us to sit around all evening and play bridge!"

Roland Coe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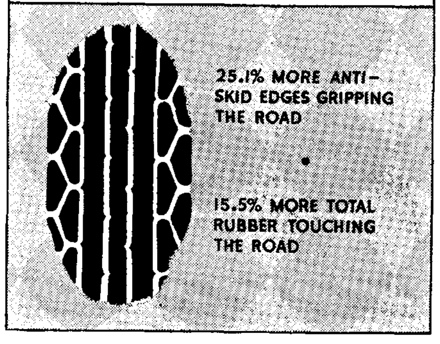
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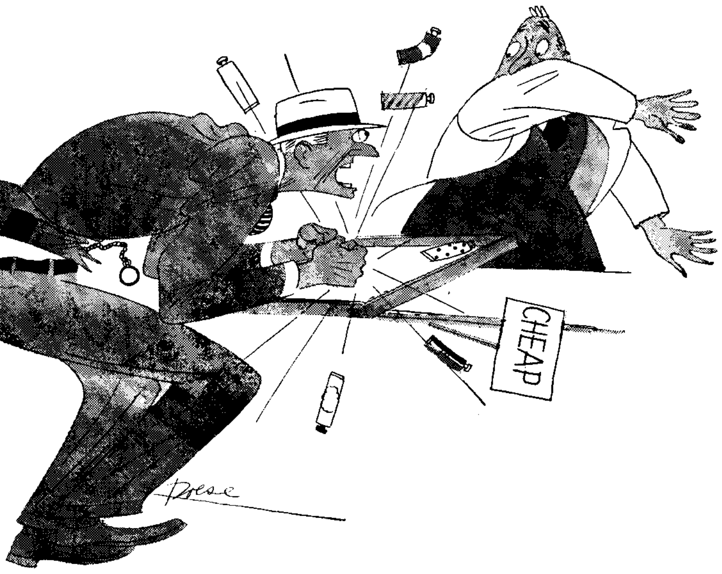

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Havana Honeymoon

Continued from page 38

"It isn't that kind of surprise." Blossom laughed, but it was such soft laughter that he couldn't hear it. It was the faint laughter which a girl does in her throat when she is full of joy. "Someone is coming up here to see you for a few minutes before we go. It's really a great honor for you, Julian. He'll be here any minute now."

"Who will?"

"Mr. Boler."

"Mr. Boler?"

"Yes. You ought to be flattered because he almost never interviews people. I arranged it this morning."

"That was nice of you." Julian's voice had a sharp edge. "I can think of greater compliments than being interviewed by a shyster lawyer."

"By a what?"

"You heard what I said. A shyster lawyer. And I can't see what he can have to talk to me about."

"About that policy for two hundred thousand dollars, darling. And he's not a lawyer. He may be a shyster for all I know. I don't know what a shyster is and I can't say. Anyway, he's my boss. He's even the boss of my boss. He's Agency District Manager of the Strongheart Life Insurance Company of America. Maybe of the world."

THERE was a thump outside the door, as though Julian might have slipped off the top step and landed on the next step down. There was a sound out there as though someone was choking. Then there was no sound until, finally, a voice which resembled Julian's scarcely at all said: "What is the capital of Cuba, Blossom?"

"I don't know, Julian darling. What is?"

"Havana."

"Havana? Where all the cigars come from? Oh, yes, I remember now. They dance the rhumba down there."

"Blossom?"

"What is it, Julian?"

"Have you ever been in Havana?"

"No, but I've seen pictures of it in the movies. Sort of palmy. I think I'd like it better than Niagara Falls." Blossom went on chattering about some people who went honeymooning to Niagara and found the roar of the falls so disturbing they couldn't sleep. She was just slipping her pink and lace young self into the now celebrated black chiffon. "They had to pack up and go on to Montreal. Are you listening, Julian?" There was no answer. "I don't think I'd care for Montreal, Julian darling."

Still there was no answer. She listened intently for an instant and then went and opened the thin door. The top step of the stairway was quite deserted. There was a gardenia which had fallen out of Julian's buttonhole on the top step but there was no Julian. Blossom said: "Why, the very idea!" She looked a little startled, but then she smiled and picked up the gardenia and kissed it and talked to it rather seriously. "You might even think the man didn't love us," she said to the white flower. "Maybe he has up and jilted us both."

Lucia Bainbridge at the moment was pacing the confines of her private suite on Park Avenue. The chaise longue was there but she couldn't be bothered with it, circling the room like a leopard in a cage, except that instead of snarling she merely spat out polite profanity about a hulk of alleged humanity commonly known as Byrd Hudson. "What business is it of his?" she demanded of the four corners. She clenched a cablegram in her white fist. "What right has he, of all people, to go snooping around Havana poking his nose into other people's affairs?" The word "affairs" seemed ill chosen and she amended it to "business." She reread the cablegram again to make sure its hidden meaning was as poisonous and dangerous as she knew it was meant to be:

"Greetings to our Lucia from Havana. Having glorious time with some of your old playmates. Arturo says he cannot contemplate your marriage to anyone else for less than twenty thousand pesos. Always your admiring friend
"BYRD HUDSON."

Julian arrived at the door almost as soon as the boy downstairs telephoned announcing him. Lucia made a flying dive for the chaise longue but she didn't make it in time to achieve any real serenity. Anyway, she was beyond that. She had no doubt Byrd Hudson had wired Julian all about Arturo and she might as well face it out. As for Arturo, that was the trouble with Cubans. They can never keep a secret.

Julian was very solemn. "I have come to right a great wrong, Lucia. It is only right, under the circumstances, that I should come to you first and without delay."

Lucia glanced at him doubtfully and began working up her serenity. "Very well, Julian. Would you fix this cushion for me? My strength is almost gone. I think I can find it in my heart to forgive you . . . now that you have come to your senses."

"I find I was not, after all, in Havana with Blossom Tripp, Lucia."

"No? Well, if you say so, I will believe it, Julian. We must always believe each other . . . no matter what we may hear. And we may go ahead with our plans then, I suppose, since your sense of duty no longer demands that you marry the . . . er . . . the little person."

"My sense of duty doesn't demand it," said Julian, "but my every other sense does. I am mad to marry her. I adore her. I . . . the thought that I have never, after all, spent a week in Havana with Blossom is more than I can bear. I hope to remedy the deficiency at once. With luck we can catch the plane out of Newark Airdrome at eleven tonight and see the sunset in Havana tomorrow . . . and you may sue me, Lucia, for my last cent, and my shirt studs, and the fillings out of my teeth. Whatever you get out of me, it will be worth it."

HE KICKED open the door of Blossom's over-the-florist apartment a scant hour later. There were gardenia petals all over the rug and a smudge on Blossom's nose. But she was glad to see him. She said: "Mr. Boler was furious. He says I'm fired. I was just beginning to think of doing a little crying."

"There's no time to talk about it," said Julian. "Come on. First stop, City Hall. You won't need anything but a toothbrush and a bottle of perfume."

"Well, how can I hurry when you won't let go of me, Julian? Where are we going anyway?"

"Where would you like to go on a honeymoon? Europe is a good place."

"Yes, that would be glorious, Julian . . . or Havana . . . or any place you suggest."

"We might try California then."

"Oh, California would be divine, darling . . . or Havana . . . or just any place in the world that suits you."

Conspiracy

Continued from page 9

"Why? Lucy, my child, did I ever happen to tell you the emolument granted an assistant secretary? It seems to me," and his voice was edged now, "that we went into that—thoroughly."

The faintest flush colored her cheeks, and for a fraction of time her eyes wavered from his own. Then she laughed again.

"I seem to remember that we did. Doyle, darling, you're not hating me, are you?"

"Oughtn't I?" he asked.

"But why?" Her delicate shoulders moved expressively. "We'd have been miserable. We'd never have made a go of it. I'm a costly little trick, Doyle. Not the initial price, you know, but the upkeep. Doyle, don't hate me. Don't be angry. You *know* it wouldn't have worked."

He sighed.

"I suppose you're right, Lucy, only—"

"And you're over here—for good?" She slid quickly away from dangerous ground.

"For good, I guess," he answered.

SHE eyed him curiously.

"And you've left the diplomatic service?"

"Well, what else was there to do? You're looking, Lucy, at the vice president and general manager of Evans, Incorporated."

"Which is what?" she smiled.

"Oil," he said. "Dad left me a lot of land in Oklahoma. I'm raising capital to develop it."

"And will be rich again," she said.

"Who knows? Meanwhile, am I to congratulate you? I understand that Tom Berwin—"

For a moment her eyes lost that thin quality; they were misty, dimly sad.

"I think," she said slowly, "you may congratulate me."

His face in no way indicated the final, definite blow he had received.

"The best to you always, Lucy," he said.

"And to you, Doyle." Her hand touched his; he was aware of the faintest pressure, aware of a breathy sigh, of an intangible caress that enveloped him. Then the faint pressure became a meaning squeeze.

"Look—at the right—no, just beyond Jack Harron. See her? Isn't she lovely?"

"Who? The blonde?"

"You men," said Lucy impatiently. "Defining a thing like that as a 'blonde' or as a 'brunette.' Of course, she's blond. So are a dozen other girls here this afternoon. And have you ever seen a figure like that?"

Almost absently, almost without his realizing he was replying, Doyle answered, "Yes, I have."

"Then you know her? You've met her?"

Uncertainly, Doyle shook his head.

"I—don't believe I've ever seen her before," he said.

"Don't you *know?* How could a man ever forget her?"

Something slipped away from his mental grip, something which he could not define, hardly realized had been there.

"No," he said decidedly, "I've never seen her. Who is she?"

"The Benedicts' daughter," said Lucy. "Isn't she divine? And have you ever heard of anything so romantic?"

"You mean Phyllis Benedict, the girl that—"

"I mean the daughter of the Jason Benedicts. I mean the girl that disappeared from her home in 1916. You know. Great heavens, Doyle, even an ambitious diplomat reads something besides politics. Heaven knows, Jason Benedict has subscribed enough money to your party's campaign funds for you to remember him."

"Of course, of course," he said. "She *is* lovely."

"Waking up at last, eh?" Lucy derided.

"I thought she—never went anywhere," he said.

"She doesn't. This is the first big affair she's attended. But it's a charity, and—but I can't stay chattering with you all afternoon." She held out her hand. "Will you come to see me, Doyle?"

He stared at her. Slowly he shook his head.

"I think—not, Lucy," he said.

Again her eyes lost that thin quality. "But—friends?" she asked.

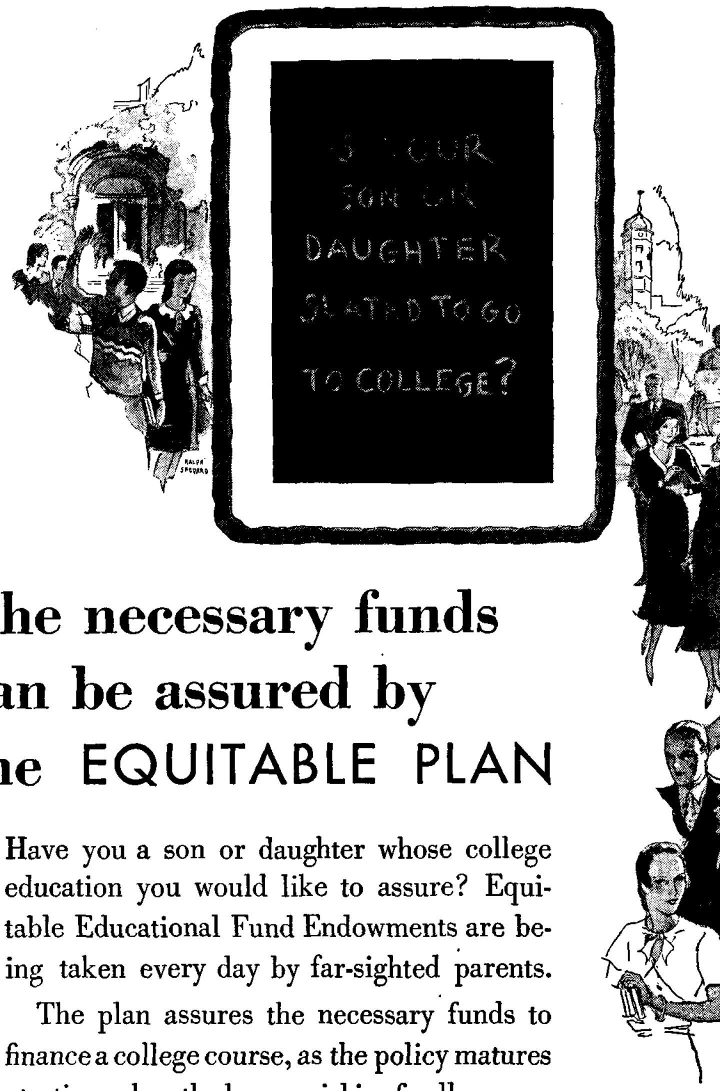
He nodded; she turned and rejoined the group which she had left. Evans looked after her. How well she walked, how well she carried her bobbed black head. Then he turned. Phyllis Benedict, chatting gayly with a handsome man of sixty-odd—that was old Jason, wasn't it?—was approaching him. Suddenly Lucy's carriage seemed ordinary. This girl moved like a young Diana. She walked like someone . . . Laughing young people surrounded the girl and her father. They were led to a booth where fortunes were told.

Evans strolled casually to an improvised bar and procured a highball. Of course, at a big charity bazaar like this, it was the duty of everyone to patronize everything. One was invited here to spend money on Mrs. Clara Simpson's pet charity. What a brawl! Must be two thousand people and more arriving every minute. Why in blazes hadn't his hosts, the delightful Jinnie and Zeke Mortimer, taken his spare cash, brought it over here, and permitted him a round of golf? That was the trouble with week-ends in the country. You were the slave of your hostess. Hang it, he mustn't be a misanthrope. He must get over this chronic depression caused by Lucy's treatment of him. She was *right*. She was made for this sort of thing, and its like abroad. Country places, a flat in Paris. . . . And he couldn't give them to her. But it would be funny—if your sense of humor was like that—if oil was brought in, and the price went whooping up, and he became rich again. He gulped his highball.

FROM the fortune teller's booth emerged Phyllis Benedict. She was laughing gayly. But of course. A girl who had been through her experience would naturally laugh at prophecies made in a tent at a charity bazaar. Nothing that a palmist could imagine could possibly equal her own bizarre life.

It all came back to him now, as he sipped a second highball. The Jason Benedicts had been married twenty years before a child had come to them. Evans, only six or seven when Phyllis Benedict had been born, was not able to remember the newspaper excitement at her birth. But he remembered, clearly now, the terrific sensation when she disappeared, five years later. The daughter of a former Secretary of the Interior, a five-year-old girl who was destined to inherit one of the great American fortunes, a girl who had been guarded like a princess—and she had vanished.

(Continued on page 42)



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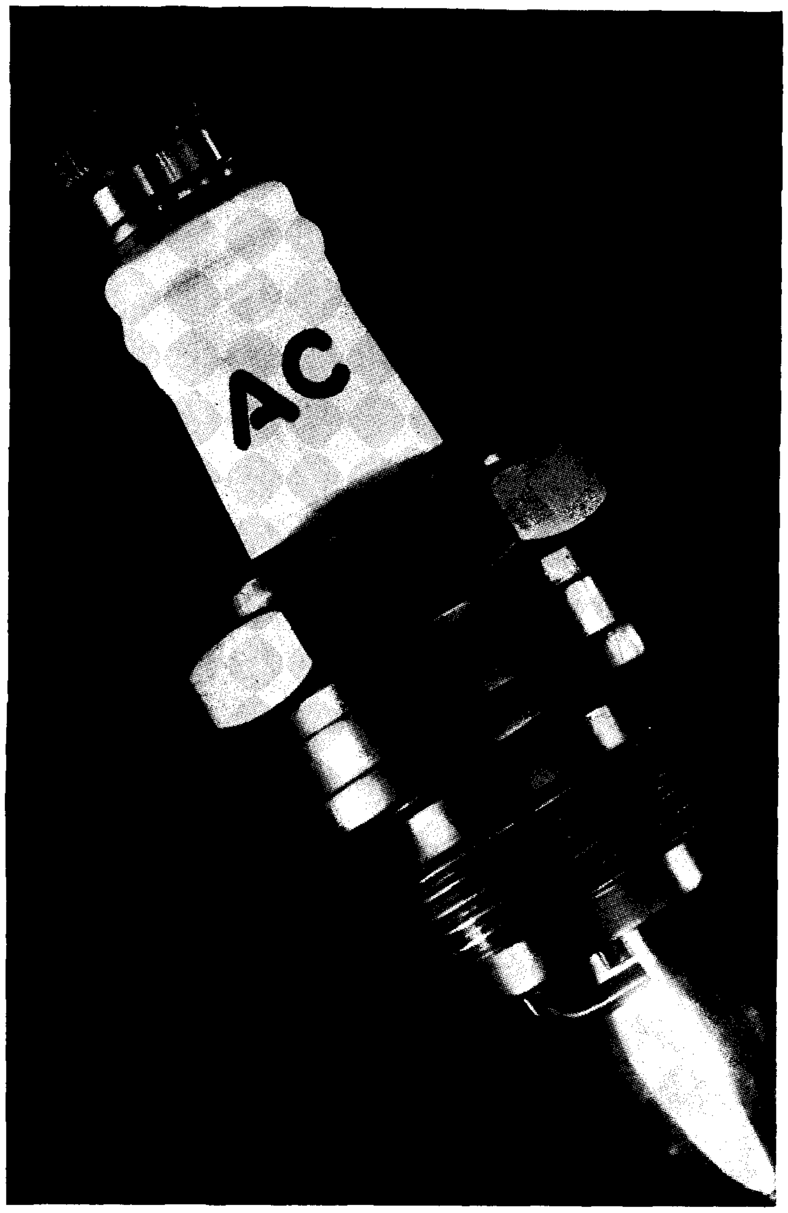

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AC SPARK PLUG CO.
FLINT, MICHIGAN ★ ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

(Continued from page 41)

Vanished, that was the word. Her governess had stepped out of the car on Fifth Avenue to make some purchase in a shop. The chauffeur had discovered a leaky tire. The footman had descended from his seat to watch his fellow employee work. The governess had returned while the tire was being changed. And Phyllis Benedict was not in the car.

The news was withheld from the papers for several days, but in the meantime the police and scores of private detectives had sought the missing girl night and day. Even the United States government had given its aid. Crank letters came by the thousands, and every one of them was run down. No slightest clue was neglected. It had been estimated, this past winter, that Jason Benedict had spent over a million dollars in the search for his child.

BUT only one witness—credible—came forward. That person, a woman, stated that she had seen a child emerge from the door of a parked car and walk down the street, away from the machine. The child had black eyes and ash-blond hair. So had the Benedict child.

Yet, striking as such a combination was, no other person ever reported seeing the girl. And slowly the case was forgotten—forgotten by everyone save the suffering parents. And how they must have suffered! Mrs. Benedict had not left her house on Fifth Avenue for ten years. Jason Benedict's hair had whitened when, a month after his child's disappearance, he returned to his banking offices. From a stern, harsh man, he had turned into the gentlest of philanthropists.

And that was all. Once in a while the Sunday newspapers revived stories about the lost girl. Occasionally the newspapers would announce that a girl resembling the missing heiress had been seen somewhere. Then the case would be forgotten by the public again.

But it had been revived last February. Oh, it all came back clearly to Doyle Evans now. Phyllis Benedict had been restored to her parents, and her story had been told to the press of the world, and retold by it to the people of the world.

She had no recollection of leaving the automobile. She could only remember having been ill and having become convalescent upon a farm in Maine. What her illness had been she didn't know, but the Benedicts' family physician issued a statement that, according to the best evidence, the girl had probably gone through a serious attack of scarlet fever, which, on rare occasions, destroys the memory.

How she had reached that farm, no one knew. But the couple who had taken her in told a plausible story. They had heard a child crying outside the door one night. Investigating, they had brought the little girl into their home.

They had nursed her through a serious illness. Uneducated, people of the soil, they subscribed to no daily papers; they read only farm magazines and a weekly paper published in the county seat. And two weeks after the little girl had been left on their door-step, the farmer's brother had died in Iowa, leaving to the couple in Maine a prosperous mid-Western property.

And almost simultaneously had come a letter, purporting to be from the mother of the abandoned waif. Twenty dollars in bills were enclosed, and the mother wrote that this was all she had in the world. She wrote that she had been deserted by her husband, was destitute and dying. Therefore she had left her baby to the mercy of strangers. She prayed that these strangers would rear the child and ended with the statement that she, the mother, would be dead when the letter was received.

Editorials had been written about the affair. Newspapers had conducted contests, offering prizes for the letter which would best tell what the farmer and his wife ought to have done. Half the world applauded and the other half maintained that the couple should have made investigation. One side contended that a warm heart covered all, the other that too warm a heart indicated too fat a head.

But this was all seventeen years later. At the time, the farmer and his wife had emigrated to Iowa, taken up the dead brother's farm, and reared little Phyllis Benedict as their own child, under the name of Minnie Ganston. In 1925, having suffered losses, the Gangstons moved to California. A year later their alleged daughter was offered a job as nursemaid with a family that shortly took her to New York. She held this position until she was sixteen, then left and got various day jobs while at night she studied stenography. She secured a position as secretary to an importer, remained with him for five years and less than six months ago she heard of a vacancy in Benedict and Company and obtained the position. A month or so later old Jason's secretary was ill; Minnie Ganston was sent in to do some emergency work for him. The old man was struck with her appearance. She looked exactly as his wife had looked forty years ago.

The rest was drama that had thrilled the world. Benedict had taken the girl home to meet his wife. Mrs. Benedict had instantly been drawn to Minnie Ganston. She had demanded that her husband relinquish her to his wife as a companion. The Gangstons had been sent for, Mrs. Benedict, in her infatuation for Minnie, insisting that the girl's parents be enabled to live near their daughter. And Mrs. Ganston, in a moment of confidence, had told Mrs. Benedict that Minnie was not her own daughter, had related the circumstances of her coming into the Gangstons' lives.

Then there had been detectives brought in. Dates were compared. Minnie Ganston had been examined by physicians, among them the one who had brought her into the world. Certain definite physical details, peculiar to either the Benedicts or the Chases—Mrs. Benedict had been a Chase—were found in the girl. Two doctors and a nurse stated definitely that the lost child had eyes set at a peculiar angle, that her right shoulder-blade protruded faintly, that her third and forefingers had been exactly the same length; these and other details, that sounded marring but had been merely defects that set off her great beauty, made it the more marked, had been discovered to exist in the person of Minnie Ganston.

THE letter from the putative mother was decided to be the act of a kidnapper afraid to right a wrong done, but unwilling to let the child die. And there were, Evans vaguely recalled, dozens of other circumstances that convinced the public, as well as the Benedicts, that the lost had been found.

And here she was, the one-time farmer's daughter, the one-time nurse-girl, the one-time odd-job night school student, the one-time secretary who was now one of the richest girls in America, the daughter of doting parents, the most romantic woman in the world.

Laughing, merry, gay, as though no tragedy had enveloped her for seventeen years, surrounded by admirers, she came across the lawn now. Evans stared at her. He had thought Lucy Carnehan lovely, but Lucy was a pale thing compared to this radiant beauty. He had thought Lucy had charm, but she had nothing compared to the compelling thing that emanated from this girl.

And then her eyes met his own. As though something had struck her, she paused. She was only ten feet away now, and he saw the red leave her ivory cheeks, saw the black eyes widen in what seemed to be quick terror.

Then, so swiftly that no one save Evans could have noticed its absence, poise returned to her, color back to her cheeks, and her brilliant eyes had confidence again. Her father noticed Evans.

"Doyle," he called. "Come here a moment."

LIKE one aroused from a deep sleep, Evans started. He moved forward. He heard Jason Benedict presenting him to his daughter; he heard himself acknowledging the introduction. He felt the famous hand that had been described in the press of the world resting in his own. He even glanced down at the fingers and saw that their perfection was in no way spoiled by the extra length of one. Then he heard her voice.

And he knew that he had heard it before.

There had been a whisper in the darkness at Lanson's that night two years ago. There had been a word spoken to a taxicab man, and the accents of that word had never ceased to echo in the ears of Evans. It was that same voice that spoke to him now.

Absurd, ridiculous! This girl, the one-time Minnie Ganston, but for the past several months the acknowledged and undisputed daughter of the Jason Benedicts, had not been in Paris two years ago. With each passing moment more of the details of her life came to Evans. For five years she had been with the importer, Johnson Fay. She had never taken more than a fortnight's vacation, and on none of these had she taken a quick trip abroad. Why, in the stories printed about her, there had been speculation as to how this girl, brought up in very moderate circumstances, would react to wealth, to society, to—among other things—travel. How could she, when she was working in New York two years ago, have been in Paris at Lanson's restaurant? Clearer it came to him. It had been definitely stated that for seven years she had not been a hundred miles from New York. Yet, impelled by something outside of him, he spoke:

"Big Mike died rather well, don't you think?"

He was looking straight into the black eyes and their pupils contracted faintly. Her father and the others had moved on a few yards and for a moment they were alone.

"Big Mike?" He was looking at her mouth now. Her lips pursed slightly. He looked again at her eyes. There was pretty bewilderment in them, and the pupils were normal again. "I don't think I understand," she said.

Half an hour ago he had wondered if Lucy Carnehan were the greatest actress in the world. And he had decided that Lucy, despite her callous jilting of him, was not acting, but really liked him. And this was a garden fête, a bazaar for charity. Doubtless many charming stars of stage and screen were here today, doing their bit for charity. But Lucy and this Phyllis Benedict were not of stage or screen. They were not indulging in histrionics. In the one case it was his own tension, his own hurt, his own resentment that made him read pretense in a girl's manner; in this other case it was some queer kink of memory, some trick of imagination.

He could be very certain that Jason Benedict and his wife had not accepted as their own flesh and blood this lovely thing until they had made the most exhaustive investigations. Because the Benedicts did not wish later public doubt to hurt the girl, they had published their findings. Johnson Fay had been interviewed, as had scores of other men and women. Fay had told his questioners of the girl's long service with him. He knew, definitely, where each of her vacations had been spent. She had not been in Paris with Big Mike Pelletiere.

Her walk, her voice, were coincidences. Thousands of women must walk like her, must have figures like hers. And a five-word whisper and one word spoken aloud to a chauffeur, and both of these speeches heard in a moment of great excitement, were little enough on which to base an identification.

He was a fool, that's what he was, and a rather crude and oafish fool to boot.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I—I—was stupid."

Her eyes were gay and her lips curled deliciously in mirth.

"I thought that diplomats had only one rule—never to admit any kind of mistake."

"Who told you that I am a diplomat?" he asked.

She shrugged faintly.

"One hears names. I remembered yours."

"The mention could not have been recent," he said. "Diplomacy—if an embassy clerk is really a diplomat—and I parted company nearly two years ago."

"Once a diplomat always one," she smiled. "Can any American ever forget that he once held office? If he can, his friends can't."

"It's out of my memory, almost," he said.

Unconsciously, they had started to walk. Benedict and his group had entered another booth. Eager youths beheld the apparent interest in each other and withheld assault upon the citadel of beauty until a more propitious moment. The young people seated themselves.

A score of middle-aged matrons observed them, and in every mind was the one phrase: "What a perfect match." For she was beautiful and Doyle Evans was good-looking, clean-looking. His nose had strength and his mouth had humor; his eyes were steadfast and his chin was strong. And many of the matrons had heard their husbands say that Doyle Evans would probably recoup the inherited fortune lost in the depression. And even if he were slow in recovery of his money, he had family, position, and character. Too bad that Lucy Carnehan had jilted him. But he would do as well. At the moment he was on his way to doing better. So quickly do women assume things.

"IT'S hot," said Phyllis.

"May I get you an ice, a drink of something? But if I leave you, some scoundrel with no notion of the rights of priority will steal my place beside you," he said.

"Then perhaps," she said with mock seriousness, "it would be better if I walked with you while you got it. Yes, I think an ice."

Ten yards away was a stand. Evans acquired two saucers of ice cream, offered a ten-dollar bill in payment and was told by a saucy girl with an upturned nose that no change would be forthcoming. With a grin he turned back to the bench.

"I'm glad I didn't give her a twenty," he said.

"The cause is good," she reminded him.

"And the occasion even better," he said. "And if I'm in any way too subtle, Miss Benedict, may I point out that you are the occasion?"

"I guessed that flattery lurked somewhere," she smiled, "but it's always pleasant to be left in no doubt."

(Continued on page 44)

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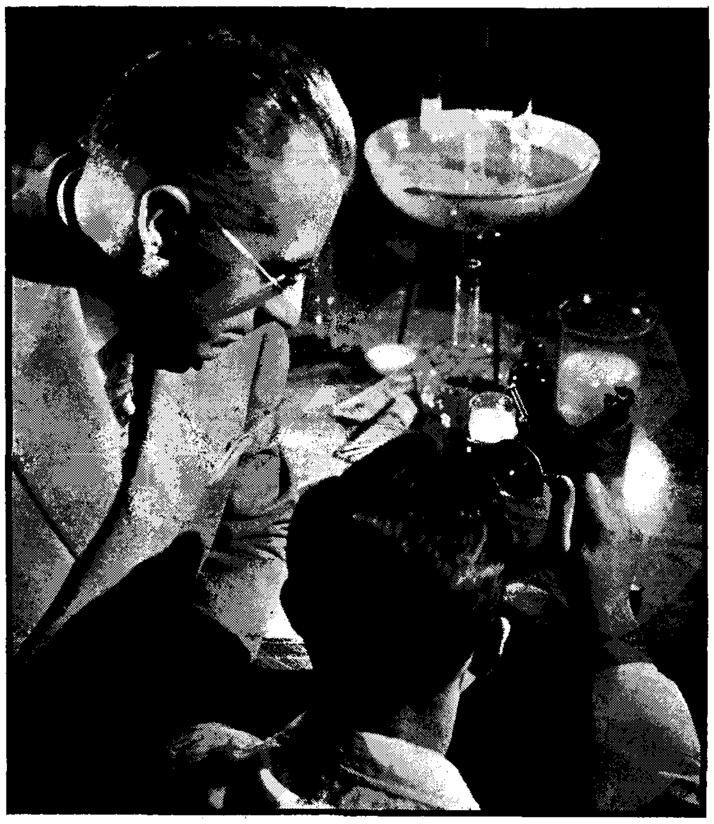

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(Continued from page 43)

"If you ever are," he said, "tell me. It will be a pleasure to repeat."

She took a spoonful of ice cream. He noticed again the slight peculiarity of her hands. It wasn't a deformity, merely a uniqueness which made her more fascinating. She eyed him with a gravity which masked merriment.

"If it didn't seem too much like vanity on my own part, Mr. Evans, I'd almost venture to think you were flirting with me."

"If you thought anything else, Miss Benedict," he grinned, "I would revise my technique."

"Ah?" She nodded. "You admit to a technique, then?"

"I admit to nothing," he replied. "I meant that I would acquire a technique."

"You do very well," she said.

"I will do better," he promised.

She looked at him gayly.

"Confidence?"

"The contrary," he replied. "A desperation that makes one reckless."

"I'm not quite certain that I should listen to you," she said.

"I'm positive you shouldn't," he agreed. "Therefore, I'll be silent and listen to you. I'd rather."

"YOU'RE given to queer moods, aren't you?" she said.

"Am I?"

"A moment ago desperate, now willing to be silent, and a little earlier making the strangest remarks. Who was Big Mike?"

He blushed.

"I told you I was stupid, Miss Benedict. It—it was just a remark."

"But such a strange one. Do you frequently, on meeting young women, blurt out that Red Tom lived well? Who was Big Mike? And why did you mention his excellent demise to me?"

Her tone was light, mischievous, almost. The last absurd doubt died in Evans.

"It's the silliest thing," he said. "My last night in Paris, two years ago, I dined at Lanson's, a restaurant that's rather a favorite with me. An American gangster, whom I'd seen around New York, Mike Pelletiere, came in with a girl. A little later two men came and joined the girl and Mike. There was a quarrel. Mike was knifed, but before he died he shot the other two. In the darkness I got the girl out. I put her in a taxi and she pushed me away and drove off. I never saw her again. That's all."

"She treated you rather cavalierly, didn't she?"

He shrugged.

"It was a killing. It might have been unpleasant for her. I'd helped her to escape, but—how did she know that I would continue to help her?"

"But you would," she said.

He shrugged again.

"I suppose so," he admitted.

She smiled.

"I think you are susceptible, Mr. Evans. Was she—lovely?"

His forehead wrinkled. She liked his expression. He seemed like an overgrown boy wrestling with a problem too difficult for him.

"I don't know. Yes, I do. I didn't see her face. Her head was turned as she came in and I got just a glimpse. Her figure was lovely. And the impression I did manage to get of her face was that she was charming. Her hair was like yours, too."

"Too? What else was like me?" The girl was faintly amused.

Evans colored again.

"Well, her walk—no one in the world walks as gracefully as you—except that girl. And her voice—she whispered to me as I took her out of the restaurant and later she ordered the taximan to drive on—well, when you first spoke to me—well, I thought you were she."

She laughed.

"Science has an explanation, hasn't it? A memory carried is awakened by a chance resemblance—you didn't really see her face?"

He shook his head.

"Not to be able to identify her."

"Too bad. To carry the memory of a girl in your heart and not know what she looks like—"

"Not in my heart," he protested. "I just—well, the incident was exciting, and—"

"And you really thought I was Big Mike's girl friend?"

"Oh, Lord, no," he protested. "I just—I saw you—I heard your voice—honestly, I don't know why I said what I did. It—just seemed to come out of me without my own volition. It—it was stupid."

"On the contrary, it was most interesting," she said.

She rose suddenly.

"Father is signaling me. I'm afraid I must leave you."

"Really? I wish—you play golf, don't you? Tennis? Swim?"

She smiled.

"Where would Minnie Ganston acquire those accomplishments? But I do swim—a little."

"I'd love to teach you golf," he said. "Or tennis, or—"

"In other words you'd like to see me again?" She laughed at him. "I think I prefer your earlier directness, Mr. Evans. I'm direct myself. I'd like to see you. I'm home at tea almost any day."

"Tomorrow?" he suggested.

"Tomorrow's Sunday. We're out here at Pine Bay. It would be nice."

"It would be divine," he amended.

And with that he took her to her father. She left the bazaar at once and drove the few miles from the Simpson estate to the Benedict Place at Pine Bay. She dropped her father at the tennis house and continued to the great Georgian mansion overlooking the Sound.

THE chauffeur opened the door of the car for her.

"I went in to buy a few chances on that car," he said out of the side of his mouth. "I saw you chinning with that Doyle Evans. Well, you hadda meet him soon or late. Was he on? Did he recognize you? Did he suspect?"

She hesitated the faintest fraction of a second.

"No, of course not," she said.

"Not so much *of course* to it, is there? He might have. A guy ain't so likely to forget a dame he yanked out of a killing. And we don't want to blow eighty million because a lad has nice eyes. You seemed to like each other. You're certain?"

"Well, if I weren't, I'd certainly say so," she replied. "Eighty millions is a lot, Tim."

"And he didn't drop a hint, look a look?"

She shook her head emphatically.

"I'm Phyllis Benedict, Tim. How would Phyllis Benedict know Big Mike Pelletiere?"

"Aw, nuts," he snarled. "You was Minnie Ganston before you ever turned out to be the long-lost heiress. That Evans lad ain't no cluck. If he'd recognized you, or even *thought* he recognized you—"

"I tell you he didn't; he didn't even dream of such a thing," she said sharply.

"Lucky for him," said the chauffeur. "He don't have to take a ride. Yes, Miss Benedict, thank you, Miss Benedict," he said. A man in livery had opened the front door.

(To be continued next week)

Stroke your Broom

Continued from page 19

that far, the muscles that control it do. This coördinates his entire muscular system so perfectly that he is unconsciously prepared to use the strength of his whole body instead of just the strength in his arms. Thus, on the count, up goes the stiff form from the floor, without apparent effort on anybody's part! So, when you're suddenly impelled to hoist up the divan and straighten the rug under it, or when you have to up-end a trunk in an emergency, just remember to get down under the weight, take a couple of deep breaths and lift on the third one.

Even for lighter labor, you should use your hip muscles as much as possible. Push with them when you reach up with the ceiling brush after dust strings and stoop with them when you get down into corners with the dustpan. Don't put the whole job on your arms and shoulders. They weren't built to do it alone and they ache and protest and finally borrow strength from your back until it, too, aches and arches. And meanwhile your strong hip muscles, that ought to be doing the lion's share of the work, are sagging in disuse and —what's worse!—they're sagging outward, looser and flabbier every day.

Slenderize as You Sit

By the same token, don't droop forward from the shoulders, letting the combined weight of head, arms and shoulder bones drag your back muscles to a flabby bulge, when you bend over a sink or tub, whether you're there for a good old-fashioned weekly wash (though we hope nobody does those by hand any more) or just to wash a few lunch dishes or rinse out an emergency pair of stockings. Bend from your thigh joint—where Nature provided you with a big, easy hinge exactly for this purpose—keeping your entire upper body in one piece, with your spine running down the center of it! You need never acquire a washerwoman's hump if you make it a practice to lean from your hips instead of from your shoulders.

Ironing is the same story. You not only make hard work of it when you bear down on the iron from above, but you inevitably thicken your shoulders and curve your back. Instead, adjust the board so that you are standing comfortably upright, and rotate from the thigh joint as you work, using your arms merely to guide the iron back and forth. This straightens your spine, pulls in your hips, and eases your shoulders for the sustained effort of this particular task. It isn't necessary, anyhow, to throw your own weight on the iron; that only draws ugly lines on the linen as well as on your back and brow.

You can even be training your body in habits of upright slenderness as you sit preparing vegetables or polishing silver, particularly if you use a kitchen stool with no back to tempt you to loll. Brace your feet on the floor or on a rung of the stool and then sit up and face your work like a lady. That is, sit squarely on your "sitting-bones"—and if you don't know exactly where they are, slip your hands under you and find them, for they are important to all graceful sitting—and let your upper torso rise out of your basket-shaped pelvis like a sprout from a flowerpot. Or, to put it more technically, line up your head and chest over your sitting-bones, with your shoulders relaxed and ribs hanging easily downward, so that, if somebody could drop a pebble through the crown of your head it would fall through the middle of your head, the middle of your rib-cage, and land in the center of your pelvis.

This posturally correct manner of sitting is not only graceful and comfortable while you do it, because all your heavy bones are accurately balanced, but it is a slenderizing exercise as well, since it automatically trains-in your hips. You can see for yourself the difference in your hip-spread if you will compare the straight and hunched positions in front of a full-length mirror.

Now carry on the good work for a straight front-and-rear silhouette while you use your floor mop or vacuum cleaner. To do this, keep your upper body in your newly acquired flower-in-the-flower-pot position and remember, at the same time, to hold your hips *forward* instead of back, as you step along. If you don't know how to hold your hips forward—which is the most slenderizing thing any woman can do for her figure, as well as the best for her health and general comfort—test yourself with the palm of your free hand placed flat against the back of your hips. You will notice that when you walk backward your hips are instinctively pulled down and nicely flattened. Now walk forward, and the chances are that you'll feel your hand tip outward. It shouldn't. That's the bulge that, no matter how thin you may be, ruins the hang of your skirts by adding an inch or two right where you don't want it! So walk backward again until you've recaptured the straight-line back, and then, forcibly keeping your hips in this down-in-back position, walk forward again until you get the swing of it quite naturally. It may feel a little odd at first, especially if you have been walking badly with your upper body thrust forward and your hips stuck out behind, but it's just as easy to train your legs to support you as you walk as to drag them along behind you.

The Sweeping Stroke

This hips-forward position is doubly important going up and down stairs, for it not only greatly reduces the muscular effort of climbing and descending, but it also provides an automatic Swedish massage for the hip bulge—as a friend of ours unexpectedly found out for herself last winter, which she spent, for motives of economy, on the top floor of a modest Paris pension. With the dining-room and the only telephone on the ground floor, and without delivery service for her packages or messages, she maintains that she climbed the equivalent of a small Matterhorn every day. She grumbled considerably, but when she got on the boat to come home and caught her first glimpse of herself in a generous full-length mirror, she had her reward—the one fault in her figure, and one which diet and exercise had heretofore failed to budge, was corrected. She had left her hips on that steep French stairway!

So, on the level or on the up-and-down, remember this all-important posture trick of keeping your hips forward instead of back, for it's guaranteed to cut down your hip-measure better than miles of cross-country tramping in your old careless manner of walking, and it will give you a lightness of step that any athlete might envy.

But only, of course, if you have a good, steady pair of shoes under you. You should have toe room enough to grip the ground securely, and a low enough heel, set well back under your own flesh-and-blood heel, to permit a

(Continued on page 46)

Crisp and Unbroken Grains Puffed to Gigantic Size

That's what you get in Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—the most unique and delicious foods ever created.

Just the whole wheat or rice kernels, porous and crisp. Made so they don't tax the stomach.

Made more digestible—more enticing—than any other cereal food.

What else is half so good?

They are more than breakfast foods. They are luncheons and suppers, too.

Not mere confections, but hearty meals. For wheat and rice are the two greatest foods in the world.

We cannot describe these puffed foods, and there is nothing with which to compare them.

But serve them once—with cream, with fruit, or in a bowl of milk—and you'll discover a new delight.

Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice

This is how we prepare them:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved, for forty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are unsealed; the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into myriads of particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified kernels of grain, made porous and crisp and digestible.

Discovered by Accident

Some years ago, Prof. A. P. Anderson sought for a way to break up starch granules, so the digestive juices could get to them.

In cooking, baking or toasting some of these granules remain entirely unbroken, so digestion is difficult.

He thought of exploding these granules by steam, and he invented these guns to do it.

It remains for you to enjoy the two most delightful cereals. Get Puffed Grains tomorrow morning.

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"Then we're both pleased, for I've never had shoes fit so perfectly, feel so comfortable, or last so long as Bostonians. And you're right about their style. Better looking shoes simply aren't made. Just think—Bostonians are now only $5.50 to $8."

Bostonians
SHOES FOR MEN

(*Continued from page* 45)

natural body balance. You wouldn't expect to play good golf—nor get much fun out of it—in a pair of worn-out party slippers, and you certainly can't expect to clean and sweep easily—much less improve your figure while you do it—if a pair of spike heels are pulling every bone and muscle out of line.

And speaking of sweeping, there's a great slimming exercise for you—if you do it right! Take an easy stance, knees limber, feet just slightly apart, with your weight falling over your ankle bones—that is, so that you can lift either your heels or toes a little way from the floor without shifting your weight. Now imagine that you have a third leg growing between your two sitting-bones so that your pelvis rests in a tripod. Then, with your hips held down under you and your head and back erect, turn your body from side to side as you sweep, keeping it all in one piece. In other words, instead of swinging the broom from your shoulders and scooping down against the floor with it, keep your back straight, ribs down, and shoulders easy, and move the broom back and forth, letting the swing come from your hip-joint and following through with your knees—like the follow-through of a golf stroke. This is a limbering as well as a slenderizing exercise, and it's also, in case you're interested, marvelous practice for your golf swing!

Four-Footed Work

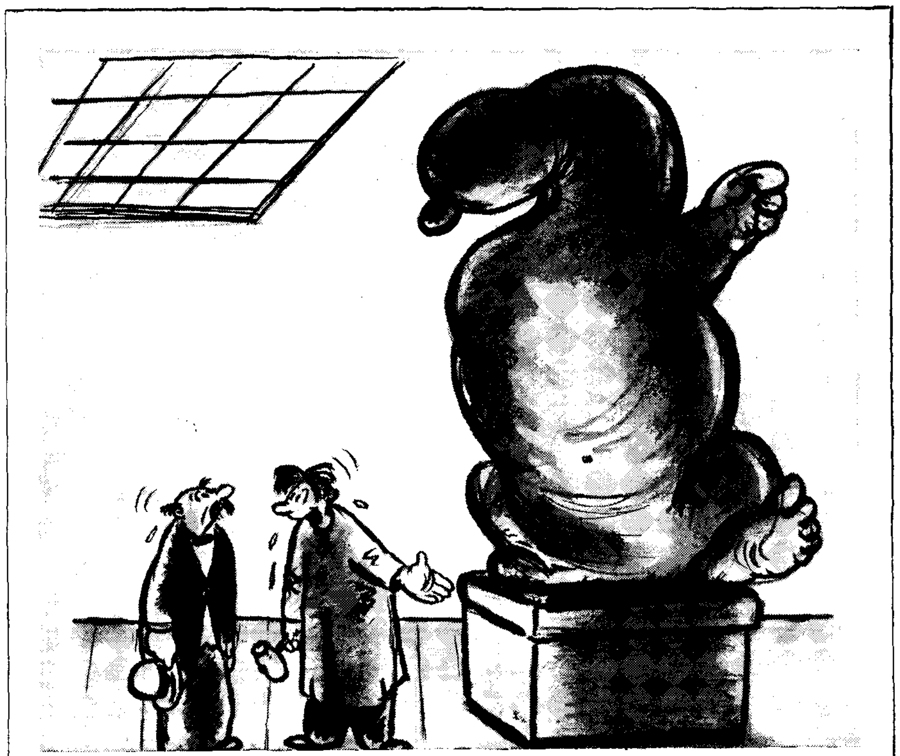
Another important point is to loosen up all through your upper body when you're doing any sort of concentrated arm work. Don't push the duster about in nervous little jerks and dabs, or rub the furniture or mirrors with short, tiring elbow twitches, but get a real shoulder swing into it. It's a golden opportunity to free your shoulder bones from the arm muscles and back muscles and all the other muscles that you so unjustly allow to drag against them, and give your shoulders a chance to swing back to their normal easy position in the shoulder girdle. So dust high, wide and handsome when you do the woodwork and tables, and whirl the blankets with a regular tennis swing as you make the beds in order to get all the play you can into your overstrained, overworked shoulder muscles.

Of course, the ultimate drudgery of housework is working on your hands and knees, and most of it has been eliminated these days, one way or another. But if you're a real Yankee housekeeper you know that there are still certain nooks and crannies and certain spots on your tile and linoleum which will shine with cleanliness only after vigorous treatment with a cloth or brush held in the human hand—and that human wallowing on the floor. So don't hesitate to go down after them; four-footed work may be hard on your disposition and your manicure, but it needn't be hard on your figure. In fact, it ought to be good for it, and some of the best gymnasium-class reducing exercises follow the same principle.

First, balance yourself properly on your hands and knees—that is, be sure your arms aren't spread more than a hand's width apart from each other, nor your knees. This steadies you comfortably and gets all your muscles in control. And be sure to keep your back as flat as a table top; it's the humped back that "breaks." Now, think of your legs as the blade of a jackknife and fold and unfold your body against them as you swing back and forth at your humble task, just as the knife blade opens and shuts against the handle. Properly performed, this will do wonders to strengthen your abdominal muscles and thus flatten your stomach.

Thus, scrubbing or sewing, heavy work or light, housework is all a matter of form and technique—exactly like any other exercise. It's only when you follow the form of the game—swing, drive and follow-through—that golf cuts down your weight, straightens your back, and puts pep in your step.

So, if you're confined pretty closely to the good old indoor sport of housekeeping, apply some sporting technique to it. Take a practice swing, if necessary, before you drive off with your broom, and work into vacuum-cleaner position as carefully as you'd perfect your stance. Consider the placing of arms, hips, shoulders and spine as seriously as you practice the golf pro's preaching and—as far as your bones and muscles are concerned, anyhow—you'll get the golfer's reward: ease and precision of movement, smooth, elastic muscles and lithe, erect carriage. And, best of all, you'll lose the stay-at-home's badge of service—her unwanted pounds and protuberances!



"I won't tell anybody what it is until th' hot weather's over an' my head clears up a bit!"

Frank Owen

The Battle of the Heroes

Continued from page 13

the interest of efficient lobbying to inform such legislation-sponsors that they are asses? Or may one look to such legislators for a bit of support after telling them that time would be saved by putting the entire population of the United States on the disability rolls? It is not and one may not.

Therefore all this chiseling went on with cumulative vigor and at mounting cost while the Legion's lobbyists and legislative agents stood by with gloomy forebodings, hoping that something, anything, might happen to save the honestly deserving veteran from his poisonous friends. In the beginning perhaps it is true that members of Congress were dragooned into voting for veterans legislation. In those naïve days when the huzzas for the home-coming heroes were still echoing through the city's streets, sheer emotion swept veterans legislation through Congress. A little later on, the ghastly dread of reprisals that organized minorities are careful to kindle in the political job-holder's heart held Congress in line. And then came the general awakening to the fact that the more government money a member of Congress was able to pour into his district in the name of the veteran, the more votes was the candidate for reëlection sure of.

"I am perfectly willing to admit," said one congressman to me, "that there are in my district beneficiaries of our veterans laws who have no more right to benefits from our treasury than Mr. Hohenzollern has, but what am I going to do about it now? They've been enjoying them. They are looking to me to keep them going. They are demanding that I restore them. If I don't agree to stand up on the floor of the House and denounce that part of the economy bill that affects veterans and their kin, some rival will. And he will be elected in 1934. So what am I to do?"

It was last fall in Portland, Oregon, that the Legion decided that the end was imminent. While the assembled delegates were roaring for the immediate payment of the bonus, the conservative element in the doleful councils of the Legion won their first important victory. They managed somehow to convince the executive committee that just what has happened was sure to come to pass unless the Legion drew up a new code and made itself clear about all this sharp-shooting and cousin-coddling legislation that was darting through Congress like pains in a rheumatic leg.

Separating the Gold-Brickers

An impressive committee was formed, composed of lawyers, past commanders and others whose ideals were not only practical but who knew the veteran for what he actually was—soldier and sailor first and hero only occasionally. No nonsense about this committee. For the sick, adequate help; for the now able man who stopped enemy metal with his body, suitable recognition; for the war-crippled, the service-maimed, the shell-shocked mind, every possible consideration and support while they lived; for those who were actually dependent upon the men who were killed, compensating pensions. But little else. In other words, their job was to make a survey of the thousand and one laws under which the remaining pride of the veteran was strangling, separate the gold-brickers from the soldiers, beat the inevitable to the punch by internal reformation and by setting the Legion forth with the flag in its hands instead of a tambourine. All this, mind you, avoiding publicity that might hamstring the entire project and in discreet silence lest the ballyhoo din it out of countenance. And speed was desirable; already the collapse of the whole veterans laws structure was seen to impend. Get it to Congress before the blow fell, thereby aligning the Legion with the new order and leaving the radicals to take the bumps.

The personnel of the committee is worth setting down if only to indicate its sound strength: The late O. L. Bodenhamer of Arkansas, Edward E. Spafford of New York, both past commanders; Hird Stryker of Nebraska, E. W. Gearhart of California, Sam Jones of Louisiana, Frank M. Dixon of Alabama, John Elden of Ohio, Frank Pinola of Pennsylvania, Jesse W. Barrett of Missouri and Robert B. McDougle of West Virginia. These men were selected as representatives of the country and, therefore, of the 10,600 posts of the Legion.

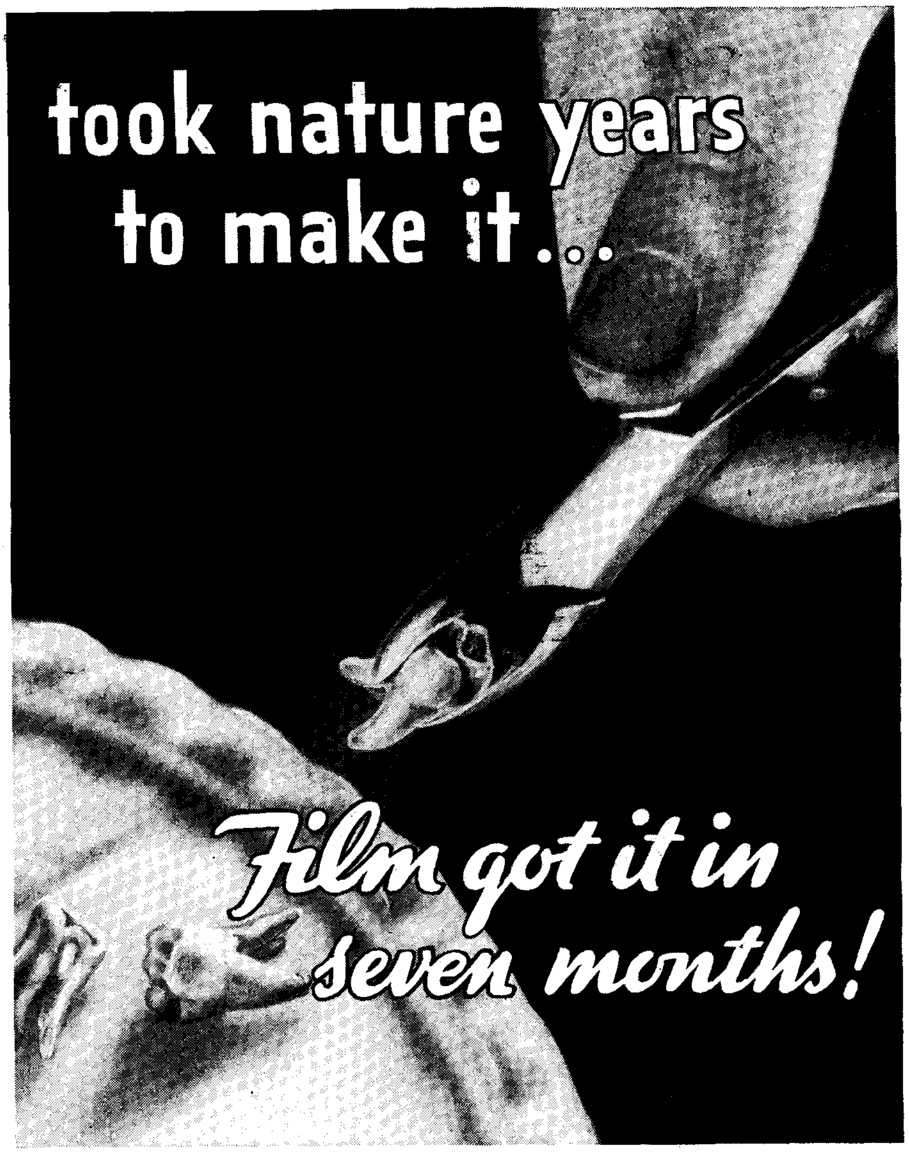
And the Express Roared By

They did a commendable job. Generally they recommended abandoning all further bonus agitation, regretted the Legion's advocacy of the immediate payment thereof and urged that nothing further be said about bonuses until 1945, when the adjusted compensation certificates (the polite name for the bonus) would mature, when a well-enunciated "thank you" would be all that could be necessary. They deplored the political demagogue who was making political capital of the veteran and demanding that he be given more money even if the country had to go into the job-printing business to get it. It agreed that further gratuities be withheld from the non-service disabled. It was against extending veterans' grants to the third and fourth generations of veterans and to cousins, aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters and the in-laws of veterans. The report urged the Legion to shake itself loose from entangling political alliances and from henceforth stand alone on a government grant policy that might not put the preamble of its constitution to shame. Let him resign who would, the Legion was all through with tin cups and tambourines, with panhandling and gold-bricking ex-service men and their tear-brewing spellbinders, with congressmen who consolidated their home vote with money from the Federal Treasury no matter how many new taxes were imposed or old ones elevated. Let the dissenters resign. The Legion was for the New Deal. And its legislative agents would make this all clear, denouncing in bold tones all unwarranted raids and all vote-trap legislation.

Unhappily this noble experiment was to be shackled with a clause that the committee might not act directly but should submit its report to the national executive committee, which in turn would make such amendments, elisions and interpretations as the situation called for. And by the situation was meant the political set-up inside the Legion, not only at the moment but with a look forward to the 1933 Convention in Chicago next month.

But all this required time. And it just happened that the Roosevelt administration was several revolutions ahead of the Legion's clock. Before the national executive committee could convene, having made no attempt at an

(Continued on page 48)



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And so, when tempted to try a cheap and ineffective tooth paste, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use it twice a day and see your dentist at least twice a year.

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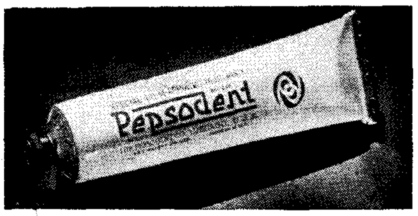

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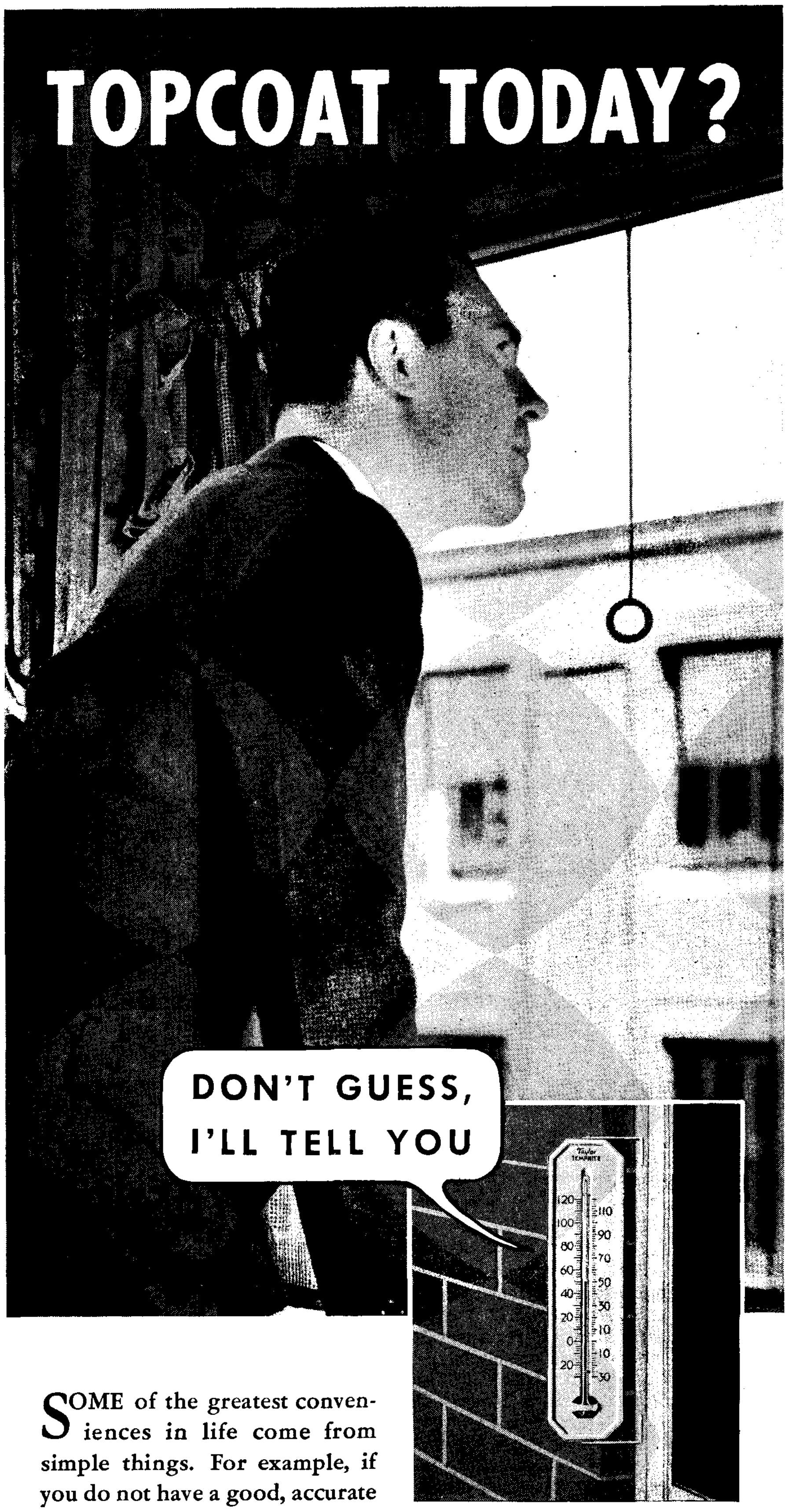

SOME of the greatest conveniences in life come from simple things. For example, if you do not have a good, accurate window thermometer in your home—you'll be surprised what comfort you are missing. To know how to dress properly, to see whether or not you should put the car away, or fill it with anti-freeze, or just to satisfy yourself about how hot or how cold it is—these are just a few of the comforts an accurate Taylor Window Thermometer gives you. When you add the fact that Taylor Thermometers blend into the architecture and color scheme of your home—and that they cost as little as $1.00—can you think of any reason you should deprive yourself even one day more?

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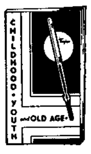
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(Continued from page 47)

extraordinary meeting, the Roosevelt economy bill flipped through Congress, leaving the Legion's new policy committee standing on the corner, so to speak, with its virtuous and high-resolving report in its hands. Like a large number of our representatives and senators in Congress, the Roosevelt express had left the Legion's reincarnating specialists so far behind that all hope of catching up had to be abandoned.

And there they were, abandoned on the doorstep of an administration whose first of many precedent-breakings was to launch immediately upon a sincere and non-partisan attempt to carry out campaign pledges. In ordinary circumstance new administrations take their time about reviewing those preëlection promises; ease up a bit and get acquainted with the hovering politicians, make patronage distribution the first concern and then appoint a few dozen commissions to look into the possibilities and even the advisability of taking those pledges seriously. And frequently, given enough time, the populace forgets what the pledges were. And before you know it there is a great question concerning who made those pledges anyway, and what of it.

An Empty Feed-Box

But this administration was different. It had sense enough to realize that if economies were to be effected they would have to be effected at once, particularly in the veteran grants, before the hullabaloo could get thoroughly warmed up. Had the Roosevelt administration waited for a few months to wade into the veteran racket it is wholly possible that there would have been no such cuts.

But by the time the Legion was ready to submit its brief to Congress, the chariot of the New Deal had hurtled by; even its dust was too far ahead to be seen; it was even then an almost historic fact. By the time the Legion had prepared its fresh schedule, four hundred million dollars had been lifted out of the veterans' feed-box and transferred to public works, where men and women who did not wear the uniform in 1918 and therefore weren't heroes might participate in the direct benefits of government.

Subsequently the few inevitable injustices born of such sweeping measures were remedied. After successive appeals from Mr. Louis A. Johnson, National Commander of the Legion, President Roosevelt caused the new compensation scales to be liberalized and hospitalization requirements to be less rigid. But for our purposes here the situation did not change.

Still Mr. Johnson had won certain concessions. By way of reciprocity he presently aligned himself, in his official capacity of the Legion's commander, with the President in the latter's general reconstruction and revival program. He issued a stirring call to the entire Legion to stand with him in supporting Mr. Roosevelt's National Recovery Act and thereby made it quite clear where his influence would be in the approaching convention. Briefly, it was his challenge to that element which is typified by such ex-service men as Dr. Edward T. Curran of New York, who identified himself as head of the Veterans Voters League and is demanding that his organization be not interested in any program which does not give first consideration to the veteran. The doctor would "strike terror" into the congressional breast by threats of boycotting at the polls all legislators and aspirants who will not pledge themselves to "veteranism." He would use the same tactics which for so long served the Anti-Saloon League so well. The doctor will have considerable following in Chicago. But his call comes a bit late. The Legion, not the healthy organization it once was, might not long survive victory for his standards.

Let's see what had happened. By taking decisive and immediate action, the government left the Legion rather neatly split. Certain Legionnaires were more or less glad it happened. It might stimulate the radicals within the Legion to riot at the forthcoming convention, but the rioting would not be quite as damaging as it might have been had the cuts been made at the behest of the Legion. Furthermore, a certain number of Legionnaires might resign on the grounds that the Legion had not prevented the loss of three or four hundred million dollars. But it would be a good thing if many of such gratuity grabbers did get out, leaving the Legionnaires of sterner stuff to return to the organization's fundamentals and begin over again.

Besides, where would such secessionists go? To the Disabled American Veterans? To the Veterans of Foreign Wars? Perhaps. But the Disabled American Veterans found themselves in a pretty nasty predicament. The new economy bill had shorn the D. A. V. of its "presumptives"—those disabled veterans whose disabilities were incurred in the weak piping times of peace but who enjoyed the same compensations as men actually injured in battle because the law, reaching new highs of absurdity, permitted them to insist that their current hurts and illnesses were merely aggravations of old weaknesses traceable to their days in uniform. And such proof wasn't hard to cook up either. With a little political backing a gin-born pain in the midriff easily became chronic indigestion born of too much monkey-meat, goldfish and corned-willie in 1918, and a growing repugnance for work had no trouble locating its cause in a wrenched back or a whiff of mustard gas before the Armistice. And such were the laws, so insistent were the importunities of the veterans and so intent were certain congressmen upon seeing to it that no veteran's plea should go unrewarded, that the Veterans Bureau simply had to grant "presumption" in thousands of instances where hard-boiled investigation would have produced a totally different set of facts.

The Propaganda Deluge

Furthermore the Veterans Bureau was filled with veterans the majority of whom owed their jobs to their own political power within their organizations and to members of Congress to whom the veterans racket was just good politics. And this led to highly hilarious situations. For example, the Colorado physician who not only drew a hundred dollars a month from the government for mental disorder developing in 1930 and presumed to be the result of his nerve-shattering duties in dressing-station work in France, but who enjoyed a comfortable salary from the Veterans Bureau as a field examiner of veterans who wanted to join him on the presumptive pay roll.

Thus the Disabled American Veterans of the World War were in a nasty spot, having had a large number of paying members shorn from the pay roll. That such presumptives were ever in the D. A. V. was against the policy of that organization's able legislative agent, Captain Thomas Kirby, whose voice was raised more frequently and louder against the vicious presumptive laws than that of almost any other lobbyist for the veteran. Kirby's organization started with nothing but bona fide disabled veterans. But Congress was too fast for him, just as it created too many heroes for Kirby's equally capable brother lobbyist, Colonel John Thomas Taylor, legislative agent for the American Legion. Both these men can attribute much of their current troubles to the veteran-herding members of Congress who were utterly willing to swap gratuities for votes.

The disgruntled Legionnaire might resign and join the Veterans of Foreign Wars, but here he was stepping into an organization that wasn't wholly consecrated to benefits for those who served in the Great War. The V. F. W. is dominated by older men, veterans of the Spanish War. There will be protests from these gentlemen that there is unity, peace and concord between the Spanish War and the Great War veterans. But there isn't. The Spanish War veterans concentrate upon straight pensions. Not even a congressman could ask that a hero of the El Caney forts or of San Juan Hill be permitted to trace his 1930 rheumatism to his valor in Cuba. After all, there is a limit to this "presumptive" business. But the Great War veteran is at present less interested in pensions on equal terms with the Spanish War survivors than with monthly doles called compen-

(Continued on page 50)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Although millions of dollars have been spent within the past five years on slum clearance and new houses for workers by many European countries, Scotland—notorious for its inadequate housing—has done little. At least one half of all its families still live in one-room and two-room "homes."

No person can successfully feign insanity any more than he can pretend to have typhoid fever or pneumonia. Expert psychiatrists can determine within a few minutes whether or not a person is insane by checking his mental reactions, thousands of which are keys to his true state of mind and are beyond his control.

During the World War a British spy made a phonograph record of a German wireless message, and tried for hours to decode it. Then the machine happened to run down and the gibberish became plain German. The message was a phonograph recording put on the air at such speed that only this accident could have betrayed it.

Tokyo women so admire the eyes of their Western sisters that a large number of them have recently undergone the "Lido Eyelid Operation." The surgeon makes an incision in the upper eyelid which enables it to fold back farther, thus widening the distance between the lids and giving a more open and "soulful" expression to the eye.

All American coastwise vessels are required by law to carry a certain supply of "storm oil," oil that is to be used during storms for smoothing the sea or quelling the force of the waves.—*By L. R. Natter, Jefferson, Wisconsin.*

Insurance against kidnapping is growing in the United States. But, paradoxically, no American company is allowed by its charter to write it. It is being taken out in England, a country that has never had a case of kidnapping for ransom in all its history. —*By Glynn Hardon, Owatonna, Minnesota.*

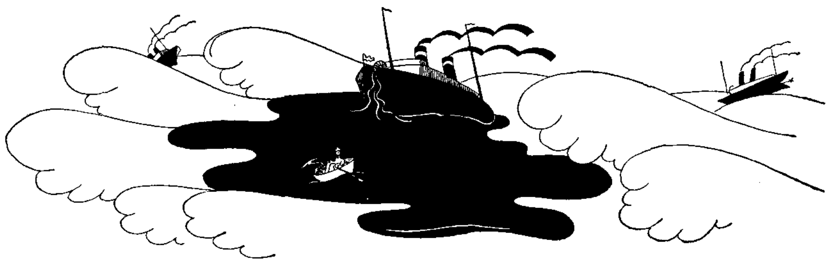
The finest lines in the world are the hair-lines on Nobert's Test-Plates, exceedingly thin glass plates that are used for testing the power of microscopic lenses. The lines are ruled with diamond points and sometimes reach the almost incredible number of 225,188 to the inch.

Some bonds never mature and the principal never is repaid to the investor. There are about four such irredeemable issues in existence, the largest being a 4 per cent debenture issue of the Canadian Pacific Railway that amounts to nearly $300,000,000.—*By E. Kaufmann, Jr., Davenport, Iowa.*

The James River in Virginia contains the only known specimens of "the fish that cannot float." This strange creature has no air bladder and therefore, when it stops swimming, it sinks to the bottom.

The manufacturing of women's clothing is one of the most centralized of the great industries of this country. Approximately 80 per cent of all the ready-made coats, suits and dresses are produced within 12 square blocks of New York City.—*By J. J. Cozy, Los Angeles, California.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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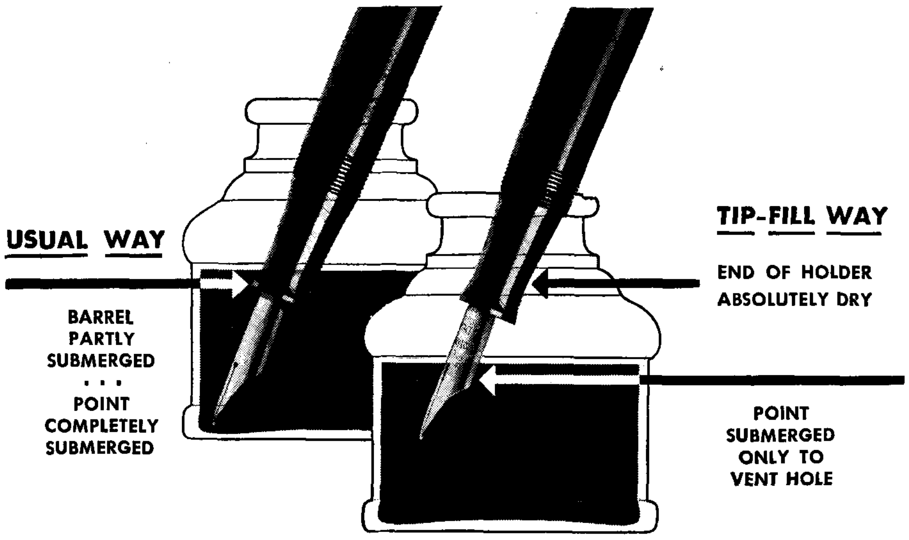
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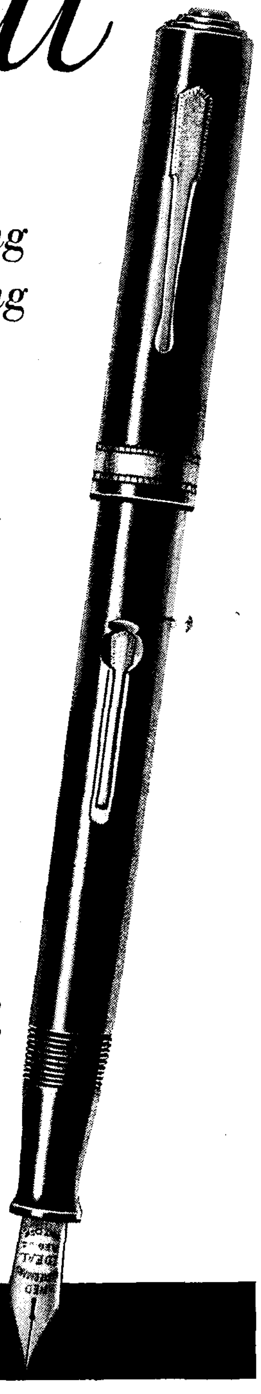


(Continued from page 49)

sations and allowances. Pensions are the refuge of the old; their juniors want action.

So what have you? The Legion split, the D. A. V. crippled and the V. F. W. somewhere between the two. Yet at this moment a tremendous, unorganized propaganda for modification of the veterans' clauses of the economy bill is flooding the country. It derives from the offices of representatives and senators who voted for the bill but who are hastening to ingratiate themselves with the shorn veteran. It issues from the typewriters of those officials of the veterans' organizations who are seeking not only to save themselves and their positions but who have always fought the conservative element. It comes from state and county headquarters of the Legion, the Disabled American Veterans and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. It washes back from individual posts which have let it be understood that no matter what their leaders in national headquarters think, they are for the restoration of all veteran privileges and subsidies. It begins with direct political threats to congressmen, even to the President. It carries on to state legislatures and to governments, bidding them memorialize Congress against the reductions in money grants to veterans and their kin. It demands of hard-pressed bankers that they tell the treasury officials in Washington that without the money the veterans get and spend they, the bankers, are lost. It falls upon managers and solicitors of community chests, who are reminded that they can't take care of the impoverished as it is, and what will they do when the bereft veteran joins the bread line? Butchers, grocers and landlords are asked to consider their horrid plight if the veteran is left penniless. Even the managers and proprietors of movie houses are summoned to join the chorus. As yet all this is unorganized and will have none of the follow-up strength of good organization.

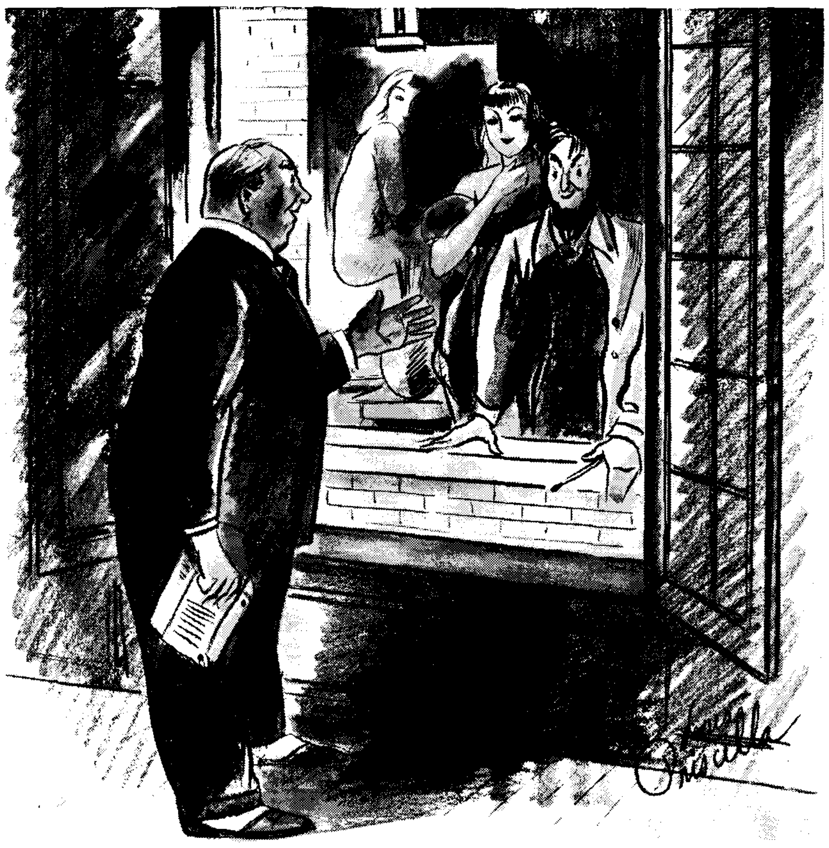
Against this tide a less aggressive element of the veterans are trying a variety of strokes. One would seek to restore the veteran bounties very gradually, rebuilding the madhouse slowly, keeping the bonus agitation in the background. They hope thus to have the whole structure reërected by 1945 when the bonus would fall due anyway. Another advocates a concentration of force on the elections of 1934 for the first step toward restoration and, if victory is theirs, then to make the subject of full restitution a major national campaign issue in 1936. Another talks of rallying around some such national figure as Senator Huey Long and demanding through him that the money the veterans have lost be restored not by additional taxation upon the middle class but upon the rich—by confiscation of all individual wealth over ten millions, for example.

Stick 'Em Up!

And there is a movement to found an entirely new association of veterans, composed of all those who have had their doles reduced or revoked and of others who have nursed grudges ever since they failed to get their names on the bounty lists. It would draw heavily upon all the existing organizations and by luring their members into the new outfit, soon become the most powerful of all veterans' societies. Or so they tell you. An important impediment to the organization of such a body would be the cost thereof. Also it would at once arouse the general antagonism of the old associations, who might combine in this one case to defeat the new.

What happens in Chicago when the American Legion meets in convention next month will tell the tale. The New Policy committee is busy writing another document which is not intended so much as a declaration of regeneration as a guide to the future of the Legion. It probably will embody most of the declarations of the paper that came too late, but will be so revised and tempered as to give it a chance of adoption by the Legion—the Legion as it exists or the Legion after the radicals have kicked themselves out.

In the meantime the congressional silo wherein impending bills of legislation repose contains measures—await-



"You can both go now. I've succeeded in renting this apartment"

Louis Priscilla

ing their chance to be put to vote—to pay permanently disabled veterans "twenty-five dollars a month independent of any other compensations they may receive from the United States government" and regardless of how the disablement was incurred or when. (Stick 'em up!) On top of that lies another that would grant full veteran privileges to any man who had been summoned by his draft board whether or not he got into uniform. (If that isn't a bid for votes, what is?)

Cold Facts and Figures

Then there is one ruling that "the Administrator of Veterans Affairs shall not deny the benefits of the Veterans Administration homes to any person because such person did not receive honorable discharge from his last period of service." (Digest that one, my friend!) Another has it that where the board judging the merits of a veteran's plea for allowance shall disagree, such disagreement shall be considered a verdict in favor of the veteran. (Isn't there some sort of law against writing things like that?) And if you'd care for another, there's one which would remove all "dependency" restrictions. This means that dependency compensation to a veteran's children would continue as long as that child lived, be it forever, instead of terminating at the age of sixteen. Furthermore, dependency payments would be given to any relative of the veteran whenever the dependency occurred, whether it be ten, twenty or thirty years after the end of the war and regardless of when such dependents (a wife, for example) entered the veteran's life. Under the New Deal a compensatable wife or widow is one who married the veteran prior to July 3, 1931.

We can't go on like this. But at least this gives you a background against which you may watch the gory battle that is about to be fought between heroes. In this corner the disinherited veteran. At his back, carrying the smelling salts and the water bucket, are his backers, the congressmen whom he supports. (Wade right into him, kid. He can't hurt *us!*) Opposite, the defending champion, the Roosevelt administration, backed by cold, unsentimental facts and figures.

You millions who have come to voting and taxpaying age since the war and you who have every sympathy for the man who got his injuries fighting but who are pretty sick of supporting the veteran who happened to get his ribs broken by a taxicab in 1925—you are just the spectators, the customers. The only thing you'll get out of it anyway is the bill.

Grizzly Comedians

Continued from page 22

binoculars, they seemed larger than any I had ever seen before; moreover, I would have bet that they did not vary ten pounds in weight, one from another, and that they were matched to a hair in color.

At first I was not sure that it was all just good fun—bears can make their fooling look so much like fighting. But they were skylarking, all right—batting one another off into the snow which lay deep on the slope, wrestling, boxing, somersaulting, three ganging one, or all four melting into a gigantic furry boulder which scuffed up the snow in clouds. Under my heavy parka I shivered with excitement; it was as if I had stumbled upon the naked edge of Time, and glimpsed across a void of dead centuries the terrifying picture of battle royal among primordial mammoths.

Darkness fell while the bears still frolicked and I still watched. Next morning they were gone. They were such extraordinary specimens that I should have been justified in shooting one, or all, for museums; but it is that way with bears—you forget to shoot.

My study of bears has convinced me that any of them, adopted when young and gently raised, are tamable—even the grizzlies and Kadiaks. Here the only danger would be in size; and would increase in exact proportion to the bear's fondness for you. I do not think you would find it pleasant if 1,400 pounds of adult Kadiak, however well intentioned, started to romp in your living-room and climb into your lap to demonstrate his affection. The point is just that bears—as opposed to the cats, between whom and man there are unremitting hatred and cruel, eternal war—are peaceable and good-natured fellows, who want to be friendly with humans.

I believe this is because of inherent virtues in the bear character, but candor suggests it may be due to a rumor that has gone back to the wild bear world from their captured relatives that man is a source of sweet, gooey things to eat; for the bear has the sweetest tooth of the wilderness. He likes substantial fare too, of course; he is at once an epicure and a gourmand, and his diet has the greatest range of that of any wild beast. While he is primarily a vegetarian, loving buds and bark and herbs, and would rather eat a head of cabbage than a leg of lamb, he will do the latter with relish enough. His table balances a list of food from cattle, horses and deer all the way down to worms. . . . He will root joyously in garbage dumps; he will turn over acres of stones and dead-fall logs in search of grubs and crickets; he will invade ant colonies and suck the insects into his mouth by the thousands; and he is one of the world's most expert fruit pickers—as many indignant Western ranchers will tell you!—straddling the limbs and plucking apples and peaches with his forepaws. But of all creatures of the wilds the bees are the ones who have most cause to hate old Ephraim; he will forsake den, wife, cubs, career and all for a pawful of honey.

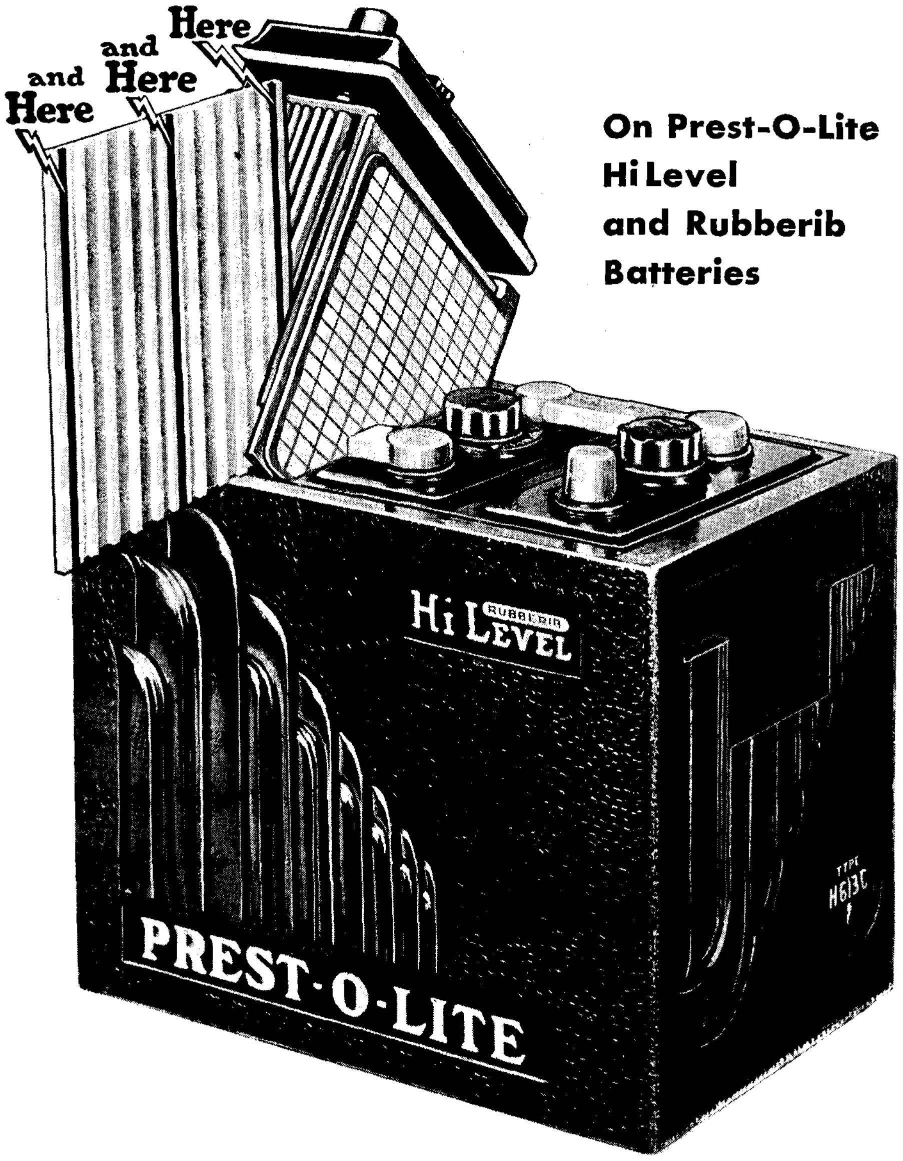
Barometers in Fur Coats

Once in the Rockies, years ago, I came upon a grizzly upright beside an old hollow tree, dipping one forepaw into a wild honeybees' nest. He was so intent, so beset, that he neither saw nor heard me—and small wonder. He was like a giant whose head reached into a black storm cloud; hundreds of infuriated bees hissed around his face; the fur of his neck, shoulders and head was a crawling mass. Stubbornly he carried on despite the onslaught that would have killed a man in short order.

His thick fur and hide protected all but his eyes and bare snout. With one forepaw he constantly brushed the stinging hosts from those vulnerable and sensitive parts, while he continued to ladle honey out of the nest with his other paw. Each time he withdrew it his paw was dripping and matted with the luscious nectarial syrup, which he proceeded to lick off in ecstasy. When he had robbed that hive dry, he waddled

(Continued on page 52)

Hard Rubber Ribs Take the Wear



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to drown a clerk

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We started a new puzzle game in The Country Home a few months ago. Asked our readers to send in their solutions. When the mail began to pour in, our clerks nearly got drowned. Before the next issue came out, more than 15,000 Country Home families had sent in their solutions.

That didn't really surprise us. And we doubt if it surprised the advertiser, who, three years ago, started with one of his products in The Country Home and now advertises six — or three other advertisers who started with one product and are now advertising two products in The Country Home pages.*

These wise advertisers know where the farmer is going to spend his money, and so do we. He's going to spend it on products that he is convinced are good. And when it comes to convincing the farmer, THE COUNTRY HOME GETS RESULTS.

THE Country Home

*NAMES ON REQUEST

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

(Continued from page 51)

off. The bee cloud still hovered around his face, so he had to keep brushing as he hopped along. He reached a wide creek and dove in. Most of the bees gave up now, but scores that stuck came to the surface and floated away in heroic death. The bear swam under water clear to the middle, came up, shook his head; then submerged again to make sure there would be no survivors, and "fetched" all the way to the opposite shore, where he emerged and sat down complacently to search his paw for a last trace of honey.

The bear is as lazy as he looks, and is disposed to spend his life in a restricted area; he will, however, if pressed, ramble as far as twenty-five miles from his den in search of food. The bears are expert weather forecasters; when they emerge from hibernation, for instance, you may be certain winter has broken in that district, at least. The Kadiaks go fishing when the salmon runs are on. Salmon, in late spring, return from their mysterious cruise in unknown haunts of the salt seas and fight their way up the rivers to the cold, fresh pools wherein they were hatched and whence they began their journey seven years before. Here they spawn, and die—beginning and ending the baffling circle of salmon life.

Spring Tonic

These annual runs are feast days for the Kadiaks; and, farther south in Canada and the northwest United States, for the blue glacier bears, the blacks and the grizzlies. Because of the abundance of the fish, the bears are finicky eaters. I have found river banks literally carpeted with dead salmon, of each of which the bear fishermen had taken only two bites—from the fat, juicy middle portion of the back—then carelessly throwing the remainder of the fine carcass away.

One twilight—that is the time of day beloved of bears—in the Rockies I was a convulsed, if unsuspected, witness to a perfect demonstration both of bear fishing technique and of bear temperament. A grizzly sat beside a deep, wide pool, formed by a mountain brook and cupped in granite ledges. I crouched in the brush, not fifty feet away, to watch him. He was after trout, which I could see gliding in the crystal water. Minute after minute he sat there absolutely motionless.

If you were a trout, certainly your bereaved relatives could not blame you for mistaking that inert object for a harmless part of the landscape. You would presently rise for a fly near it —and you would never know what had happened to you. For ten minutes after I began to watch him, that grizzly had not flicked an eyelash; then one of his forepaws scooped through the water so suddenly, so blindingly fast, that I scarcely realized what had happened until I saw a trout flash to the ground ten feet behind the bear, who ambled over and sat down to enjoy two bites.

My grizzly presently ran his tongue around his lips, then returned to his vigil. Fifteen minutes passed; the surviving trout did not rise near him; but the bear, consummately patient, remained immobile. Ten minutes more brought no change, no move. Then another big grizzly emerged from the timber near by and ambled to the far end of the pool. The fishing bear kept his eyes riveted on the wary fish, and paid no attention. The newcomer, a female, nodded invitingly toward the other, then plopped into the pool for a swim.

Because of the disturbed water I could not see what happened in the pool; obviously, however, the frightened trout had darted into hiding in the depths. The exasperated fisherman rushed to his girl friend, pulled her out of the pool and gave her such a thwacking, cuffing and biting as I have never seen administered to anyone or anything else. The pained surprise on the face of the bear who was being punished was priceless! As soon as she could she rolled out of his reach and ran off, growling. The fisherman waddled to the poolside and studied for a moment; then, deciding that the game was up for this day, he growled deep in his throat and lumbered away.

The sort of antics you and your wife go to the park den to see on fine Sunday afternoons—taking little Horace and Mary Ann along as an excuse—are going on in wild bear country all the time, with far more disorder, far less restraint. Behind his gruff clowning, however, and his athletic skill, old Ephraim is full of conservative, sober wisdom—the clubman of the forest. He is the only wild animal I know of who treats himself to hot sulphur baths—for rheumatics, presumably. In the geyser districts of the Rockies I have often come upon old grandpa bears steaming gratefully in hot springs, lacking only spectacles and a newspaper to look for all the world like retired bankers.

The self-doctoring of the bears does not stop here; in the spring every little and middle-sized and great big bear gives himself the equivalent of the hated sulphur-and-molasses of American boyhood. All winter he has lived upon fat accumulated during a summer of constant eating. He is scrawny and weak when he comes, blinking, out of his cave. His paws have grown soft from disuse and for the first four or five days he will not venture far; no farther than the nearest young alders or sassafrases protruding above the melting snow. He eats a liberal dose of these cathartics; they will give his system a thorough vacuuming, and sweeten it for another season of gluttony. The bear is unique, too, in that he is the only dumb beast who employs a written language!

All through the wilderness they inhabit the bears maintain sign posts, or "bear trees" as the woodsmen call them, on which they write, by tooth or claw, tidings to others of their race. The claw marks, generally speaking, are of black bears; while the tooth marks show that grizzlies have passed that way. Sometimes a five-claw gouge in addition to fang marks indicates the presence of a linguistic grizzly; the black bear leaves only a four-claw inscription, on account of the under-development of his fifth claw. Now, I believe that bears are too smart to go around scribbling aimlessly; besides the regular use of selected trees indicates method. Therefore, I feel sure that the bear sign language is a definite language—for bears.

"The Gray B'ar"

So far as I know, however, Ute Bill is the only man who ever claimed to be able to read it. We stood one day admiring a bear tree—an aspen. High above all the other signatures, even above Bill's head—and he was a tall man—were the fresh claw marks of a grizzly; and directly under them, his teeth marks.

"What did he mean, Bill?" I asked.

"He wrote," said Bill, squinting, and reading with grave care, "that his name is Oscar, that he just came over from the old country, where he left a wife and seven children, and that he is a bear with the lady-bears and can lick the stuffin's outen any other bear in this here country."

In zoölogical parks the world over keepers will tell you that the bears are

Interwoven Socks

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You'll like these Nassau Stripes...one of the new Fall designs by Interwoven...in silk and silk mixtures.

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Interwoven Socks

They cost no more than any other good socks.

NO EQUAL FOR WEAR

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the chief source of delight to visitors, their only close rivals being the monkeys and elephants. Sometimes, of course, the bears have their noses put out of joint when a rare acquisition excites temporary wonder, but the bear's charms are enduring, and his public soon flocks back. To American stay-at-home adventurers the renowned grizzly bears of the Far West are of greatest interest; partly because they are the largest carnivora within the United States, but mostly because the grizzly became an inseparable part of the heroic traditions of pioneer life on the frontier, and thus a part of our folklore.

"Grizzly" a Later Name

Even the very name "grizzly" struck terror, although for a long time he was known simply as "the gray b'ar," because of his usual coloration. Grizzly, meaning gruesome, was a later thought of some frontier gleeman. Samuel Hearne was the first white man to note a grizzly; that was in 1769. Lewis and Clark became familiar with them, and brought back appalling stories of their ferocity and great size. Perhaps the grizzlies were more savage in those old days, before the white man's rifle built up in them a psychology of fear; perhaps they were even larger, although the earliest observations of them were neither exact nor unprejudiced, and were not borne out by the later investigations of naturalists.

Once, at a sawmill in the great forest of the Oregon Sierras, three woodchoppers sat on a log eating lunch. A grizzly, nose twitching approval of their grub, walked calmly out of the woods and right up to them. I have my own opinion of what the grizzly would have done had the men kept cool and thrown their lunches to him; but two became panic-stricken and fled, and the third stood fast for a foolhardy encounter. He was rated as the best, the quickest, the strongest axe man in the camp. He seized his axe and swung it with all his might and swiftness at the bear—which did not rear until he saw that the man was going to attack. The man "had the jump"; but the bear swung a mighty forepaw with such dazzling rapidity that the lumberjack was struck on the side of the face and knocked senseless before the axe could descend. The bear thereupon helped himself to some of the food, and walked off unharmed.

When I was a boy of ten I had my first personal introduction to a grizzly. I was after trout in the high Rockies with Jim Holmes, a veteran of Western trails. Ants were omnipresent, so at night we set our most perishable grub in the half of a hollow split log and moored it out in the shallow creek. Our flour, salt and coffee we left on shore. I woke at dawn to think snow had fallen, although it was midsummer. I heard a growl and crash, and looked downstream in time to see a massive gray shape disappearing into the brush.

"Grizzly," shouted Jim, who had also just come to. "The thievin' rascal! Look at that log!"

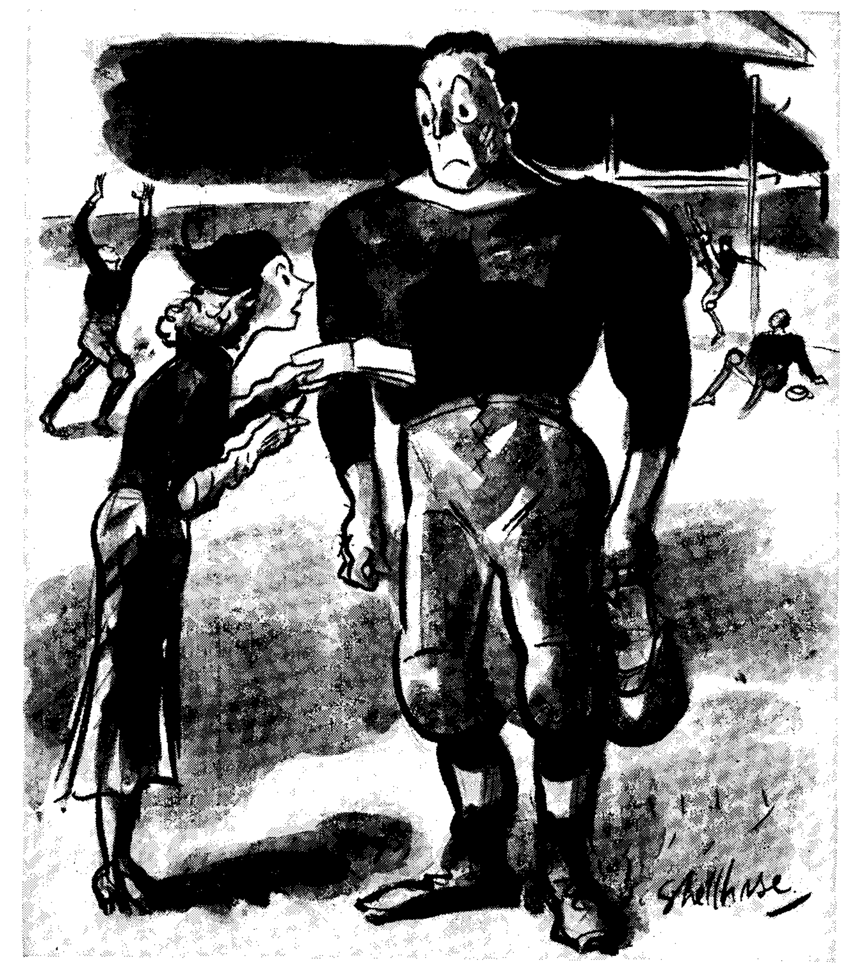
It was a woeful spectacle to a hungry boy. What the grizzly could not eat, he had ruined by turning the log over. Coffee and salt were all we had left!

Later, Jim told me of an encounter he had with grizzlies in the mountains of Kern County in California. Hearing something crashing through the brush, Holmes believed it was deer, and waited. Three grizzlies suddenly appeared; an adult pair and a cub. Holmes ran, but the male gave chase. He turned to fire, but the grizzly knocked him down and bit him in the thigh.

An 18-Inch Foot

The female ran up now, and made a vicious snap at him; she caught only his coat, and bit through a pocket into a matchbox, igniting the matches. Burned, she gave an angry roar and snapped at his face with a sound like a steel trap; whereupon Holmes swooned. When he came to, he saw the grizzlies

(Continued on page 54)



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George Shellhase

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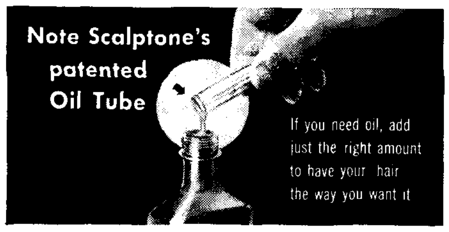
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An "Anecdote" Was an Unpublished Tale

Even among the ancient Greeks there were two kinds of stories—those given out publicly and those known only privately. The latter kind was called *anekdotos* literally meaning "not published." The word was formed by combining *a, an,* "not", and *ekdotos,* "given out." From this source comes our English *anecdote* which originally retained the Greek meaning "unpublished narrative." But tales of interesting things or people are so much sought after that now they are frequently given out for publication and the word *anecdote* has lost its original meaning.

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(Continued from page 53)

disappearing down-trail; he had not been harmed further.

That is the grizzly for you! He is protected in the national parks, but is not wholly extinct outside them. A 1922 census showed 800 in Wyoming and Montana and thereabouts. In 1925 it was believed that 100 lived in Yellowstone Park, where twenty-five have been counted at one time in the garbage dump behind the Lodge. Sometimes the grizzly turns cattle-killer; experienced hunters can't always single out the guilty bear. One such outlaw killed thirty-five cattle and 150 sheep in Washington State in 1923 before the hunters got him.

The ideal home for grizzlies is on rolling uplands, where clearings alternate with mountainous thickets. Here he can take sun baths, or snooze in sylvan dells, or climb to cold, bare ridges where mosquitoes and gnats will not follow. Here, too, blackberries grow abundantly and woodsmen are often entertained by the spectacle of whole bear families, in single file with corpulent Papa leading and Tiny Tubby bringing up the rear, going a-berrying. If a skunk comes along Mr. and Mrs. Grizzly and all the little grizzlies shuffle aside from the trail and stand quietly to watch him pass. Adult males average about 800 pounds; that Washington cattle-killer was 1,100. If you want something real sizeable in bears, however, you must come up to Alaska with me.

The giant Kadiak takes his name from the one-hundred-mile island off the northeast coast of the Alaskan Peninsula, although he is found throughout the mainland. He is brown, but no relation to the similarly colored bears who dance to hand-organ music for the pennies of children. The Kadiak leaves many signs of his great bulk and his power. His trails in the valleys, when viewed from mountain tops, appear like networks of canals which have been worn as deep as sixteen inches by generations of bear travel. I measured one paw mark in a Kadiak Island bear track, and found it eighteen inches from toe to heel and nine inches across.

Also on this island I investigated and verified the killing of an Aleut native by a Kadiak. He had gone hunting; when he did not return in two days a searching party went out and found in the snow traces of a hand-to-hand fight. Evidently the hunter had shot and missed. Only bear tracks led away from the scene, indicating that the Kadiak had carried off bodily the Aleut, who was a man of 160 pounds.

Mr. Kadiak Was Out

My introduction to the Kadiak was under circumstances which might have been embarrassing in more polite society. I was landed from the well-known whaler Dora on the uncharted coast of Bering Sea for a summer of exploration. I was aroused next dawn by a huge bear snooping around my camp. Dressed only in my underwear, I chased him into the brush and shot him. My next meeting with a Kadiak, before the end of my initial fortnight in that desolate land, was not so embarrassing as it was terrifying.

I pushed into the mountains in search of fresh tracks, and discovered a cave around which they were plentiful; with nothing to indicate, however, whether the Kadiak was at home. Two factors—youth and anxiety—then led me into a foolhardy gesture. Pushing my rifle ahead of me, I crawled into that cave. The bear was out; and, luckily, he did not come home and trap me there, else my bones might have puzzled archæologists of the far future. Certainly no modern agencies would ever have found me in that remote wilderness den. Safely outside, I managed to pick up the newest track and followed it along a wooded ridge.

Small, infrequent clearings were scattered along the way; the snow lay deep and my careful passage did not break the great silence. Dusk was already coming on, and the trail ahead was indistinct. In no other way can I account for the fact that, when I scrambled through a tangle of alder into a small clearing, there was the most enormous creature I have ever seen; rearing, and ready to overwhelm me. He was not twenty feet from me. If, in some nightmare, you have dreamed that you were laid on railroad tracks, powerless to move, while a great locomotive—one with two eyes, say—rushed down upon you—well, you will know how I felt then.

There was no time to move, to utter a sound; no chance to bring up my rifle or to remove my thick mittens. The bear was charging. I let go from the hip by raking the end of my mitten across the trigger. The bullet struck in the chest and deflected into his right shoulder where it shattered the bone, and as he came down in his first bound, right at my feet, the forequarter crumpled, causing him to somersault like a huge boulder.

His Pound of Flesh

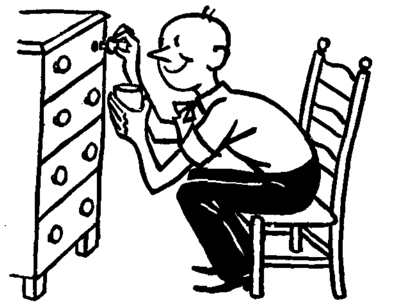
All this was a matter of flashing seconds. I had jumped aside even as I fired, but the hurtling mammoth struck me a glancing blow and knocked me head over heels into the snow. I recovered my balance and my rifle, threw aside the confounded mittens, and started after the bear, who had kept on going down the mountainside. The crashing, the maddened growling, in the gloom of the forest were fearsome; the broken alders told me that he was running wild.

Although I ran at top speed I was alert, ready to fire instantly; but no matter how alert you may be, or think you are, a wild animal is always more alert. Evidently the noise I made warned him that I was catching up, for he faced back on the trail in a little open space, and made ready to fight to the death. The first intimation I had of his changed plans was when I saw him charging at me in the gloom. My own headlong speed was difficult to check but somehow I managed to dig in my heels, stop and fire. Fortunately my bullet put an end to that adventure.

My decision to follow that wounded Kadiak into the brush, after our first encounter, was my second foolhardy one of that day. Anyhow, I had proved to my lasting satisfaction that a hurt bear is the most dangerous of all wild beasts—the most courageous, dogged, and unyielding. Which brings us back to Ute Bill and Shakespeare and the Shylock bear. In the Colorado Rockies Bill once came upon a grizzly at close quarters in a clearing. He fired and wounded the grizzly, who charged, in high dudgeon. Poor Ute Bill did not have a chance to reload his single-shot rifle. He threw it at the bear—who knocked it skyhigh with his paw and kept coming. Bill jumped for the lowest overhanging limb of the nearest tree. The bear jumped after him, and swished a great forepaw through the air.

Thereafter, Ute Bill never sat down without being reminded of that bear. And he would explain why, provided there were no ladies present; it seems that the paw of the grizzly took not only the seat of Bill's breeches but exactly one pound of flesh as well. No one ever actually weighed the damage, of course; but Ute Bill said it was exactly one pound, and he ought to know. So he called that bear Shylock.

Canned Wood Makes Home Repairs Easy



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Dance no More

Continued from page 11

"Oh, Mike!" She stamped her foot. "Please, Mike!"

He made a deep bow. "I'm happy to have seen you again, Miss Ames."

"Why do you act like this?" she cried. "You've never acted like this before. You always said you hated people who got temperamental and now here you are— Mike, you've always stood by me, you've always cheered me up when I felt in the dumps—you've been like a big, good old uncle—"

"Ha!" he laughed dizzily. "Good old Uncle Mike!"

"And now," she went on, "now when I need you more than ever, you act like a perfect brute. Oh, Mike, Mike, I am, believe me, in love." She laid a hand on his arm. "I am, Mike. And it's so big, so strange, that it frightens me."

He leveled a forefinger. "It's his eye, precious. His evil green eye."

"His eyes aren't green. They're brown."

"So what? So what am I supposed to do? When you go ga-ga over a guy you meet on a boat, I suppose I'm supposed to break out in a rash of loving kindness and good cheer." He slapped a hand across his eyes, groaned, "Oh, Lord, I'm just an uncle! I'm just avuncular!"

Her hand tightened on his arm. "Mike, please, please don't break that contract with Schwartz. Please don't."

"Why?"

"Don't—just don't. I want to have time to think—to consider, to find myself."

"I thought you loved this bozo."

"I do. And I'm afraid of it."

"You should," he chopped in, "be afraid of your jewels, the way you let him poke around in your cabin—"

"If—if you break that contract, Mike, I'll have nothing to do meanwhile. And I want to do something—while I'm thinking, while I'm considering." She shook his arm. "Don't you see?"

What she meant was that there would be the devil to pay if Mike broke the contract on such a flimsy excuse. Of course, he wouldn't make any excuse. He'd just break it—like that. And it would ruin him; it would get around, all over town, and Schwartz and men like Schwartz would steer clear of him thenceforth.

"Gee," he said, "you're a sap. For a girl that's in love, kitten, you're the most woebegone sight I ever laid eyes on."

His voice was rough, almost caustic. He made it that way, with an effort. But he began to feel, suddenly, that here was something real; that here, indeed, was the real thing. Michael Collins Weds Dancing Partner: that would be humdrum. Big Game Hunter Weds Stage Celebrity: that would be news! Momentarily, and in spite of himself, he got a thrill out of that combination.

"Scram, brat," he said, with a bony-faced grin.

"And we'll dance tonight?"

THEY danced that night.

Even the mopish orchestra showed signs of reincarnation. The leader came out of a long period of hibernation and moved hips, heels, shoulders. This gave his cohorts courage, and timid smiles took wing like fledgling birds, mediocrity assumed a cloak of smart elegance.

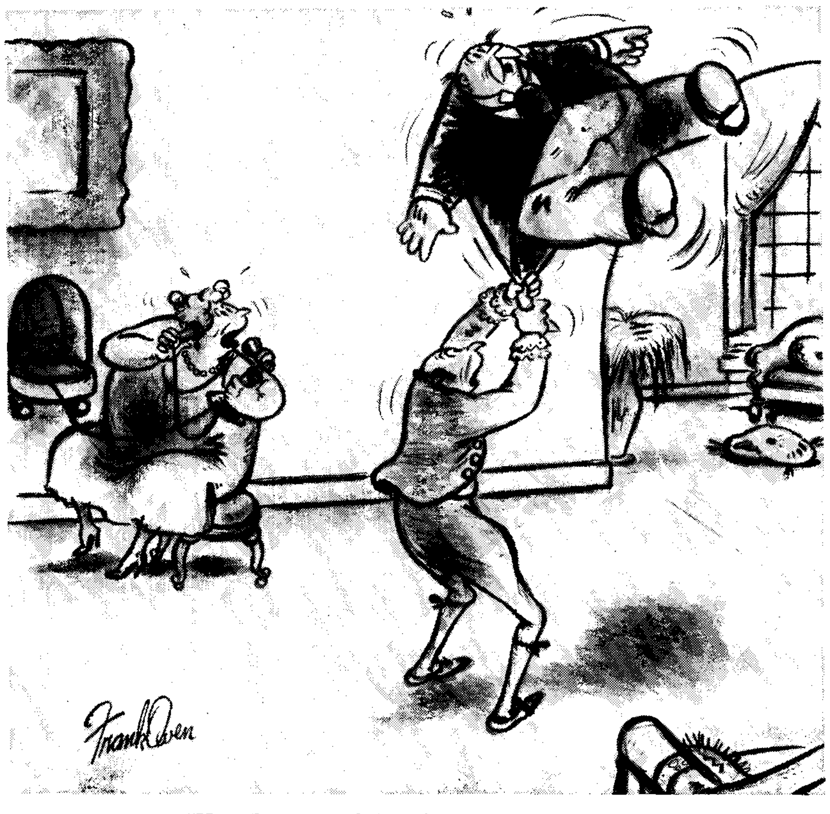
The skipper felt young again; forgot his sciatica and—with a subsequent pang of Scotch conscience—his dumpy wife in Kirkcaldy. Women had eyes on Michael—but also on Dinah, and this was flattery because the women's eyes bore no hint of malice or envy.

He wore simple dinner clothes. She wore a sleeveless dress, peach-colored and ankle-length. They needed no exotic costumes. They looked like kids, both of them, and in that lay their charm. No exaggerated sinuosity, no darkly arch looks. Their mannerisms, their steps, fabricated a kind of youth, fresh and windblown, in which middle-aged people found a vicarious delight.

"You're a peach, Mike, to dance tonight."

"I'm a sap."

(Continued on page 56)



"Yes, Doctor—right after dinner he began to complain about gas on his stomach!"

Frank Owen

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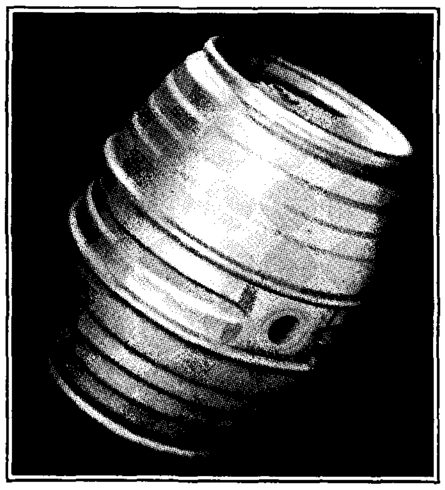

MURRAY*

Customers smack their lips

But much beer has gone through Murray taps. Progressive brewers, knowing that the Germans used metal beer barrels for years, decided to blaze the way. Ordered a few Murray barrels to start. Now take thousands a day. Reasons: Dispensers find these insulated steel barrels keep good beer in perfect condition. Customers smack pleased lips over foaming steins of clear brew; cheer the old-fashioned taste.

Rounded corners in the Murray-insulated steel barrel allow more thorough cleaning; facilitate sterilization. No cooperage. No staves, or joints between to shelter bacteria. The smooth steel walls are bonderized to help the pitch stick more tightly. In your glass, Murray-barreled beer has the same clarity, same delicious flavor it had when racked from the vats.

Murray

*MURRAY CORPORATION OF AMERICA, DETROIT

Pioneers of Insulated Steel Cooperage

PATENTS APPLIED FOR

(Continued from page 55)

"It makes me feel wonderful."

"Why shouldn't it? A lover on one hand, a big old uncle on the other."

"Meanie!"

"I hope he takes you to Africa."

"It might be nice, Africa."

"If you miss that step again I'll bop you! . . ."

Her bright smile challenged.

He said, "And there'll be no big uncle to turn to."

"I can write."

He sang:

"You're the bunk,
You little monk.
Like heck you are. . . ."

"Or even a week-end cable," she said, "now and then."

"Me—address unknown."

REPORTERS came on board at Quarantine. A grand duchess was photographed; a great English banker; a famous mezzo-soprano. Michael and Dinah were photographed. Going up the bay, many passengers caught their first glimpse of Liberty and the towers of Manhattan. Michael opened a bottle of Scotch, said, "Dig in, guys," to the reporters gathered in his cabin. Ribidoux was planted firmly on his wide-apart feet, beneath the bridge, with Dinah beside him, very close to him.

"I haven't seen the old lady in three years," he said casually of the Statue of Liberty.

Then into this scene came the little gray man. Dinah saw him coming along the deck, dressed now in a commonplace suit of some coarse, dark gray material, and wearing an ungainly, hard, white collar appendaged by a black bow tie obviously ready-tied. Behind those thick-lensed glasses it was difficult for her to know whither his eyes strayed, because his head rarely moved from side to side. He went by, a specter-like smile moving across his lips.

Dinah pressed closer to Ribidoux. "He is the only reason why I am glad this voyage is over."

Ribidoux patted her hand. "There, there, my dear. The poor old fellow has been likely struck silly by your extreme loveliness."

And then she saw Michael under C. He was in a huddle with several reporters and they all had arms interlocked or on one another's shoulders and they were guffawing and talking loudly. Mike was like that, she reflected. A big shot. He always made a hit with the press. He looked a little tight and this worried her because she had never seen him tight until on this voyage.

Presently the reporters zigzagged away and Michael came over, saying, "All set?"

"No. They're going through my bags with a fine-tooth comb."

"Where you staying?"

"Why, the Madelon, of course."

"Jake. I'll be seeing you sometime."

"Why, aren't you staying—"

"Nope. Toodle-oo."

"Well, I think you might at least help me with my bags!"

He jerked his thumb. "I thought I'd be real nice and let your fiancé do the honors."

SCHWARTZ wore a suspicious sidelong look. "I don't like this," he growled. "Mike, I ain't crazy about it at all."

"Yeah, you should crab."

"I should!"

"The heck you should! The contract's signed and we'll appear beginning next Saturday night."

"But this I don't like, Mike: you and Dinah staying at different hotels. It's never been this way before and I'm not nuts about it. There's a rift. I smell it. Feel it! And where there's a rift it means sometimes, with dopes like you, a broken contract right in the middle of things. And that I don't stand for. *Verstehen Sie?*"

Michael looked at him over a large glass. Drank. Said nothing.

"Besides," Schwartz bored, "you're drinking too much."

Michael put down his glass. "Herman, you had better leave." He walked to the door, opened it, stood at attention.

Schwartz came toward him saying, "Now bear what I told you in mind, young feller."

"*Guten Tag,* Herr Schwartz."

Schwartz walked out and Michael kicked the door shut. He looked at the watch on his wrist. It was three. They had arrived yesterday and a day had gone without his seeing—or even phoning—Dinah. He felt miserable and mean and cantankerous. How could he play an engagement lasting three months and keep up the tough wisecracks, maintain with the proper degree of forbearance the avuncular rôle? Why hadn't he radioed Schwartz a cancellation when he'd felt hot and ripe for it? Why'd he let her talk him into this farce?

He pivoted, shot across the room and got his hat. He went downstairs, sailed through the lobby. Outside, the doorman got a cab for him. "The Madelon," Michael said.

At the desk in the Madelon he said, crisply, "Tell Miss Ames that Mr. Collins is calling."

"Oh . . . Mr. Collins!"

The clerk knew him. The clerk turned, went away, came back with a key. "Miss Ames went out. She said if you stopped in I should tell you to go right up."

"Thank you."

Her suite was large, cool, high up. It bespoke her presence and it made him feel a little giddy. He ventured into her bedroom.

AFTER a while he went back into the living-room, sat down and held his head in his hands for minutes. Then he stood up, his cheeks sucked in against his gums so that his cheekbones looked unnaturally high, his face unusually gaunt. "Nix," he thought. "I won't break down and tell her. It'd be like a kid yapping for a hunk of candy he hadn't thought to want until somebody else wanted it."

He scooped up his hat.

But there was a key feeling its way into the lock. He heard it, and suddenly he was frightened. He was not yet ready to face her. It would take at least six highballs to infiltrate the proper amount of nonchalance and to oil the wisecracks off the palate.

He sped across the room, into a closet. Closing the door, he huddled in the dark, feeling like a fool. Five minutes of it—and then he straightened, inhaled deeply, opened the door.

He stopped short.

Ribidoux, who had been on his way from the bedroom to the corridor door, stopped also and Michael again was aware of that hard animal look beneath the swart eyes.

"How'd you get in here?" Michael said, sharply.

"With a key. Miss Ames' key, of course, if you must know."

"Oh, yes?"

"Yes. She stopped for a few minutes at the Royale, to see a friend, and I came on to mix cocktails."

"And why aren't you mixing them?"

"I intend to."

"What connection has mixing cocktails got to do with Miss Ames' bedroom?"

"Young dancing man, you try my patience."

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Michael pointed: "You took something from her bedroom. What did you shove in your pocket?"

"I beg your pardon!"

"And I don't beg yours!"

Michael heaved toward him. Ribidoux took a quick backward step. Michael struck. Ribidoux shifted and struck back and Michael went down.

"Young man, at least be discreet—"

But Michael was up. He feinted with his left, jabbed with his right and slammed Ribidoux against the corridor door. There was blood on Ribidoux's lips; in his eyes—suddenly—a humid brown look.

AND there was a knocking on the door—a pounding.

Michael stopped. Ribidoux, straightening, touched a handkerchief to his lip, and Michael motioned him curtly aside, opened the door.

"What—my goodness!—what *is* going on here?" Dinah flashed a glance at Ribidoux, then at Michael, and she cried, "Mike, what *have* you done?"

"This dirty wart hog—"

"Michael!"

"My dear," Ribidoux said in that calm, solid way he had, "Mr. Collins seems to be a victim of delusions. I ask you to let this matter pass. Evidently he has been drinking more than he is constitutionally able to absorb and—"

"Excuse me, miss."

Dinah whirled—and a little shriek escaped her lips. The little gray man from the ship stood in the doorway.

"Perhaps," he said, shyly, "I can be of some assistance."

"Michael," Dinah cried, "tell that man to leave!"

"You," Michael snapped, "scram out of here. Go on. Beat it."

"I believe," the little man said, "you two have been fighting." The specter of a smile moved across his lips, vanished. "Am I not right, Mr. Ribidoux?"

"Oh, oh," cried Dinah, exasperated. "This man is mad. I tell you, he is mad! Do something!"

Michael started.

The little man raised a hand. "Don't." But his glasses were still fixed on Ribidoux. "You, Mr. Ribidoux, will you please remove your left hand from your pocket?"

"If I may ask, why?"

"Because I know you. My name is Henryman. I represent the United States Government. That hand, Mr. Ribidoux—and also what it is now holding."

Ribidoux put a small jar of face cream into the little man's hand and the latter, watching Ribidoux, passed the jar to Michael.

"Open that, sir—please. Pry well down into the cream."

Ribidoux growled. "That's enough. You've got me. Hadn't we better go?"

"Six?"

"Yes—six."

"This," said Michael, using his handkerchief to wipe cream from a small object, "looks like a diamond."

"Exactly," Henryman nodded. "There will be five others. Mr. Ribidoux is a smuggler. He somehow entered the lady's cabin on shipboard and planted the diamonds in that jar of cream. He was afraid of the customs."

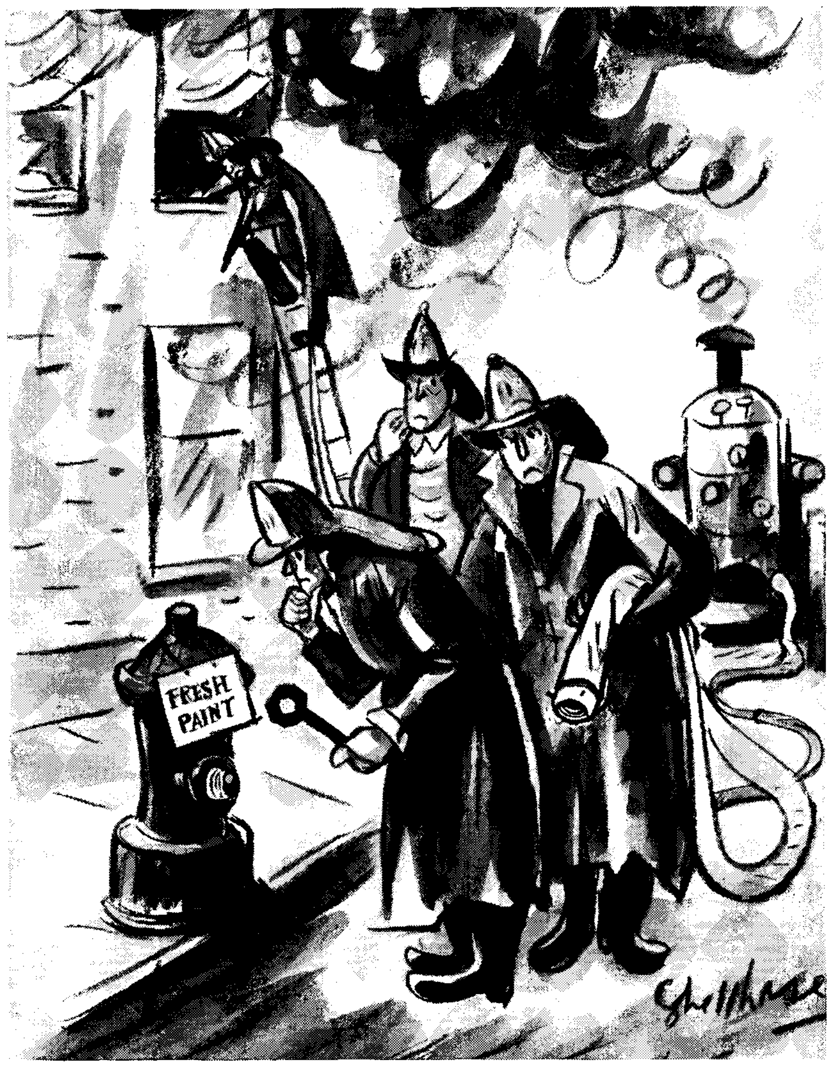
Dinah's knees shook. She looked at Ribidoux and his gaze crossed hers but it was cold, moving on its way like the hard, bright beam of a searchlight—and passing, it left her cold and shaking all over. She looked hopelessly around the room. She saw Michael.

"I found," Henryman was saying, "that Mr. Ribidoux made reservations on a train for Chicago—tonight."

That walloped her. She staggered and then before she knew it she was in Michael's arms.

"Oh, Mike . . . Mike!" she sobbed.

He said, "Steady, kitten. Steady."



George Shellhase

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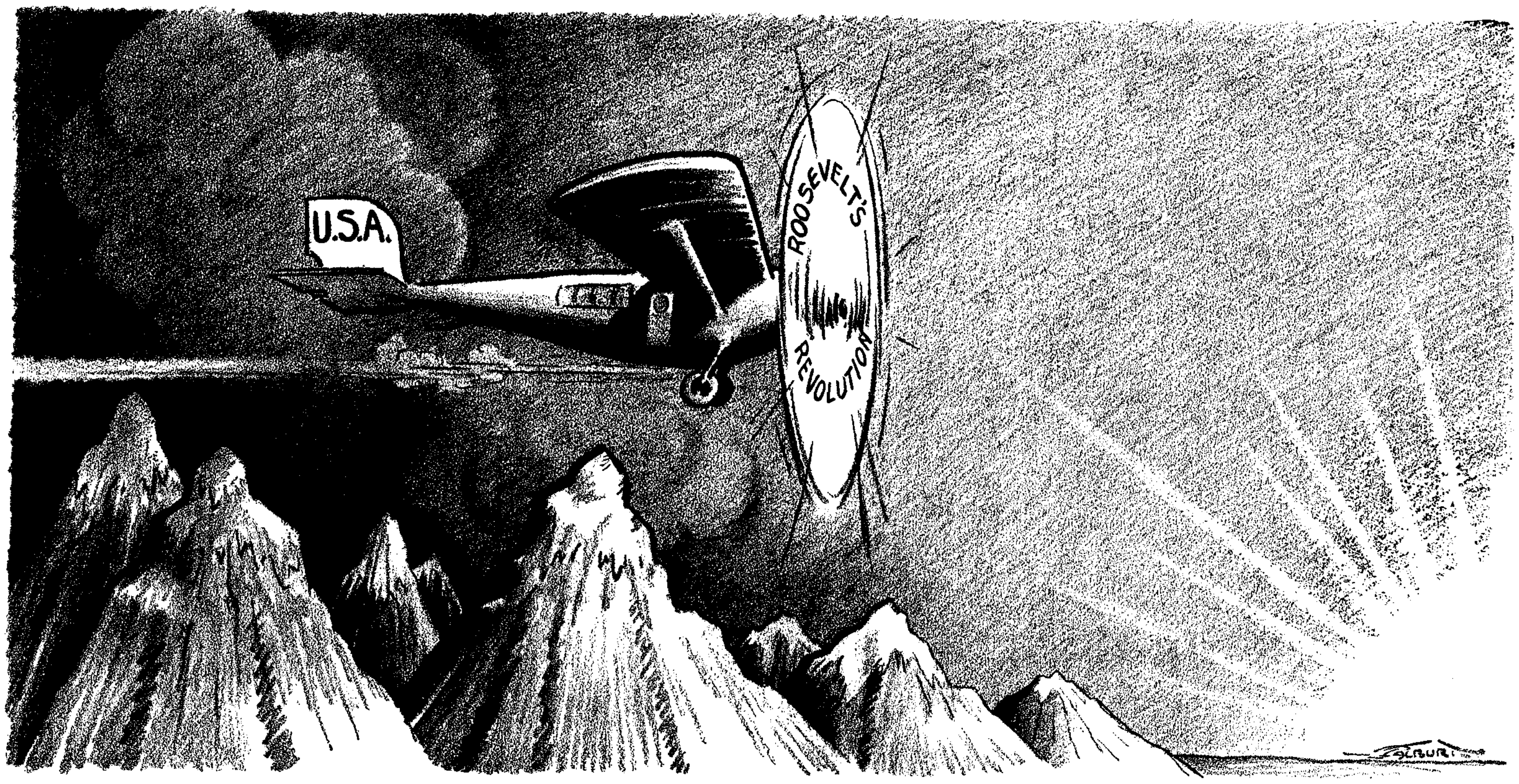


Roosevelt's Revolution

WE HAVE passed through an economic and social revolution since March 4th. Vastly important changes have been brought about within these six months. Nothing more far-reaching in its consequence has ever happened before in this country.

President Roosevelt's revolution has been so orderly and good-tempered and hopeful that it has been hard to realize the depth of the changes made.

We have seen none of the pageantry which history associates with revolutions. Trumpets have not been sounded. So we underrate the meaning of what is happening before our eyes.

The great change recorded in the Roosevelt revolution is the final abandonment of the rule of laissez faire, the let-alone policy of competition and of drift.

During a hundred and fifty years we had been taught that the least government was the best. Government was merely police power. The police would arrest those who violated the law. That is all.

The government, however, had little to do with business and still less with the conditions under which men and women worked and lived and reared children. The important affairs of normal life were all private. The laissez-faire principle said that out of private struggle and personal competition public good would emerge.

Of course that was not so. Out of laissez-faireism slums arose, and premature child labor and the pitiless employment of women in factories. Economic competition and political irresponsibility allowed unemployment to continue.

Long ago the old rule of governmental non-interference was outlived. During two generations at the least it has been perfectly obvious that the government of every great industrial nation must take notice of the conditions under which men live and work and must control those conditions in the national interest.

Year after year, however, we refused to make the increasingly necessary decision. When times were good we said it was dangerous to interfere. When times were lean we said it was also dangerous to interfere.

All this nonsense was forgotten the day Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated. Lustily the new President accepted responsibility for improving conditions then so unsatisfactory to everybody.

Rapidly a great series of revolutionary measures were proposed and as swiftly adopted by Congress. Each law was specifically proposed to deal with some phase of the emergency we confronted. Taken together, these emergency statutes embodied a new philosophy of government. Laissez-faireism was abandoned. Intelligent control was established.

Not enough time has elapsed to sum up the gains and the losses of this new national policy. We expect and hope that improvement will be steady and well founded. Regardless of the progress made within the next few months, however, there will be no turning back.

The old policy of drift and of non-interference, of individual competition and of governmental irresponsibility, was a product of the simple agricultural life of the eighteenth century.

When steam engines, electricity and gasoline came, the very foundations of our life were remade. We tried pathetically to stretch the old ideas to meet our new needs. It was impossible. Government had to be reorganized to fit modern conditions.

It is a fortunate circumstance that the opportunity should have come to a man so well disposed and so widely liked as Franklin D. Roosevelt. In the hands of a less considerate leader, or of one in whom the masses had less confidence, these changes would have been difficult.

Consider the broad outlines of the measures which have been undertaken. Their fundamental meaning is clear.

Take first the farmer. In all the new laws adopted one clear principle is obvious: the power of the government is being utilized to increase the incomes and to improve the economic position of farmers.

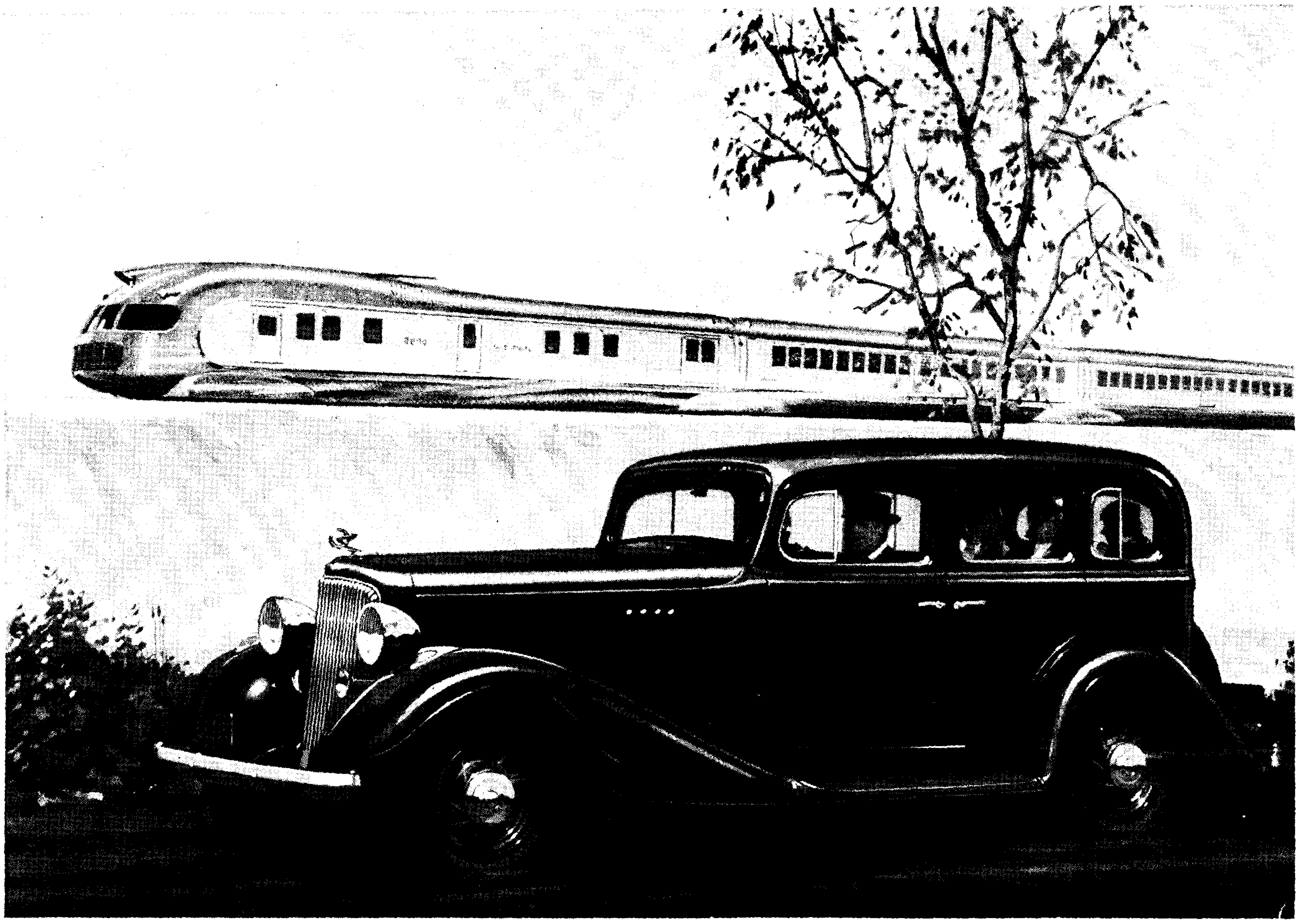
In the old laissez-faire system farmers did not share equitably in the fruits of our industrial civilization. So the government is taxing consumers, controlling agricultural production, lending money and doing numerous other things to increase the share the farmers may have of our national income. This is a new development, an agricultural revolution of the first magnitude.

Under the recovery act the government is attempting to render similar assistance to industrial workers. Factories and shops must now be conducted so that the largest number may be employed and the most generous wages practicable be paid.

In finance the same principle has emerged. In the old days financial stability was supposed to be attained as the blind result of the efforts of bankers and investors to earn profits on their capital. The scheme did not work so well and so now the government has taken command.

Behind all the laws controlling banks and security houses, behind all the talk about gold and inflation and the other monetary reforms, is the principle that in financial matters the public interest must be supreme.

Quietly, peacefully, in good temper we have been led. We have had our revolution and we like it.



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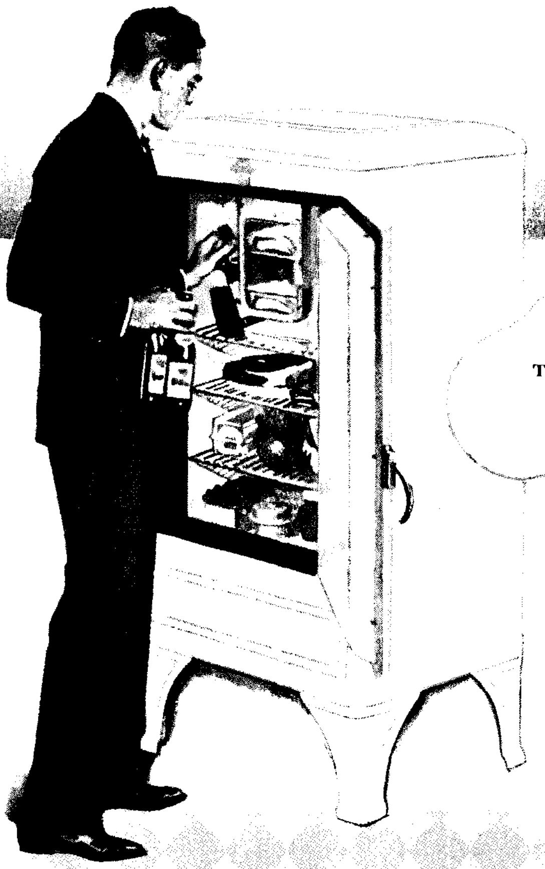

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